The SHADOW of the MASTER A NOVEL OF A LOST SOUL **BY ACHMED ABDULLA AND ANTHONY ABBO**

SEPT. 23,
1939

Liberty

5¢

JOINED THE BUND: Straight Facts from an Insider

Living Pictures Tomorrow: A Hollywood Prophecy by Will H. Hay

"I am amazed," reports **MRS. BASIL RATHBONE** "how many of my guests now prefer Wine"

Mrs. Basil Rathbone gives an informal dinner at her home in Bel Air, California . . . invites well-known composer Alexander Steinert *(left)*, journalist Harry Crocker and lovely Miss Heather Thatcher of the English stage *(right)*. Mrs. Rathbone's fame as a hostess is nation wide. Naturally her guests include many of the busiest, most active people in America

"Often people need to relax and to enjoy themselves . . . yet so many now prefer a moderate evening"

"Before dinner I like to give my guests a choice of beverages," says Mrs. Basil Rathbone, "because nowadays so many prefer wine. Lately, too, I've noticed that people are flattered when I serve a light table wine with dinner. It's a custom I myself like very much."

Everywhere hostesses report that in the afternoon so many women now choose just a small glass of full flavored, fragrant Muscatel. With the appetizers hosts find more and more people now prefer Sherry in a cocktail-size glass.

Or when the main dinner course is served, a larger glass of dry, pale gold Chablis or delicate Hock. The enjoyment good wine lends to dinner is a genial, leisurely kind.

That is why more and more people like to make wine their beverage today. It goes so well with gracious, unhurried living. People do not want to bolt wine down.

Just try it at your house. Serve wine with dinner next time you have guests. Or whenever beverages are passed, give all an opportunity to say "make mine wine."

The Wines of California: Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

All you need to know to serve wine: There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines: (2) Wines for use with desserts or as refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

A fascinating "table" wine is Chablis (you say it "Shab-lee") — golden, light, of delicate flavor. Usual serving is half the size of a water goblet.

A "sweet" wine to keep on hand is Port. Serve this rich red full-bodied wine with desserts or in the afternoon or evening, in a small glass.

Be considerate
— serve Wine

National Wine Week, Sept. 10-17

★ ELGIN CELEBRATES ITS 75TH ANNIVERSARY

"Smartness counts

SO I WEAR AN ELGIN 'De Luxe'"

says **LuCILLE BAKER** *Los Angeles, California*

Socially popular and lovely—LuCille Baker holds a commercial pilot's license and has been soloing for over five years. Versatile, she also enjoys deer hunting in Arizona, archery, tennis and swimming. "My little Elgin carries on three generations of family tradition," she says.

ELGIN DELUXE MODELS $37.50 AND UP

NEW! 75TH ANNIVERSARY ELGIN

It's the new "De Luxe" model chosen by Miss Baker. Crisply tailored with an eye to tomorrow's style trend. Figure-eight loops at sides. 17 jewels. No. 3936. **$39.75**

Distinguished design with terraced sides. 17 jewels. Ask for model No. 2983. **$37.50**

Distinctly new! Joined to band by stirrup loops. 17 jewels. No. 3542. **$45.00**

Blending the traditional and modern! Decorations of contrasting gold. 17 jewels. No. 3907. **$40.00**

Modified cushion shape, with ray design at ends. 15 jewels. No. 3916. **$33.75**

A design usually found only in higher-priced watches. Dependable. No. 3804. **$24.75**

Charming watch and link band combination. No. 3713. **$27.50**

Custom smartness. Note interesting ribbed ends. 15 jewels. No. 3812. **$29.75**

DISTINGUISHED ELGIN MODELS $24.75 AND UP

Copr. 1939 by Elgin National Watch Company

See the newest Elgins at your jeweler's now. They offer amazing technical advances.. superb styling. Made possible by 75 years of finest American craftsmanship.

Do you love beautiful things? Then these new 75th Anniversary ELGINS will win you completely. They have a touch of smartness that is different. To own one is to be the envy of your friends.

The ELGIN "De Luxe" that Miss Baker has chosen is a fine example. There's exquisite good taste and breeding in every line of it. And for men, there is a wealth of models of direct, masculine sincerity.

You *must* see these charming, gracious masterpieces at your jeweler's now. For in addition to their outside beauty, they have a technical perfection . . . an accuracy . . . that is amazing. They have been created in conformance with new and incredibly exacting standards. Into them have gone all the prideful craftsmanship and scientific care that have made ELGIN America's leading timepieces for three-quarters of a century.

New 75th Anniversary ELGINS are priced from $16.50 to $750. Lord and Lady Elgins from $47.50.

See how time is taken from the stars! Visit the Elgin Watch Building at the New York World's Fair—erected in honor of ELGIN'S 75th Anniversary.

☆ ELGIN ☆

FOR 75 YEARS A TRADITION IN DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN FAMILIES

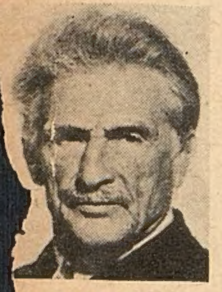
MBER 23, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 38

NARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

ECONOMY AT LAST GIVEN CONSIDERATION



BERNARR
ACFADDEN

The spending spree inaugurated by this administration has been checked . . . after six long years. There should be a great celebration in honor of this change by our legislators. They have been caustically criticized. They have been called spineless and brainless by many worth-while citizens, but at the end of the last session, they figuratively stood on their hind legs nd refused to be longer classed as yes-men.

On bended knees we should send forth loud hosanas. "God be praised!" we can exultantly pro-im. At last we can be hopeful. The future looks hter. We can now hope at least that the free- our ancestors fought for will not be lost with- a fight. The democratic principles we so highly ze mean first, last, and all the time that degree of personal freedom which allows our citizens to do s they please as long as they do not deny similar ghts to other citizens.

Laws, laws, laws. We are being circumscribed, tricted, hampered by many foolish legal enact-nts. There may be no more liberties such as we ve enjoyed in the past.

We should be eternally grateful to the legislators o have courageously fought for the return to ity. At last they realized we cannot continue to pend the assets of this government like a mob of runken sailors without ultimately paying the enalty.

To be enchained by debt is a form of slavery, and he fantastic idea with which the administration seemed obsessed—that we could spend ourselves into prosperity—can rightly be termed a species of insanity. We could not possibly continue to accumulate a mountain of debt and expect to retain our present system of government.

It is pleasing that at last there has been a recognition of the necessity for calling a halt in our spending spree. This is the wealthiest nation in the world, but when annual expenditures climb from one billion dollars a year to ten or more times that amount, financial disaster, together with the dire possibilities that often ensue, may not be far away.

We know what happened in France and Russia during a bloody revolution, and that is what governmental bankruptcy often brings—chaos, howling, hungry mobs, and other unspeakable disasters that are too terrible even to think about.

It will be a colossal task—to bring our government out of the financial woods; but there already seems to be a turning point. Even the huge indebtedness that this administration has incurred can undoubtedly be paid if the principles that have made this country a great nation are again properly respected.

Billions upon billions of wealth is lying idle. Opportunities for investment are languishing everywhere. Confiscatory taxes, the administration's attitude toward business, together with costly labor troubles that threaten every business, have discouraged investors

Labor and capital are really partners. They should work together harmoniously for their own interest. When there is a traitor in an army, he is shot at sunrise. Every business organization is an army, and when employer and employees are at loggerheads . . . when every possible excuse is taken to arouse animosity . . . and when workers in a business strike at the very source of their wages—in an army that would be traitorous conduct—it has meant losses running into millions and billions to this country in the last few years; also it is the one outstanding cause that has brought us millions of jobless citizens.

And what makes this situation more appalling is the inability of our young citizens to find profitable occupations. Due entirely to governmental insanity, they cannot find jobs. Consequently they lose confidence in our system of government which has been so glaringly betrayed by the present administration.

Democracy has not failed. It was even tried by this administration during the first six months of its tenure of office.

Bernarr Macfadden

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"We'll be glad to come"

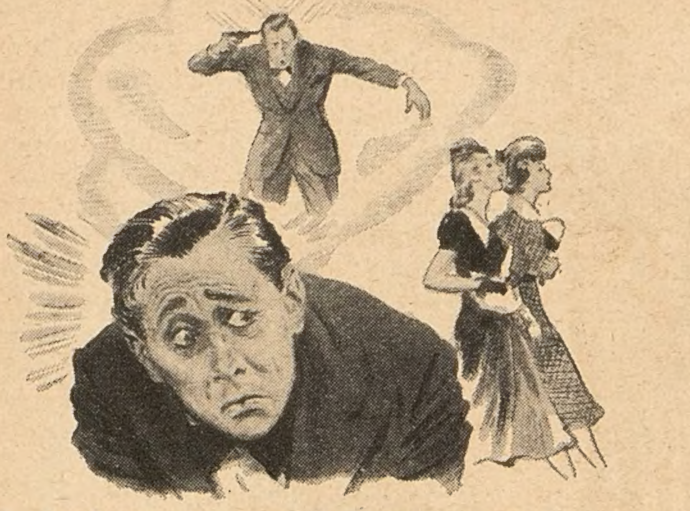
Every day, the telephone brings happiness and cheer to many a home. Some one thinks of some one, reaches for the telephone, and all is well.

Telephone service is exceptionally good in this country—and it's cheap. Nowhere else do people get so much service, and such good and courteous service, at such low cost.

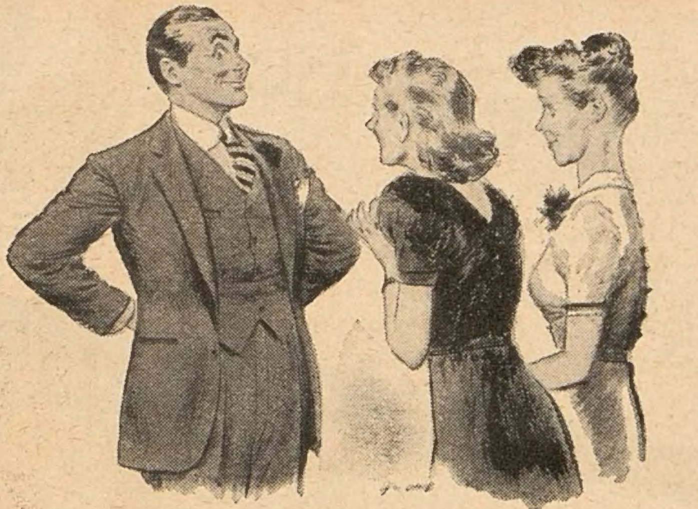
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco

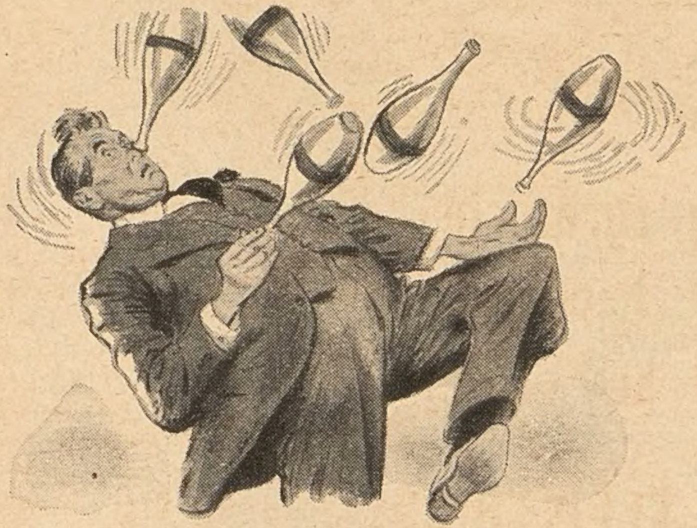
Is your new suit really new?



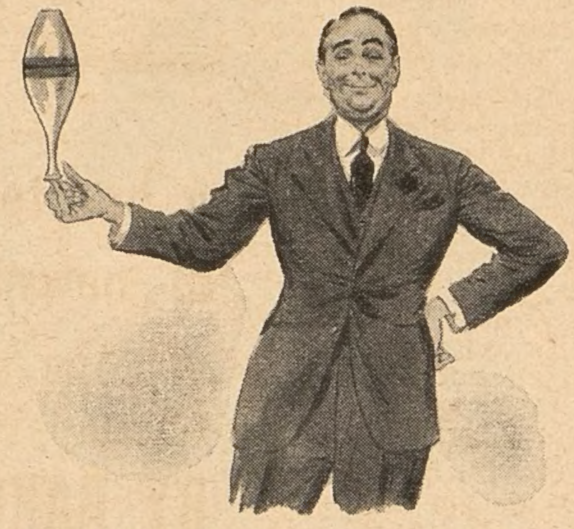
1. Look at the new Fall suits. Are the pants closed with old-fashioned fastenings? You know—the kind that often come open by accident—put you out on a "social limb"?



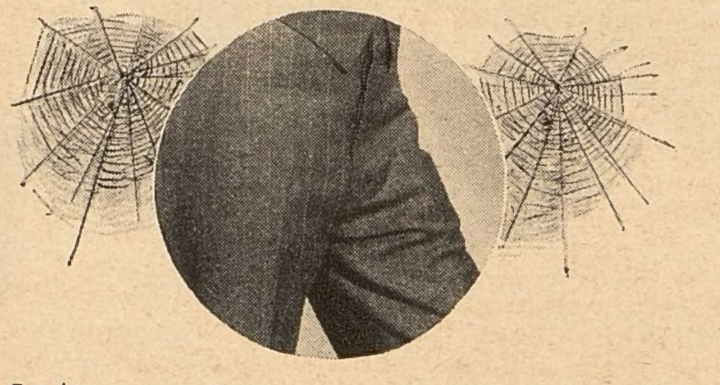
2. Not on your life. Today, you get the modern Talon slide fastener. Now you always *know* your trousers are properly closed. For the Talon fastener *locks* securely at the top.



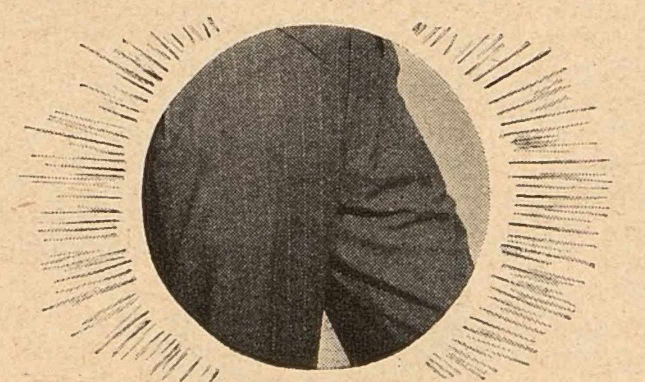
1. When you wear your next new suit, will you have to juggle *five* clumsy fastenings every time you open or close the pants?



2. Not if the suit's *really* new. For then it will have the modern Talon slide fastener. Quick. Easy. Makes better sense in every way!

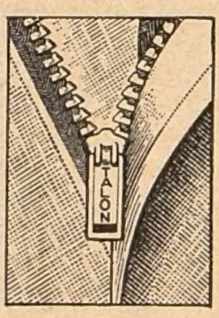


1. Are you going to accept a suit that may gap and bulge conspicuously at the *one* place where you want to be inconspicuous?



2. Certainly not! Today the old style "ruffle fly" is taboo. See that *your* next suit has the seam-smooth Talon slide fastener in the trousers!

As a result of the demand of millions of men, most better-made suits are now closed with the Talon fastener. In fact, the preference for the Talon fastener has become so wide-spread that unreliable imitations have appeared. That's why it's important to "take a second look" for the word "Talon." Then you'll *know* you have a slide fastener that will give dependable service.



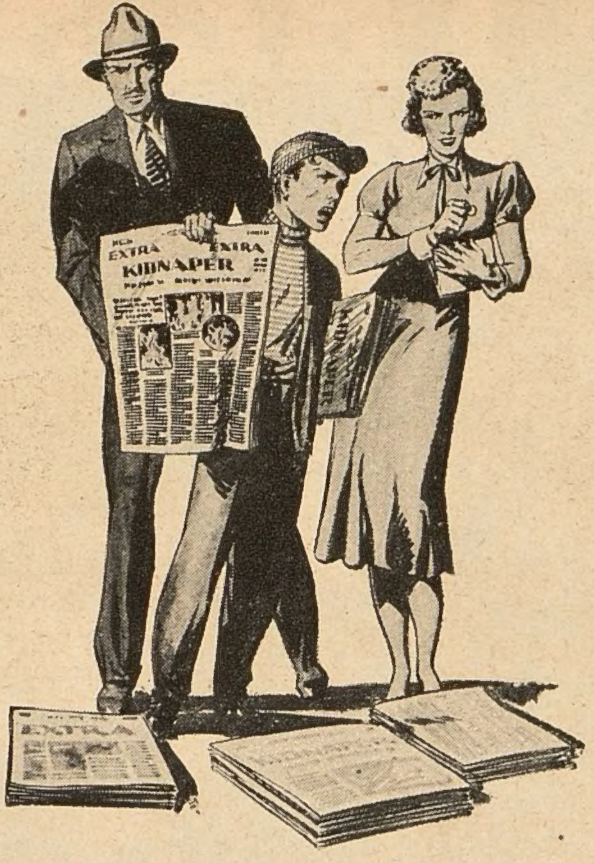
Be sure your next new suit has the modern TALON TROUSER FASTENER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TALON SLIDE FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, INC. ★ MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FREEDOM of the PRESS



A heartening chronicle of newspaper headlines vs. one small boy's life

BY HAROLD ELLISTON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"FREEDOM of the press" is one of the rocks upon which the government of the United States was established. Since the founding fathers wrote that guaranty into the American code, absolute definition of the phrase has provoked more arguments than probably any other single issue in a country where any one can take pot shots at the press with impunity.

But it remained for the newspapers of San Francisco to define by actions —and negative ones at that—just what freedom of the press can mean for the good of the community or an individual.

In the opinion of many, kidnaping —and particularly the kidnaping of a child—is the worst crime. It immediately strikes terror into the hearts of parents, relatives, and close friends, because in nine cases out of ten the kidnaping carries with it a threat of death to the kidnaped unless a definite amount of ransom is paid.

There are many who believe that the Mattson and Lindbergh children would have been restored to their homes unharmed could the authorities and individuals involved have worked without newspaper reporters looking over their collective shoulders.

But when five-year-old Krehe Osborn was spirited away from his San Francisco home by his governess, police authorities and the newspapers worked hand in hand.

"Polly" Weil, or "Graham Gaylord" as she was known to the Osborns, left a ransom note in which she threatened death to the child, for:

"I need 1,600 dollars—desperately; the life of one very dear to me counts on my ability to raise that sum."

Polly Weil was an unknown quantity to the police. Would she kill little Krehe, as she had threatened?

There was always the chance that she would, and Krehe's mother and the authorities preferred to lessen those chances as much as possible.

San Francisco's chief of police, William J. Quinn, let reporters and editors know of the kidnaping and then asked for their co-operation. What he said, in effect, was:

"This child has been taken by his governess. From all that we can determine she is in the venture alone, but there is always the chance that some dangerous, vicious criminal is mixed up with this Gaylord woman. The boy has been threatened with death. We don't want to take any chances that would bring such a thing to pass. To have details of this case revealed in the newspapers will hinder my men in their search. I ask you not to print anything until we have recovered the child.

"In the meantime, you can make all preparations for publication of the story at that moment, and the police department of San Francisco will give you every assistance it can. We'll keep you informed as to what we are doing and what we uncover.

"Will you help us?"

Editors of the four papers immediately agreed to co-operate. The national press associations and their photographic agencies went along with the newspapers.

The above conversation took place at 11 A. M. the day after the child had been taken from his home.

And then began one of the strangest, maddest days in the annals of journalism out there by the Golden Gate. Here were San Francisco's two evening and two morning newspapers with the biggest story (for them) in years in their laps, and they couldn't print a line of it.

There is a newspaper school of thought which would have condemned the decision to withhold the Osborn kidnaping story, but the San Francisco papers kept to their agreement.

Every resource of the newspapers was called into action. Squads of reporters were assigned to every possible angle of the case. Photographers, with the aid of the police, obtained pictures and descriptions of the boy. The mother and the father were photographed against the time when they would be in the news.

Batteries of rewrite men sat in their offices writing column upon column as the latest news flashes poured in. The newspapers set up independent investigations of their own. They tried particularly to learn more about Graham Gaylord: when had she come to San Francisco? Where was her home? Was she a habitual criminal?

Minute by minute, news facts on every conceivable aspect of the case were written, many of them never to see the light of day.

Composing rooms of the newspapers set up type, made up pages in feverish anticipation of the time when the story would be released.

Editors and circulation managers groaned as they calculated the possible sales they were losing.

As each regular edition of the papers went to press filled with news and pictures of King George and Queen Elizabeth receiving homage in Washington, substitute pages containing news of the kidnaping were rushed into form.

Afternoon newspapers of San Francisco have an agreement that the last edition must go to press not later than 5.45 P. M. At five o'clock new facts were still pouring in. The clock crept nearer to that day's deadline. At five ten police announced they were searching for the woman and child in San Jose, some fifty miles south of the city. Reporters and photographers were dispatched there at sixty miles an hour.

At five thirty-eight a telephone on the city editor's desk rang.

"You say they've been found in San Jose? . . . Yes. . . . And the boy is safe? You release the story? . . . Thanks. Goo'-by."

And so news of the crime finally broke over the heads of San Francisco's newspaper reading public.

The press has freedom. The press also has a heart!

The fact that Polly Weil—or Graham Gaylord—was an "amateur" kidnaper, and that she showed herself and the boy to thousands of people, and that she was easily traced and captured, in no way minimizes the seriousness of the crime.

A highly placed official recently said that it was not what the newspapers printed "but what they left out" that made a free press dangerous.

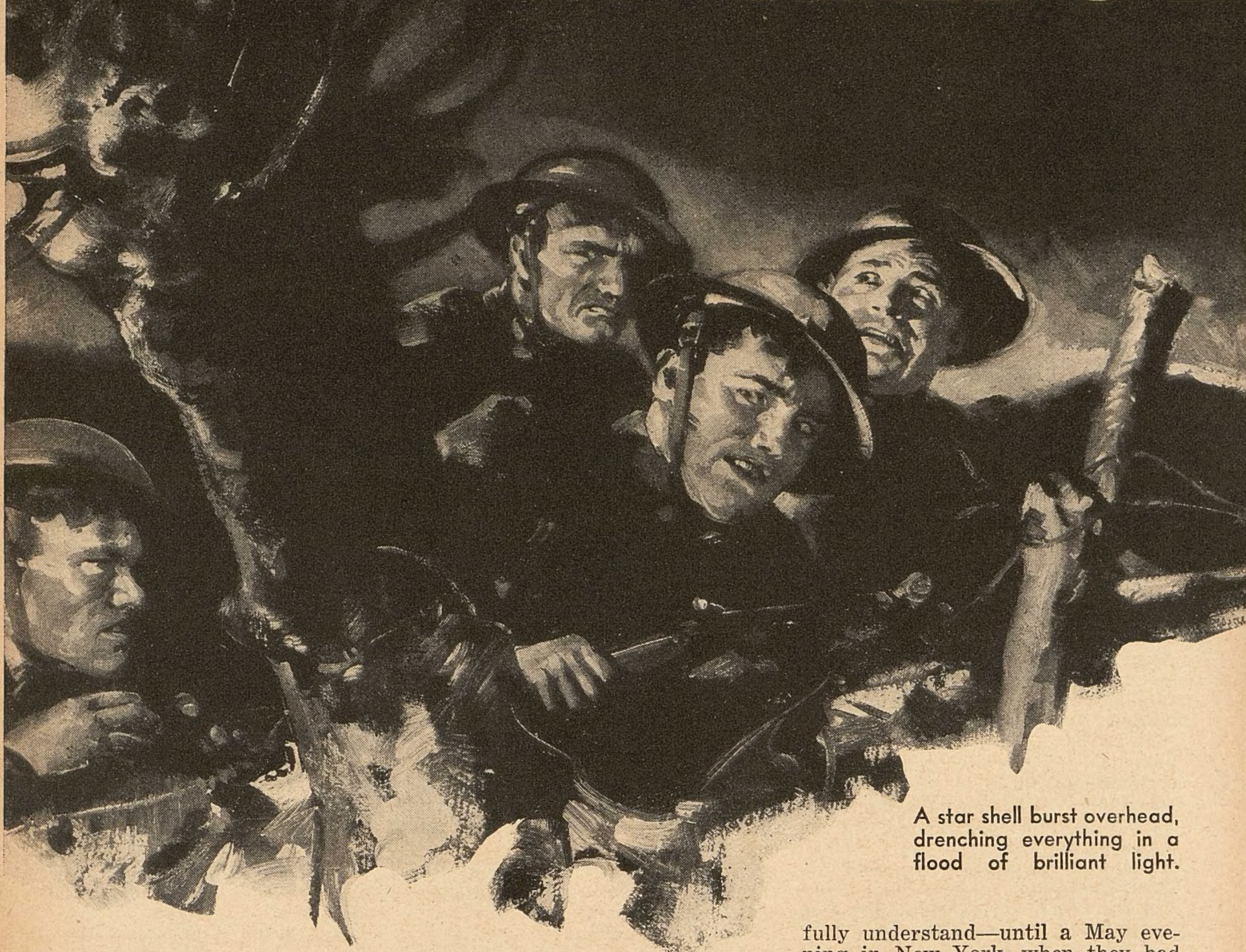
News is a matter of relative interest. What interests you is news. I may not consider it news. Editors try to strike a happy medium and interest as many people as possible at one time in their columns.

But the Osborn kidnaping shows that freedom of the press can be so broad and far-reaching as to disregard lost sales for the sake of saving a child's life and the satisfaction of turning a mother's terror to joy.

THE END

BEGINNING

THE SHADOW



A star shell burst overhead, drenching everything in a flood of brilliant light.

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

PART ONE—FANATIC OR SAINT?

A FEW years ago—some of you may remember—there was told in the pages of this magazine the legend of a glorious miracle. Flower of the Gods, the authors called it; and it dealt with the mysterious influence which the perfume of a Tibetan lily exerted over the lives of half a dozen people.

The authors felt sure that this parable would be attacked—with contempt by scientists, with ridicule by all orthodox atheists. Still, they decided to put their story on paper; and they did so for no better reason, or no worse, than that they were convinced of the truth of its spirit, convinced that such things had happened in mortal life.

Now, once again, since they believe that miracles will not cease to happen until people will have ceased to believe in them, they testify in this new story, telling of the Lord's hand and how it swept into the lives of man and woman and pointed the way to a multitude—beyond black sins of flesh and blacker sins of spirit—back to salvation; back, by the same token, to the Cross.

The same skeptical voices will question these authors:

" The Cross? Symbol of suffering? And why *should* there be suffering? Why should there be pain and sorrow and grief? Is it not a proof that God, if God there be, is cruel and merciless? "

These authors reply that always—indeed as long ago as the Biblical days when "There was a man . . . whose name was Job; and that man was simple and upright, and fearing God, and avoiding evil "—those with eyes in their heads have seen that only pain and sorrow and grief can purify the soul; that suffering is not the punishment of sinners but the reward of saints. But that is a flaming, ecstatic truth which they did not fully understand—until a May evening in New York, when they had followed a whispering crowd toward the Yankee Stadium.

The whispering; the almost-silence. That was the first thing they noticed about the throng—and they knew it strange.

For the throng was like a swarming of bees. Not only men but women, children. In their tens of thousands. A very wall of thick, throbbing life that advanced steadfastly beneath the lavender and gold of the sinking sun. All sorts and conditions of people. Even Mongols—a group of Chinese ambling up from Pell Street on furtive felt-soled slippers.

Here, the writers considered, was their special meat. Plenty of local color, not to forget local smells, sweet or pungent. Essence of jasmine clashing with essence of garlic, quintessence of Park Avenue with quintessence of subway; noses of Harvard and Yale haughtily in the air, with noses of the lower East Side conspiring with unshaven chins.

Newspaper columnists and gangsters. Stockbrokers and bookmakers. Party girls and prostitutes. Stenog-

OF THE MASTER

PHIL LYFORD

The story of a lost soul. A strangely stirring novel of woman's love and God's mysterious way with man

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

Authors of Flower of the Gods, etc.

raphers and WPA workers and members of the Union League Club.

Pressing on eagerly in a solid phalanx. Yet seldom, in this unique concourse of the people of New York, was there the malicious elbowing of neighbor against neighbor. Seldom a voice raised in anger. Just a slurred whispering; the curious almost-silence. Yet, at its core, the puzzled writers felt a vibrant expectancy, a waiting for—something.

"For some wonderful tidings of joy and gladness," was one writer's sudden comment. "I've been conscious of it ever since I read that first advertisement, seven weeks ago. Wonderful—or could it be some fantastic phony?"

"I have been puzzled, too," his companion agreed.

The mob moved on and they with it, through the main gates of the Stadium where an enormous neon signboard flickered a silver message:

"He that is not with me, is against me. . . ."

INSIDE, the place was packed. Soon the gates were closed.

"No more room, folks!"

"But . . ."

"You'll hear all right. There are loud-speakers. . . ."

On their way to the press section they met Harold Capster hurrying along, sniffing out journalistic titbits.

"Full house, Harold!"

"Sure. No admittance charged tonight. Lot o' deadheads—see?"

"Wrong!" one of the pair told him. "For deadheads are soreheads. They come to hope for the worst—not, like these people here, glowing with excitement and . . ."

"Besides, speaking of deadheads, here's one citizen who can afford the price of a ticket," his friend interrupted as, passing the reserved seats, he recognized John D. Torgan's massive imperious features; recognized, a moment later, cheek by jowl with the financier, the features, equally massive and imperious, of John L. Greer of the C. L. F. of A.—the Combined Labor Federations of America.

"Ever seen more unlikely stable mates?" asked Capster the columnist.

"You bet! Right in front of your nose, Harold!" And the two writers pointed straight ahead; waved a hand in greeting at Ed Farragut, handsome wishbone of the Republican Party, sitting close to a notorious Tammany Hall ward heeler—out on bail.

They stopped then, those writers, and had a good long stare. And they wondered who was more surprised, they or the others, as—the reserved seats being huddled in a small space—they saw Rabbi Stephen Krauss stiffly by the side of Hans Gross, president of the German-American Bund and leading exponent of Hitler's brutalitarian Jew-baiting cult; saw former Governor Tom Jones sharing a bench with Communist Duke Butcher, Father Heaven of Harlem rubbing elbows with Father Flaherty of the radio, and somebody who looked suspiciously like Mae West not far from somebody who looked unsuspiciously like Eleanor Roosevelt. Many others, quite as illy assorted. And one of the two writers laughed.

"The lion," he said, "shall lie down with the lamb."

"Well," was the columnist's sardonic comment, "I'm not always sure which of the two animals has the sharper teeth. Anyway, seven buys two that in half a shake we'll hear growls from the menagerie."

He was mistaken. Lion and lamb, if not on the most intimate terms, were at least neutral.

No growls.

Only, as before, the hushed endless echo of the almost-silence—and it became complete, swathing, as one man inconspicuously came from one of the side entrances, marched mildly across the arena, and mounted the platform erected in the middle.

There was a table with a microphone. He stood behind it.

Was that McArdle? Must be.

Captain Gordon McArdle! They all knew his name from the advertisements. Knew little else. Nobody in New York did. The brightest reporters and nosiest columnists had failed to discover more about him.

Suddenly McArdle had appeared on the New York horizon, out of nowhere, without advance publicity campaign, without preliminary blowing of trumpets or beating of tomtoms. Just, some weeks back, full-page advertisements daily repeated in a dozen New York, Chicago, and Washington papers, signed with his name and proclaiming:

> Come to the Yankee Stadium on
> May 11 at 10 P. M.
> Jesus the Lord of Peace wants to see you.

The same announcement blared forth every afternoon over a nationwide radio hook-up, was picked up by transatlantic and transpacific stations. Nobody knew who paid for it all—must have cost thousands of dollars—and people were puzzled. They grew uneasy, and presently, typically, to overcome their uneasiness, resorted to ridicule:

"The guy's nuts."

"Sure. One o' them shoutin', crackpot evangelists."

And other remarks, more grammatical if quite as expressive of uneasiness:

"Communist propaganda."

"But he's talking about the Lord of Peace. About God. About moral rearmament. Doesn't seem to me as if . . ."

"Oh, you know those Reds. Hide behind any front. . . ."

STILL, after a while, by mere force of repetition, McArdle's words got under the skin. The more so as, day after day, they were accentuated by the current news all around, both in print and over the wireless.

Chiefly threat of war, smeared across front pages in brutal, startling headlines. Threat of war causing headlines, and headlines causing threat of war:

ITALY CHALLENGES FRANCE
RUSSIA CHALLENGES GERMANY
GERMANY AND ITALY CHALLENGE ENGLAND
ENGLAND CHALLENGES . . .

And so on and so on. A thickening of sensational mendacious ballyhoo. A thickening of dull hate. A thickening of fear. Fear of war. Fear of death. And, after a while, greed and jealousy killing fear. . . .

And Hitler, like a solemn clown in a brown shirt, blending heroic phrases with a grocer's cheap cunning.

And England, squatting on her swollen moneybags, yelling Justice! Democracy! and thinking about Persian oil and Indian cotton and Malaysian rubber.

And Italy, vaingloriously remembering the martial tramp-tramp of victorious Roman legions and the great Venetian ships that had once set sail against the turbaned lords of the Levant.

And Belgium, dreaming her shabby penny-pinching dreams; and Poland, her romantic dreams; and Russia, her frustrated bloody dreams. And all the world's munition makers dreaming of the inhuman unclean alchemy which turns steel into gold.

And, somewhere in an Austrian concentration camp, a Jewish philosopher—but he was mad—crying:

"This is the end of creation as foretold in the Apocalypse! For nation unto nation uttereth malice—and race unto race soweth hate—and faith unto faith speaketh black curses!"

AND here, in New York, McArdle's message:

> Jesus the Lord of Peace wants to see you. . . .

Erect he stood, motionless. The two writers had a clear view of him, since by this time they had reached the press section.

Not especially a noticeable figure. Medium-sized, lean, dressed in pepper-and-salt worsted. Mouse-brown hair beginning to thin. Very ordinary features. All but the eyes.

Blue deep-set eyes that gazed beyond you; seemed to focus on some vague immeasurable distance which was neither of space nor of time and which might equally be of the past as of the future. Eyes that saw something clearly.

That's what one remarked in an undertone to his friend.

"Those eyes—seem to know. Perhaps this man does know."

"What?"

"What you and I came here tonight to find out. What all this crazy quilt of people came to find out. . . ."

He said no more, leaned forward, tense and interested, as McArdle raised both his hands in a gesture not reminiscent of a prophet of the Old Testament but more like a fighter in the ring and responding to welcome.

They noticed, then, with a quite unreasonable shock, that the little finger of McArdle's hand had been cut off. A moment later his voice boomed through the arena:

"Long live Christ the King!"

No one had expected that. Stock words of evangelical preachers for hundreds of years. The patois of the Salvation Army.

Was this all?

McArdle looked around him at the multitude and added:

"He is here tonight to tell us how to find peace in our hearts and in the world."

Startling words. Triumphant in their utter serenity. Their quiet accents echoed, reverberated. Their simplicity shook the crowd almost bodily. It was as if—afterward the two writers compared impressions—they had issued in all their undramatic earnestness not from the man's lips but from some stainless region of his inmost consciousness where the world as men knew it, with its vulgar ambitions and futile strife and jealousies, did not any longer exist.

Perhaps they did "go off the deep end," as the street saying goes. So, however, did the thousands who crammed the Stadium. Something seemed to rush over them with the strength of a tidal wave. One could sense the stirring of a great hope in the presence of a great promise. Its very soundlessness accentuated its power and depth; one felt it soar to a fortissimo—an amazing fortissimo of silence—as McArdle continued, with a disconcerting switch in mood:

"I am not here tonight to talk national or international politics. I am here to talk about moral and spiritual rearmament for men and for nations."

He adjusted the microphone. His voice became more resonant and challenging:

"Men and women, races and peoples, must spend their souls to build up the armies and navies of the spirit of Jesus Christ. Armies and navies not made with hands. Armies and navies that carry forward not hate but love; that bring not death but everlasting life."

HIS message rolled on. It flooded the arena and traveled out into the surrounding streets where the many thousands who had been unable to crowd inside stood shoulder to shoulder and faced the loud-speakers. It zoomed over a world-wide radio network—north, east, south, west—drifted to the five continents and the seven seas.

Perhaps, up beyond Athabaska Landing, where the northern lights spring like golden dancers in the black night, there would be a bearded French-Canadian trapper, scraping and salting his catch of sable pelts; a man of simple faith, a lonely man; and no longer lonely and looking up and crossing himself as he heard the voice from his little radio which said:

"For Jesus is ever the prophet of grace. . . ."

And a Scots second mate, tired out after the dogwatch, the rusty, rickety freighter fighting her heartbreaking fight around the Horn, stretched out on his hard bunk, listening to the rattle of the blocks blown free, and dreaming of his old mother home in Aberdeen and smiling as he heard over the miracle of short wave:

"For Jesus is ever the prophet of love. . . ."

And a young girl in an Amsterdam tenement, with her baby, born out of wedlock, in the cradle beside her, dropping on her knees and praying as she heard:

"For Jesus is ever the prophet of compassion. . . ."

And a murderer somewhere, waiting the hangman's step, and breaking into hot clean tears of remorse as he heard:

"For Jesus is ever the prophet of pity. . . ."

And a war lord in Spain, belike, or in China, about to pass cruel judgment on his captured enemies, and giving a little shudder as he heard:

"For Jesus is ever the prophet of mercy. . . ."

And here, in the Yankee Stadium, McArdle continuing:

"He is the prophet of everything decent and fine. So we follow Him, the Leader, do we not? We obey Him —don't we?"

He paused; struck the table with his fist.

"We do—like hell!" he cried. "We give Him lip service! And nothing else! Yes, we worship Him with lying lips; we slay Him, crucify Him with cowardly hands!"

Again he paused.

"People without soul! That's what we are, all of us, with our lack of courage, our sniveling passions, our tawdry ambitions! We are not the servants of Christ but of Judas. . . ."

A shiver passed over the crowd; and one writer whispered to the other:

"A fanatic if ever there lived one."

"So was St. Paul," his friend replied. "And—tell me—what would the world be without fanatics, without poets, without saints, without those who have God in their souls?" He interrupted himself. "Say"—he demanded — "what's happening? Watch that fellow!"

For suddenly a slight youth who had been creeping up the front row next to the press section suddenly vaulted over the railing down into the arena. He seemed even more deeply affected by McArdle's eloquence than the rest, with his pale tense face, his eyes a brown blaze, his jaws twitching nervously. His right arm was evidently broken, since he carried it in a sling.

He ran toward the platform. Autograph hunter or candid-camera fiend? A nuisance, they felt sure.

Not that he caused much commotion. Perhaps the audience was too intent on McArdle's impassioned words, and the latter too intent on his own words, to pay attention to what was happening outside their emotional focus. The ushers, of course, saw what was going on, and a couple hurried after the young man, who had reached the platform, who raised—and that was strange—his bandaged arm.

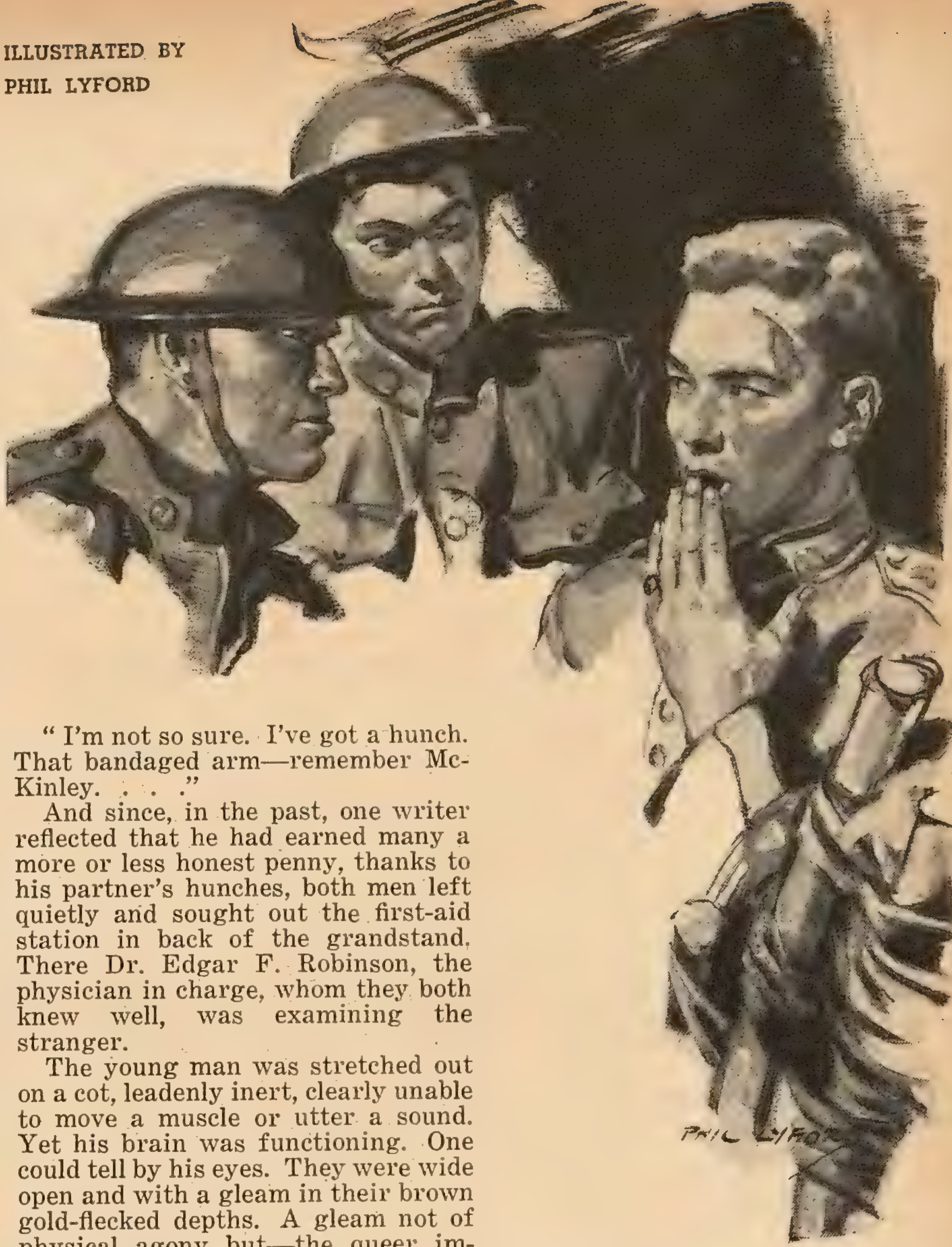
What was he trying to do?

A second later, and before the running ushers could reach him, suddenly, as if lightning had struck him, he fell backward; lay there on the ground, motionless. The two ushers reached him, picked him up, carried him out through one of the side entrances; and one writer looked to the other anxiously.

"I wonder," he said, "what that meant?"

"A neurotic threw a fit!"

ILLUSTRATED BY
PHIL LYFORD



The German smiled, a faintly contemptuous smile. "Don't waste your time," he replied in English.

"I'm not so sure. I've got a hunch. That bandaged arm—remember McKinley. . . ."

And since, in the past, one writer reflected that he had earned many a more or less honest penny, thanks to his partner's hunches, both men left quietly and sought out the first-aid station in back of the grandstand. There Dr. Edgar F. Robinson, the physician in charge, whom they both knew well, was examining the stranger.

The young man was stretched out on a cot, leadenly inert, clearly unable to move a muscle or utter a sound. Yet his brain was functioning. One could tell by his eyes. They were wide open and with a gleam in their brown gold-flecked depths. A gleam not of physical agony but—the queer imagining came—of hatred.

The physician had started to undress the patient.

"What about his arm?" one suggested. "May have injured his broken bone when he fell. Knocked himself silly."

"We'll see." Slowly, carefully, Dr. Robinson was unwrapping the bandages; then gasped: "Look!"

They looked—and gasped with dismay. The arm was not injured. Instead, the fingers were tightly clutching an automatic pistol. The safety catch was released, ready to spit death. The boy must have been on the point of pulling the trigger when he fell.

What had happened so appropriately, so coincidentally—if indeed that was all it was?

"Paralytic stroke?"

"No," replied the physician. "I've taken his blood pressure, given all the regular tests. And—no!"

"Still"—the writer pointed at the motionless figure—"the man is very ill!"

"I have not yet been able to diagnose. It is very strange."

"How strange?"

"I've heard of—and, not being a religious man, sneered at—well, miraculous cures. This, I am inclined to think, is in the same category. A cure in a way. A sudden and inexplicable striking down of a would-be murderer."

"Why should he want to kill McArdle?"

There was no answer, for at that moment the door opened and a woman came in.

She was small, slight, no longer very young. Yet she was the sort at whom one looks instinctively and never gets tired of looking. For she was one of those rare beings who will always be lovely. There was something classic about her face, something noble—made yet more noble by a memory of great suffering. . . .

"Good evening," Dr. Robinson greeted her.

Who was this woman? Here, thought these writers, was the bigger story which one had sensed in the offing; the hunch. She approached the cot.

"How is he?" she asked. "Find out what he wanted . . ."

Then she saw the automatic still clasped in the rigid fingers.

"Dear Lord," she sighed, "he must have meant to . . ."

She put a hand on the stricken man's forehead.

"The eager young!"

She smiled wryly. "We need such youth—such eagerness . . ."

"Know him?" inquired Dr. Robinson. "Does he know Captain McArdle? Has he any reason?"

"No, to the first question. And to your last—well—the eager young people have always such sound reasons." A strange reply; and she went on: "Have him taken to a hospital, please, and see that he gets the best of care. Captain McArdle will pay for it. And—the story about the revolver—can it be kept quiet?"

The physician frowned.

"Afraid of the consequences?"

"Only for this boy." She stroked the youth's forehead. "No one who knows him can have any fears for McArdle."

"I see," mumbled Dr. Robinson who, of course, did not see at all. He shrugged his shoulders. "Just as you wish."

"Thank you." Then, for the first time, she became aware of the presence of two strangers. Two witnesses. She asked directly:

"These gentlemen . . ."

"That's where your trouble starts." The physician was being ponderously jocose. "Thoroughly objectionable persons," he added. "Nosy reporters out for a scoop. Professional scavengers. . . ."

"Harmless fellows, really," they told her. "We promise to keep mum about the automatic—if you'll tell us something about Captain McArdle."

"Something?"

"Everything!"

A silence. Then she made up her mind.

"All right. The country should know about him—now that they have his program; it would have been wrong before."

"That's great." They turned to Dr. Robinson.

"Can we use your place, Ed?"

"O. K."

So not long later the two writers were seated in the physician's small office. There—to the obbligato accompaniment of McArdle's message that, amplified by the loud-speakers, drifted through the open window—they heard the story of his life; and the first picture the woman gave them was of the World War, a half company of the Tenth Virginians, terribly shot up, and Captain McArdle the only officer left alive. . . .

THEY could see it, hear it, feel it, smell it—those two—as, years earlier, they had seen it, heard it, felt it, smelled it in the original.

The rat-tat-tat of musketry fire. The roar of the big guns, like a giant beating a huge drum.

A trench. What had once been a trench. Men. What had once been men. Dead men with limbs racked and twisted in ecstatic agony. Men daubed with scarlet — McArdle thought morosely—as if some practical jester had dashed whole pails of red paint over them.

Cursing, yelling voices:

"Stretcher-bearers to the right!"

"Where are them lousy barbers?"

"Who's hit now?"

"Spike Buckley got his in the belly!"

"Spike?" cried McArdle. "Spike Buckley? Where is he?"

A soldier pointed, and McArdle turned, bending low behind the smashed parapet. A shell made a direct hit twenty feet away. A khaki-clad body sailed up in the air; came down in bleeding, torn bits. McArdle paid no attention. Only one man mattered: Spike Buckley.

Friends, the captain and the sergeant, since boyhood days. That had been back home in Virginia, the little town of Acheson Mills where Gordon McArdle, after his parents' death, had been brought up by his maternal grandfather, Judge Pinckney Burrage, while Spike had lived a sort of catch-as-catch-can existence in the house of his father.

FARMER, the older Buckley had called himself. Yet, with mortgages on everything, including—to use his own words—the hookworms and the unborn pigs, he had been in reality no more than a share cropper. No money. Ragged clothes. Corn pones and turnip greens and lean side meat. But Gordon had never forgotten the love in that humble ramshackle dwelling, the happiness, the live-and-let-live, the rollicking good humor.

Different from the stately colonial mansion on Peachtree Street; so rich, so beautiful, so well scrubbed—and so stodgy and narrow-minded. So typical of its owner.

There had never been the slightest affection between grandfather and grandson. The older man had always treated the boy as he had those who had faced him from the dock and to whom he had meted out punishment. Harsh punishment in the Old Testament way that believed in an eye for an eye; that honored all laws, human and divine, and half the time confounded the former with the latter.

Even as a child Gordon had disliked his grandfather. Steadily his dislike had deepened, had become almost hate. He had never been let off anything, not the slightest youthful indiscretion. The only happy hours he had known had been those spent with Spike. And to that, too, his grandfather had objected. A McArdle, wasn't he? A Burrage on his mother's side, and related to the Pinckneys, the Lees, the Breckinridges. Let him go round with his own people, the quality—by gad!—not with the dregs, the cheap white trash. . . .

So it had been, until one day, when the old man beat him with a blackthorn stick in a searing rage, Gordon had turned on his grandfather and knocked him down. The older man had lain on the ground, unconscious, bleeding from a head wound; and, frightened, the boy had run from the house, had left home.

Riding the rods: Richmond, Chicago, Los Angeles. Drifting. Always drifting. Trying to make his own way, nor succeeding, and doing what man has done since the Fall: blaming others, not himself.

Six years of it. Years he would rather have forgotten. Not that he was ashamed of the things he had done. But—the memory of hunger and misery and dirt, of the foul fetid meanness of scratching for a living. The belching memory of rotten liquor, rotten women.

Then war had come. It had seemed to offer a solution, at least temporarily, of life's messy tragic problems; and—no doubt of his bravery and intelligence—he had earned quick promotion.

Well, he reflected now, squatting down beside Spike, the solution was quite as messy and tragic as the problem itself, with its filth, its suffering —and Spike dying.

"Goin' west, pal!" Spike mumbled.

"The hell you are! You'll live to a green, moonshine-soaked, disreputable old age, like your Uncle Joe. Say, remember how hopping mad he was that time we raided his still and got stinko?"

"Sure do," Spike grinned. Life ebbed. "Wanta tell ya somethin'," he whispered, "about that girl—Yvonne. She loves ya—see? . . ."

"Now, Spike . . ."

"Told me so herself."

"How?"

"When I tried to make love to her."

"Of all the gall! A lousy sergeant trying to make up to his captain's . . ."

"Ain't it the truth! But didn't get away with it. She darn near scratched my eyes out. An' then she broke down. I let her cry on my manly bosom."

"Big-brother stuff?"

"That's where I shine. Anyway, she tells me how crazy she's about ya . . ." The voice grew faint. "Listen! She—she's a good girl—if ya know what I mean . . ."

Gordon did not reply.

A MONTH earlier he had met Yvonne Durand in Lamaze, a village eleven miles back of the front, where she was nurse in a military hospital. Pretty little French girl. Sweet as love itself. But—a good girl? Pah! If that was so, would she have . . .

He was fond of her. Mighty fond. Sure. And perhaps she hadn't deceived him. But *he* knew women! All tarred with the same brush. . . .

But no use arguing the point with Spike—who was dying; who, a moment later, was dead.

The dead were O. K. Their troubles were over. And there were still the living to look after, the Tenth Virginians who were getting restive under the barrage, and the air sour with picric-acid fumes of the H. E. shells. He tried to steady them with curses and jests. Started singing a choice verse or two from Hinky Dinky Parlee-Voo. Laughter. Soldiers' free coarse laughter which spelled the end of nervous tension. . . .

Then, with evening, the barrage stopped. Trench tools were brought out. Energetic souls began digging; less energetic opened rations, ate, lit cigarettes. Comparative quiet—broken by a slithering sound: feet stepping along the duckboard.

"Halt!"

Messenger from D. H. Q. Orders to make a night raid; grab a German or two, question them, get a line on the disposition of the enemy troops.

"Who volunteers?"

"Me for one," announced Sergeant Cronin. "I useter be on the homicide squad back in Richmond. I know how to make 'em sing."

Several others stepped forward. Gordon selected five. A short sleep. Zero hour.

"Check up on your equipment. Gas masks. O. F. grenades." A pause. "Let's go, boys!"

Over the top. Sneaking on their bellies.

IT was half an hour later. They were sliding down a hill toward a creek when a star shell burst overhead, drenching everything in a flood of brilliant light. Only for a moment. But there was, at once, the vicious bark of machine guns, the whine of shrapnel, finally an H. E. shell—and afterward Gordon was never able to reconstruct the scene. All he remembered was that the creek was suddenly a mad whirlpool of mud, water, blood, torn bodies; and he, fifty yards in advance of his men, blown over by the explosion, feeling himself falling—down—down. . . .

He struck bottom with a bang. A shell hole. Sure.

For a while he did not move. He was frightened to the core of his soul. He touched his arms and legs. No bones broken. No sticky telltale moisture. He waited. Silence had followed the inferno of sound. Then, near him, he heard a faint moaning—and called out softly:

"Who's there?"

No answer. He switched on his small electric torch. He saw a man who lay there. A German. An officer, judging by the stars on his shoulder straps. Only slightly wounded—a bullet had creased his forehead—but unconscious.

Gordon was grimly amused. Here was what he wanted.

"You're coming with papa, baby!"

He leaned over the man, shook him, booted him in the ribs. No result except for the moaning. Impossible to jerk him up, make him walk.

Well, thought Gordon, there was another way. And he took off his own and the other's belt, tied him hand and foot, gagged him.

The silence continued. The blackness of the night was unbroken. With a great effort he got his prisoner out of the hole. He dragged him across no man's land, himself sliding on his stomach. It took hours, and it was early morning when he reached his trench.

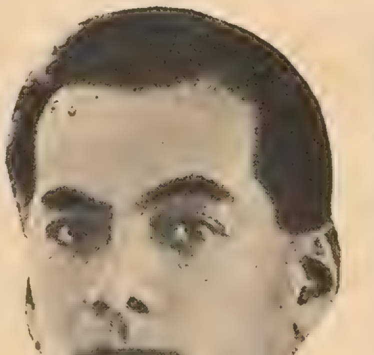
"Here's our little canary, boys. Let's make him sing!"

"But Sergeant Cronin—Bill Watson—Charlie Baxter? . . ."

"*They're* singing with the angels."

They revived the German with a bucket of water and a lighted match under his nose. They removed gag and bonds and gave him a cigarette.

20 QUESTIONS



1—For years he has been a leader in the movement for independence of the islands of which he is president. His goal will be won in 1946 when his country acquires political autonomy. This picture was taken some twenty years ago. Who is he?

2—What does the Rx on a doctor's prescription mean?

3—Who were the majority and minority House leaders in the Seventy-sixth Congress?

4—What event in French history does Bastille Day commemorate?

5—How do the Scotch proclaim their tribal affiliations in their clothing?

6—What nation awards the Military Order of the Purple Heart?

7—Who was the first American to break 70 in golf in the U. S. Open?

8—How does the needle of a compass act at the Magnetic Poles?

9—Is the endurance record for light planes, established by Humphrey and Hunter Moody, 410 hours 50 minutes, 343 hours 46 minutes, or 297 hours 7 minutes?

10—In what weapon was grape and canister used as ammunition?

11—When does a horse become a yearling, regardless of its birthday?

12—What famous musician who recently made his debut in the movies was once a child prodigy?

13—When did a non-English-speaking country first win the Davis Cup?

14—How do capital goods differ from consumers' goods?

15—What is the smallest pedigreed livestock?

16—Where are the following capes located: Fear, Flattery, and Farewell?

17—When Congress quits "sine die," what does the Latin term indicate?

18—On what do herbivorous animals feed?

19—Politically speaking, what is a "favorite son"?

20—Who wrote The Barefoot Boy?

(Answers will be found on page 23)

"Say, you savvy English, Fritz?"

"Yes."

"O. K. Let's have the name of your commanding general, your regiment, your division."

The prisoner yawned. He shielded his yawn with his left hand. On the little finger Gordon noticed a large old-fashioned gold seal ring carved with an elaborate armorial design. Then the German smiled, a faintly contemptuous smile.

"Don't waste your time," he replied in excellent English.

And "Don't waste your time"—though they flattered him, bullied and threatened him—was his answer to all questions. Questions asked under acoustic difficulties when once more the barrage started with a roar, with the heavy German guns, having found the range, firing point-blank, and low-flying planes, marked with the black cross underneath, doing a lot of ground strafing. And presently an end to both questions and answers, as a message came from D. H. Q.

Orders to fall back as quickly as possible. Nor to stop at Lamaze. But fall all the way back to Cateauville.

Retreat, in other words.

Gordon cursed, then shrugged his shoulders. None of his business. Brass-hat business. Up to him to shut up and do as he was told.

He mustered his men. Cursed again viciously. Thirty-seven left of his half company. All the other officers dead—and Spike—and Cronin—and Charlie Baxter who hadn't been a day over seventeen. . . .

"Step on it!" he barked. "Don't pick daisies on the way!"

"What about his nibs?" Cal Finn pointed at the prisoner. "Take him along?"

"Sure."

Cal tied the German's hands behind his back, prodded him with a bayonet.

"On your way, Fritz!"

GORDON tightened his belt. No stopping, he thought, at Lamaze. Still, the hospital there would be carrying on for a while. Bound to be stretcher cases. So he'd have a chance to see Yvonne Durand.

Sweet kid. Sweet as love itself!

And perhaps she was a—he bit his lip—a good girl, in spite of . . .

Yes, perhaps she was. Perhaps Spike had had the right dope. Dying people often had. They could see beyond—things. . . . A chaplain had told him once . . .

He turned.

"All right, men!" he cried. "What in hell are you waiting for?"

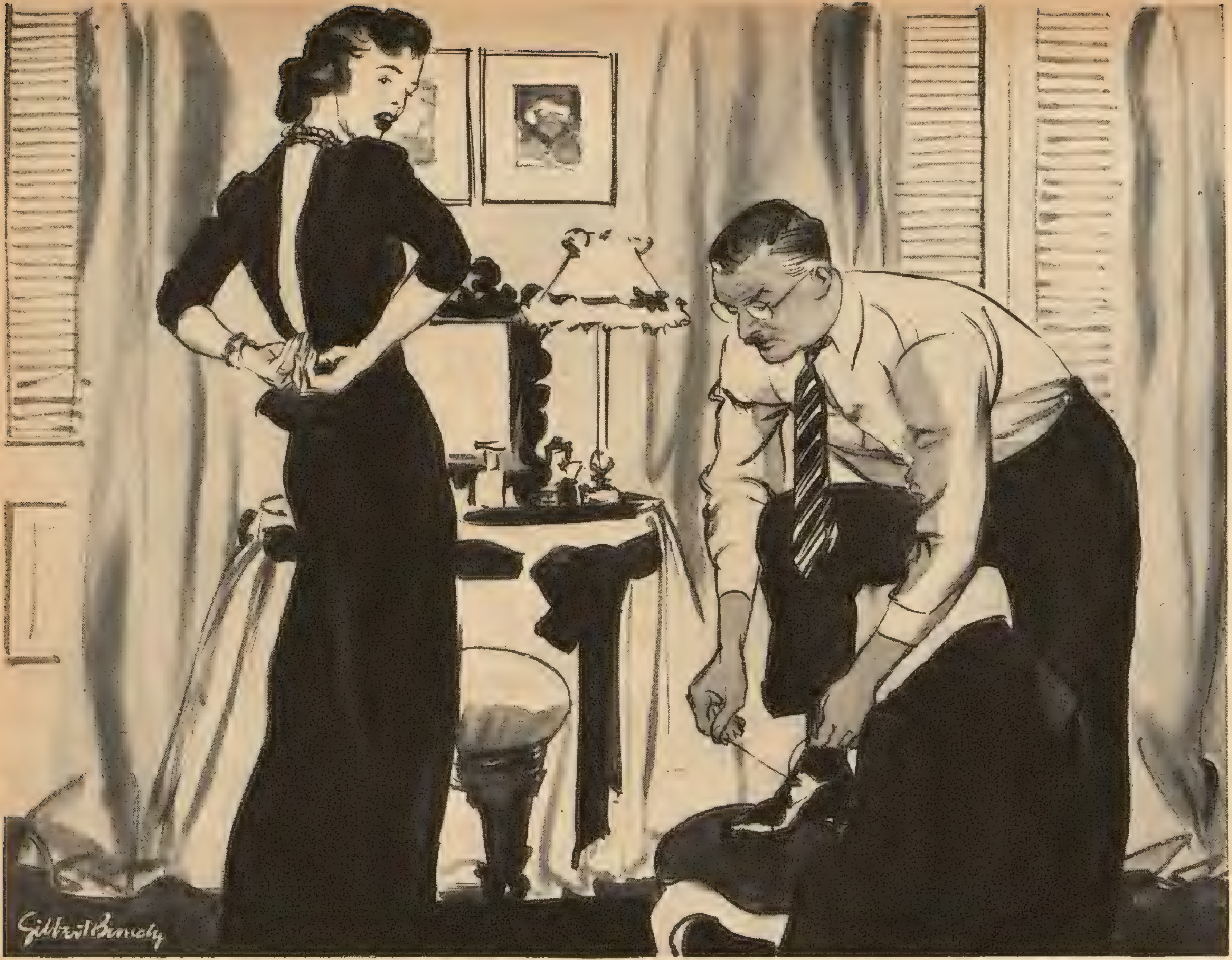
Then it happened. There was an immense burst of sound waves. An enormous sheet of whitish-blue light jumped to the zenith, fell to the tortured earth with a million yellow racing flames.

A direct hit, Gordon knew at once.

The whole world seemed to totter crazily, drunkenly. The morning sun, blazing through the smoke mist, heaved like the bow of a ship, swung to and fro in a mad golden pendulum.

Gordon dropped. He felt a dull jar. Consciousness faded out. . . .

Returning to consciousness, what will have happened to Gordon McArdle, physically and mentally? What part will the young German prisoner play in the American captain's future? Is Yvonne his true love or a fickle coquette? Strange moves are made on the chessboard of Destiny in next week's Liberty.



"Curtis Pratt, you're getting fat!"

WIFE: *Look at you—you're splitting right out of that shirt!*

HUSBAND: It's not me, sweetheart—it's this blasted shirt. It's shrunk a couple of miles. Fits just like a size 10 strait jacket.

WIFE: *Curtis Pratt, don't tell me you've been buying some of those "pre-shrunk" shirts again!*

HUSBAND: Well, I saw a sale and—

WIFE: *And you thought maybe this time they wouldn't shrink, eh? It serves you right for not asking for* Sanforized-Shrunk.

HUSBAND: But aren't they the same—Sanforized-Shrunk and pre-shrunk?

WIFE: *Heavens, no! Sanforizing is patented and controlled. Sanforized-Shrunk fabrics can't shrink more than a small 1%, by Government Standard Test. The tags say so. If you'd bought that shirt Sanforized-Shrunk, it wouldn't have shrunk out of size—not if it were washed a hundred times.*

HUSBAND: Well then, by golly, I'm going to put on one of my Sanforized-Shrunk shirts right now and show you *I* haven't got out of size.

WIFE: *They're in that second drawer, fresh from the laundry—along with some Sanforized-Shrunk shorts and pajamas I bought you the other day. None of these things cost a penny more than those goofies you pick up. And you can get them in all stores—at all prices.*

HUSBAND: (Putting on fresh shirt); Ah-h—wonderful! Fits to a T. . . Who said I was getting fat?

WIFE: *Only around the ears, dearie. Most men these days don't have to be told about Sanforized-Shrunk!*

Psst! Here's another tip—

Many things now have this shrinkage protection. Look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

Women's Dresses

Children's Garments

Work Clothes, Overalls

New Flannelettes

Wash Uniforms

Trousers, Slacks

To be sure of permanent fit . . . look for the words . . . Sanforized-Shrunk

YOU GO YOUR WAY

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

THE first time Harry Coburn saw her was the night he walked in on a noisy party Tom Dade was throwing in his big duplex after the fights at the Coliseum. She asked him for a light. He couldn't find a match right away, so he gave her a light off the end of the cigarette he was smoking, and watched the way her long dark lashes lay against her cheeks. She thanked him with a quick warm smile. His prolonged stare was much too preoccupied to be offensive, but it was disconcerting.

Through the noise she chided him: "Have you seen me somewhere before?"

"No," said Harry.

She laughed soundlessly at his gravity, and he watched the sparkle in her eyes and the way the lights moved in her brown hair.

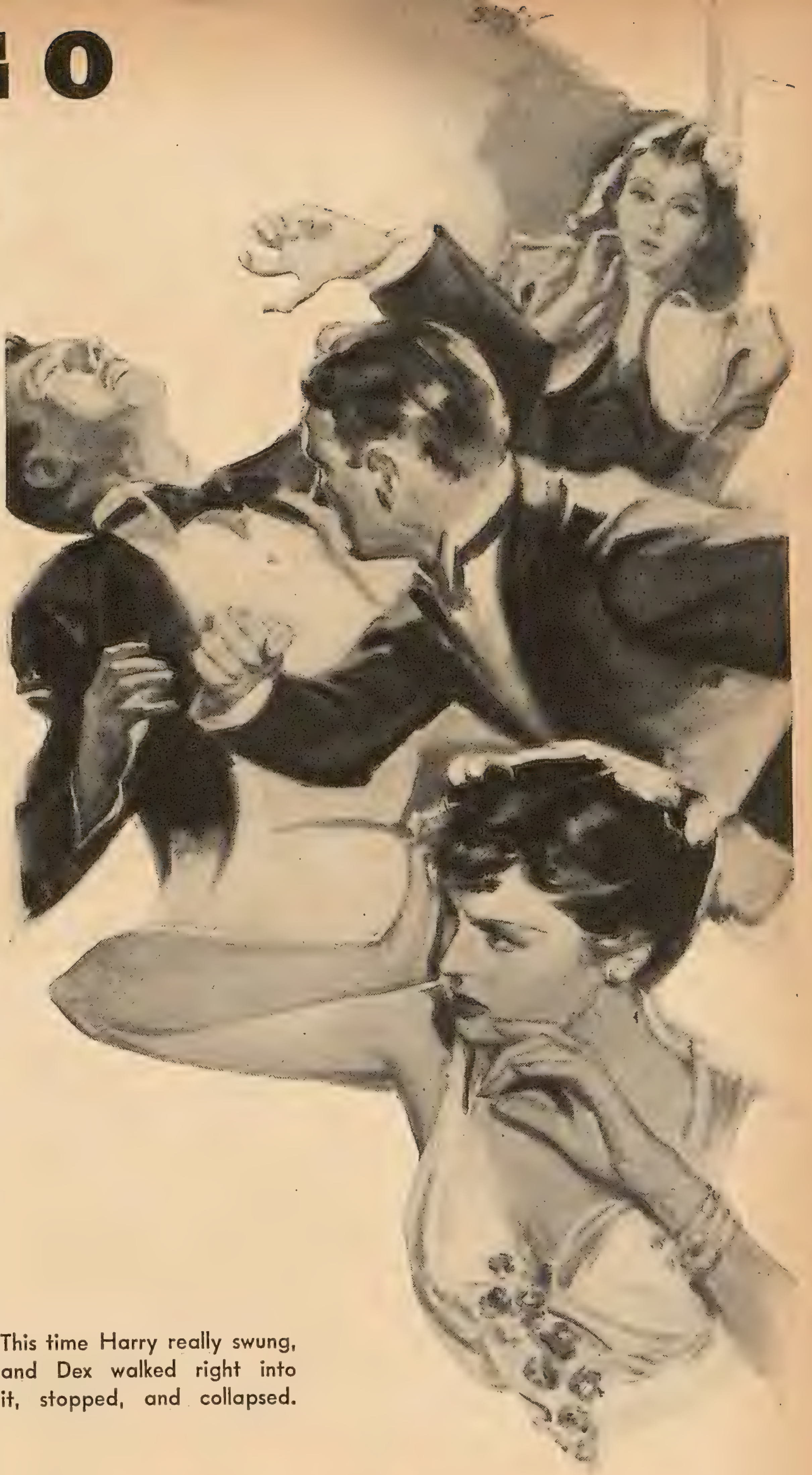
There was no point in trying to make small talk, because somebody—Harry couldn't see who it was because of the crowd—was lambasting the piano and a score of voices, male and female, were raising the roof. But she didn't, he thought idly, fit Tom Dade's crowd. He didn't either, for that matter; but with him it was different—it was an old story.

The music stopped, the crowd fell apart, and Dex Kiley at the piano, flushed from playing, shouted, "Water—water! With Scotch in it!" Dex Kiley was the manager of the Coliseum, which Tom Dade owned. Tom Dade owned a lot of other things—a string of filling stations, a large interest in a radio broadcasting station, various office buildings, and a number of politicians.

Behind Dex Kiley, leaning on his shoulders, her red hair tousled, Rena was happy. She was always happy in a crowd at night. Four years ago she had been a small-town girl. She had come a long way from a small town in four years—as Mrs. Harry Coburn.

Seeing Harry, she started to remove her arms from Kiley's shoulders; but something flickered in her eyes—part conscience and part resentment, Harry thought. In the end she left her arms where they were.

The brown-haired girl was saying, "Mr. Kiley plays very well, doesn't he?"



This time Harry really swung, and Dex walked right into it, stopped, and collapsed.

A searching tale of a groping heart that found love and a second chance

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER

"Yes," Harry said. "He used to be on the stage. Vaudeville."

"I've been amazed all evening. Everybody here used to be something else at one time."

Harry nodded, saying to himself, "I used to be a newspaperman." Up to a year and a half ago. He had said to Mallinson, "You own the paper. Very well. You expect me to assume the responsibility of hiring my key men. Naturally. And, naturally, I prefer the responsibility of firing them. But I won't fire Linkler. If you want him fired, my resignation goes with it."

"Of course," Mallinson had said, "you're fighting for the principle of the thing. It's a pity the bone of contention isn't a man more worthy than Pete Linkler. I'll accept your resignation."

Rena had berated him for a fool, and there had been an awful scene out of which had come, in her dire desperation, a revelation of debts she had incurred without his knowledge: clothes, loans, gambling. He had salted seven or eight thousand away in the bank and planned to use this, live on it, until he could find a position at least equal to the one from which he had resigned. It all went toward settling the debts and did not settle all of them.

The brown-haired girl said, "And what are *you?*"

"Me?" Harry said with a rueful smile.

TOM DADE was beckoning from the gallery, and Harry went up and followed Dade into the big man's library. Incongruously planted among ultramodern furnishings and fixtures was an old roll-top desk with its inevitable companion, a high-backed swivel chair. Into this chair Dade let his lank big-boned body. Ruffled gray hair dangled over his forehead, and his seamed middle-aged face was long, big-nosed.

"What was it, tough going?"

Harry nodded. "We talked for about four hours. Connors said nothing doing. He said it in the first ten minutes, as a matter of fact. It was just the same at the end of four hours."

Tom Dade massaged his lower lip ruminatively between his thumb and index finger and squinted down his long nose. He said, "H'm." He cleared his throat and said, "What kind of a dope is Connors?" He swiveled his chair slowly and put his hand on one of three telephones which stood on his desk.

Harry said, "Wait a minute."

"Go ahead. I can listen to you too."

"Put the phone down, will you?"

Tom Dade leaned back, let his big hand rest on the instrument, and regarded Harry with an impressive air of great patience.

"Connors is in a tough spot," Harry said slowly, feeling his way among his thoughts.

"Not yet he isn't. He will be, though."

"He is now. The man hasn't had a good sleep in weeks. His wife's been in the hospital for two months and that little house he has is mortgaged to the hilt. He's borrowed on his life insurance. He's got a kid. He had to sell his car. All he has now is his job—sixty bucks a week. And he looks like hell."

There was nothing particularly cruel or savage or vicious about Tom Dade. He was the product of an era and abided by the rules of the game he played. He had contributed heavily to hospital and social-welfare drives; had built playgrounds, a summer camp for boys. He had never turned down a panhandler.

BUT he said, now: "Sure. Don't you think I know all about that? Don't you think I knew it a month ago? Why do you suppose I picked Connors out of couple of dozen other guys in the state's attorney's office? Do you think I got the answer by pulling the petals off a daisy?"

"I see. When a man's down, step on him."

"Meagan's down, isn't he? Meagan's got a minimum of ten years staring him in the puss if somebody don't get those canceled checks and affidavits out of the state's attorney's office files. He's one of the boys. He was a good commissioner of public works, too, until that tramp of a show girl hooked him and he let those smart utilities guys grease his palm on rate kickbacks. Thirty grand she wanted—and he had to dig it up. I never let a pal down, babe."

Dade picked up the phone and called the Belleflower Hospital. "Give me the superintendent. . . . Well, give me whoever's head man there tonight. This is Thomas Shaney Dade speaking." He cracked a match on his heel and relighted his pipe. "Who is this? . . . Oh, Dr. Lockhard. . . . Oh, sure. I remember you from the Charity Ball. Look. You got a woman there, Mrs. Edwin Connors. What is she in, a ward? . . . Well, find out. If she is, put her in a private room, get her night and day nurses and the best doctors you can. And send me the bills." He hung up and said, "Pour yourself a drink, Harry. Pour me one, too."

Harry poured two drinks. "What's the joke?" he said.

"I never pulled a joke in my life."

Harry shot water from a siphon into the glasses. His thoughts stalked carefully through his head but none gave him an adequate answer. He leaned against the desk and tried his drink.

"Who's the new girl downstairs?" he asked, just to be saying something.

Tom Dade drank deeply. "Catherine Winters. Daughter of a pal I went to school with in St. Louis. Sent her on here with a letter. She wants to sing on the radio."

"Is she any good?"

"How do I know? I never heard her. But she'll sing on the radio just the same. I don't own forty per cent of the stock of a broadcasting station for nothing. Probably that 3.15 sustaining spot. The tenor they've been plugging on that spot for the last two months is a foul ball."

Harry finished his drink, set down the empty glass. "Coming down?"

"In a little while. I got some more phone calls to make. Be a nice guy, Harry—needle that dead pan of yours."

At the foot of the gallery staircase was a pair of French doors opening on the terrace. Harry went out and leaned on the parapet. The city was ten stories below and swept away to far orderly rows of boulevard lights. The plane passing overhead was probably the big sleeper out of Cleveland.

"The air's nice, isn't it? It's so nice and high here."

"Yes," Harry said.

Catherine was staring up at the plane. "See the red and green lights?"

"Yes. The same as on a ship."

"What's your name?"

"Harry Coburn."

"Oh. That girl inside—Rena Coburn—is she your sister?"

"She's my wife."

"Oh," Catherine said quietly in a voice suddenly remote and a little confused.

She was confused, Harry supposed, because she had seen the way Rena and Dex carried on. No one else had ever seemed to think anything of it. In this crowd everybody carried on, more or less. It was difficult for a stranger, walking in cold, to tell who was married to whom.

He felt a vague sense of guilt and said, to cover up, "Tom Dade says you're going to sing on the radio."

"Yes," she said, "I guess so." Her face clouded and she looked away across the city. And when she glanced at him, her face was puzzled.

THEY leaned on the parapet and he said, "You can see the station from here. Way off there, with the blue light on top." She didn't reply, and he said, "Don't you think you'd better go inside—or get a wrap? Can I get you a wrap?"

"I'm all right, really."

"Do you want a drink?"

"No, thanks. What is that light off there—that high one?"

"That's the Albion Hotel," he said. He pointed out other lights and buildings and parkways and the railway bridge, and he told her all about the city, which he remembered as a little boy. And in his enthusiasm kaleidoscopic shots of his own life came into the telling, but none of what he did nowadays. There were many things to laugh over, and he laughed. She laughed too, but watched him—always watched him with a strange puzzled expression. When they went inside, Tom Dade was coming downstairs, and she left Harry, said something to Dade, and then went up to his library with him.

There was a lull in the noise, the merrymaking. Groups and couples were scattered all over the huge living room. Rena and Dex Kiley were sitting on an upholstered bench matching coins, and Harry strolled over and watched them.

"Hi, kid," Dex said. "Your frau's luck's no good at this."

Rena said, "Anyhow, I won a hundred dollars on the fights."

"We all won," Dex laughed. "You always win when you have the inside track. But I thought Bonna was going to cross us up and rock Weinstein to sleep in the sixth. But he didn't let us down. He folded as nice as a piece of paper in the ninth. But I think Coleary ought to tell him not to jump up so fast again after the count of ten. How much did you win, Harry?"

"I didn't bet."

"Did I forget to tell you Bonna would fold in the ninth?"

"No, you didn't."

"And he didn't bet! I need a drink!"

Dex Kiley hurried over to the bar.

Harry said, "Let's go home, Rena."

"We're all going to the Brig for steak sandwiches."

"That'll mean we won't get home till three or four. I'm all in and I've got to run out to Clayville tomorrow morning to see about one of Tom's filling stations."

"Yes, darling, I know. You're tired. The others will drop me off."

IT was always like this, and he had given up lately trying to insist, because it always led to an argument. He felt washed out, drained, all the marrow gone from his bones. He was only thirty but he felt immeasurably older. He had always had a lot of pride, but he had swallowed it and gone to work for Tom Dade—publicity and public relations and numerous addenda not so easily pigeonholed. He had done it to get out of debt, though no part of the debt had been of his own making. Tom Dade had offered him twelve thousand a year.

"Well?" said Rena. She said it sharply, because of the way he stood there, his eyes brooding on her. Her lower lip, full and red and moist, was thrust forward. Her eyes were dark, sultry, her fingers bent tautly over the edge of the bench. She demanded in a hoarse resentful voice, "Do I always have to do everything just because you want to do it?"

Harry shook his head slowly. "No," he said, still looking down at her, one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. But his mind, wandering, went back to the small town where, on his vacation one year, he had met her at a dance at the pavilion on the lake and taken her home and at the end of two weeks proposed to her. She was the daughter of the local haberdasher. She worked at the local soda fountain.

"Well, then, don't stand there looking at me like an oaf!"

Dex Kiley came over, made wide eyes, said, "Is big mans being nasty to little angel child?" He sat down on the bench, put his arm around her, hugged her, and made idiotic baby sounds.

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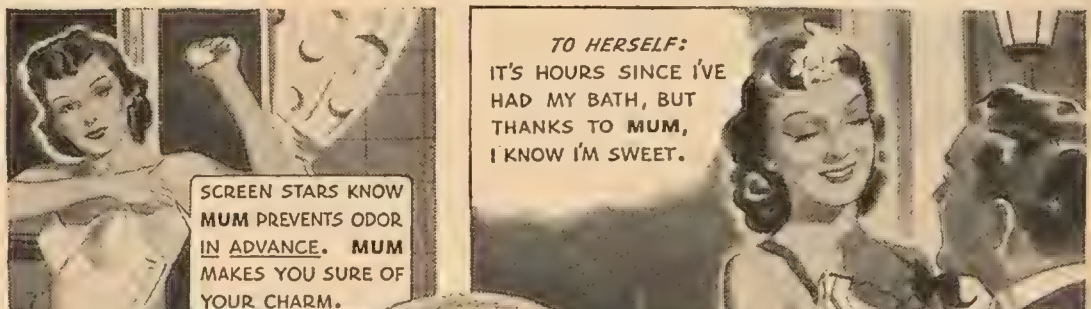
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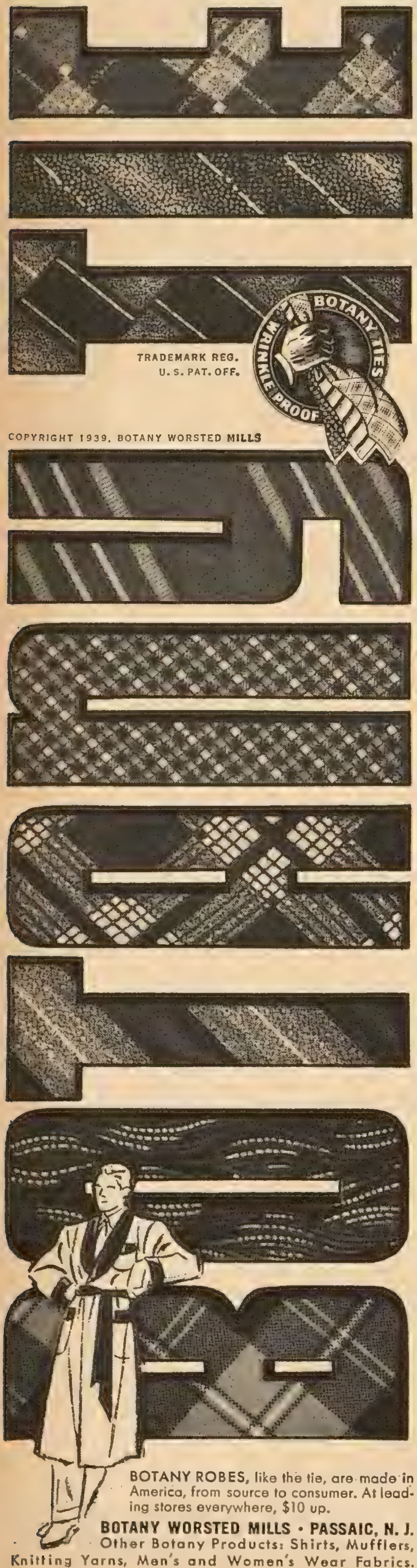

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Harry reached out and put his hand on Dex's shoulder and left it there for as long as a minute without showing on his face any indication of how he felt. He didn't really know how he felt. Not even when he suddenly pushed Dex backward off the bench. Going down, Dex took a floor lamp with him, and the crash magnetized the crowd. Harry would have left then, but Dex jumped up, his pug nose wrinkled, his eyes brassy. Rena screamed. This time Harry really swung, and Dex walked right into it, stopped, and collapsed.

"Well," somebody said, "it finally came to pass. This time Dex will want water—without the Scotch."

There was a light feathery beating inside Harry's chest and he looked neither at Rena nor at Dex Kiley. He looked at his hand, flexing the fingers, and wondering why all of a sudden, after weeks, months of similar incidents, he had hit Dex at all. Certainly it wasn't because of what Tom Dade had suggested upstairs. Curiously he wondered if it sprang from the way Catherine Winters had said "Oh" on the terrace. He remembered the inexplicable feeling of guilt he had experienced.

"He's all right," somebody was saying.

For Kiley was sitting up, then standing, rubbing his jaw. His face was gray, his lips without color, and about his face and in his eyes was a flat expressionless look. He sighed. "All right, screwball." He chuckled. He shook his head—really a bewildered man—and went into a bathroom to wash his face.

Harry needed only one brief look at Rena to know that he might just as well go on home alone. Quietly, in her own wordless and definite manner, she was berating him for a fool and a very dull person. He felt at that moment very dull indeed.

HE went downstairs and sat in the lobby, undecided whether to go home or spend the night at a hotel. He thought of poor Connors with the growing bald spot, the sallow cheeks, the fear in his eyes, and yet behind that fear a strange kind of courage or nobility or sense of honor. And he thought of Tom Dade, who for all his earthy bigness and great generosity was, regarding certain standards of conduct, notably blind. Presently he began to shake all over. His life had gone off at a tangent these past two years, and it frightened him.

Rising, he walked toward the lobby door, and Catherine Winters, on her way from the elevator, was only a few paces behind him. Hearing footfalls, he held the door open as he went out.

"Thank you," she said.

"Oh, it's you. Can I drop you somewhere?"

"I'm stopping at the Briar."

"It's on my way."

His sedan was parked around the corner and they got in and he drove westward on the boulevard toward the park He didn't feel like talking and he thanked God that she did not try to fill the gap. It wasn't much of a ride. Ten minutes. The Briar was a small hotel set back from the street, with lawns and shrubbery in front. He stopped under an oak tree, got out, walked around the back of the car, and opened the other door. He helped her out, his hand under her forearm, and then he did something he had not expected to do. He kissed her. Not lightly or casually, or even in fun, but with a sudden and unreasonable determination.

She said, "Why did you do that?"

"Because I wanted to."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do. It's a long time since I did anything that I really wanted to do. It was an impulse—and I followed the impulse."

"I'm not wonderful and marvelous and lovely?" she said mockingly.

"I don't know. How can I know? I just met you."

"Didn't you want to hit Mr. Kiley?"

He shook his head. "No." He felt his neck, his face growing warm. Angry with himself, he said, "I'm sorry."

SHE did not move, but stood staring up at him in the darkness beneath the oak tree. "You're awfully mixed up, aren't you?" And when he made no reply she said, "Don't be too sorry about kissing me. I didn't mind very much. It was too silly."

"It was silly, all right," he said.

His apartment was at the other end of the park. Twin beds were at opposite ends of the big bedroom, and after a lot of thinking, of figuring and getting nowhere, he fell asleep. But at four o'clock lights and the sounds Rena made undressing wakened him.

"Well, you made a fine spectacle of yourself," she said.

"I did, didn't I?" Harry clasped his hands behind his head and gazed at the ceiling. "I think we could still make a go of it, Rena. But not here—not in this city any more. I've been thinking about it for weeks. I'm pretty sure I can get a job somewhere. I'd take anything on a newspaper, even fifty a week, if it meant we could be closer together again."

"You talk like an idiot."

"I wish you'd stop and think how sane I'm being."

She bounced angrily into the bed at the other side of the room. "Really, Harry, you get awfully tiresome sometimes." She pulled the covers over her head.

He thought savagely, All right, smash it up! We'll smash it up together!

He spent most of the next day in the county on business for Tom Dade, and got back to the office at about five. In the reception room Edwin Connors was standing, gripping the back of a chair with tense skinny fingers.

"What is this? What is this?" he cried hoarsely.

"What's what?" Harry said.

"Noon I went over to the hospital,

and she—Carrie—my wife—she's in a big private room with a private bath and special nurses. She—she's got the best doctor in the state, Valpryn! They said everything's being paid for—taken care of—I don't have to worry—I don't have to . . ." His voice trailed off, his haggard eyes wandered stupidly, he grimaced. "They said Mr. Dade's paying for it. Why should *he* pay for it? I told you last night—I told you—" He held his clenched fists up level with his ears and veins stood out on his bony forehead. "I want to see Mr. Dade! She"—he shook his finger at the reception clerk, who was preparing to leave—"says Mr. Dade's busy."

Harry said, "Wait here a minute," and went into Tom Dade's office. "Connors is outside," he told Dade.

"I figured he'd turn up."

"Aren't you going to see him?"

"Sure. I was busy here going over accounts. End of the month, you know." He pressed a buzzer and his secretary came in. "Tell Mr. Connors I'll see him now."

Edwin Connors came in with all the wind out of him; but the set of his small fragile jaw was desperate.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Connors. Have a seat."

Connors croaked, "I want you to tell them at the hospital that you're not doing what you told them you would do. I don't want you to do it. I won't stand for it. Do you hear me? I won't stand for it! You've got to tell them! They won't believe me. They think I'm crazy!"

LOOK," said Tom Dade in his most comfortable voice. "I wanted you to do me a little favor and you said no. Did I ask you again? No. Am I asking you now? No. All I'm doing is showing you that I'm a pretty decent guy. Don't you want your wife to get well?"

"Of course I do. But every cent I own—" Connors stopped, raising his chin as if he were reaching for his next breath. "Listen, Mr. Dade. I'd give my right arm to save her—"

"So no one wants your right arm and giving your right arm wouldn't save her. Look, bud. Forget it, will you? Get it in your head that you don't owe me anything. The two or three grand that getting your wife well again will cost me is just pennies from heaven. I do it because I like to do it. If a man wants to do me a favor when he's in a position to do it—just a little favor—all well and good. If he don't, that's all right, too."

Connors almost screamed, "I don't want any favors from you!"

"I'm not doing this for you. Your wife's the sick one. Say I'm doing it for her. If you want to move her back to the ward, if you want Dr. Valpryn off the case, if you want a lot of dopes experimenting on her, if you want the odds against her to be twenty to one instead of even, the way they are now, okie doke." He put his hand on a telephone. "What's the number of that hospital, Mr. Connors?"

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Connors' face was ashen and for a minute he seemed not to breathe at all. He never took his eyes off Tom Dade. His mouth was a bitter crooked line. He whispered thickly:

" All right. All right. Don't phone."

Then he turned around and rushed out blindly.

After a minute Harry said, " He hates you."

" Sure. He hates me so much that he'll do that little favor for me. He'd never sleep nights if he thought he was indebted to me."

Harry walked around to a bar and had a cocktail. The old hopelessness was seeping into him again. It was enervating and he hated it, but he knew what he was going to do about it. To hell with fighting it. He'd drink, that's what he'd do. He'd stay out all night, every night, and chase any good-looking dame that happened to take his fancy. He'd do what the rest of them did. He'd stop being a fish out of water. And he'd start with Catherine Winters!

He telephoned her, and it took him a long time to talk her into going out to dinner with him. He knew a tidy rendezvous in the country where the food and the drinks were excellent and where he intended to get very tight. It was a wonderful night, mild, with a lot of stars. But Harry did not get tight. Catherine looked beautiful and he danced many times with her and they walked in the gardens back of the inn.

He said, " When are you going on the radio? "

" I'm not going on."

" You're not? "

" I'm foolish about little things," she said. " I had a long talk with Mr. Dade. I don't want to be obligated to him. Naturally, I'd have to go around with the people he goes around with. I don't want to do that. They frighten me."

" Do I frighten you? "

" Yes," she said, nodding slowly. " But not for the same reason. You're not like them yet—but you will be some day. You'll give up trying not to be. It frightens me to see—well, a fine person going down." She turned away. " Will you drive me home? "

When he dropped her off at her hotel he said, " When are you leaving? "

" Tomorrow."

" Don't," he said, holding her hand. " Stay a little while. Stay till the end of the week."

" No. You're married, and I'm funny about that too. I've some terribly old-fashioned ideas."

" Do you like me? "

" Very much."

" Then stay a little longer."

She sighed, shook her head. " It would be too easy for me to be very foolish over you, Harry Coburn." She pulled her hand away and walked swiftly into the hotel. He didn't see her tears.

IN the morning, when he telephoned the hotel, she had already departed. He felt that he would never see her again, but he knew he would never forget her. She had started springs within him which had long been dormant. Harry all at once recognized that he was at the edge of a precipice.

That afternoon, while Rena was out tea-dancing with Dex Kiley, Harry packed his trunk and bags and moved into a roominghouse in the south side of the city. In the bank was a total of twenty-one hundred dollars. He took five hundred for himself and sent a check for the rest to Rena. He wrote a note saying he was through. He wrote to Tom Dade too, resigning. He did not place his address on either letter.

His room overlooked the railroad yards, but railroad yards are interesting to watch. He killed evenings in his room reading, or he went to the movies or walked to the docks and watched the men loading lighters in the glare of floodlights. On clear days he took a bus out to the country and fished in the river or lay in the mellow spring sunlight on the bank. And he thought a lot.

He saw nothing in the newspapers of any unusual occurrence at the state's attorney's office. And as Connors was frequently on his mind, he went around one night to the man's house in the suburbs. The large woman who opened the door turned out to be Connors' mother-in-law, who had come on from Erie to take care of the little boy. Connors, she told him, had suffered a nervous collapse on the last day of April—the day Harry had left Dade—and the state's attorney had sent him to a sanatorium in the country for a two-months furlough and treatment. Yes, Mrs. Connors was still in the hospital and getting well now rapidly, thanks to a very fine man, Mr. Dade.

Before another month was out Samuel Meagan was convicted, principally on affidavits and canceled checks produced by the prosecution. Harry read of it in another city, Toledo, where he went to look up Sam Lohrman, who had worked under him at the Post-Telegraph. Lohrman was now a managing editor. Harry had been to Akron, to Detroit, to Pittsburgh. He had had no luck.

"Gosh, Harry, there's not a thing here. I could always make room for you on the copy desk—but a man with your prestige—well, it's ridiculous. Can I stake you, pal?"

"No, thanks, Sam. I've got a little money left."

In Indianapolis, three days later, he bought a hometown paper and read that Rena had divorced him and married Dex Kiley. He took a late night bus to St. Louis, and when he arrived there sat dazedly in the terminal and wondered why he had come to St. Louis. He had forty-five dollars in his pocket. He didn't trust himself to look up Catherine Winters' name in the telephone directory. He got a room for fifty cents a day and haunted the newspaper offices, but there was not an opening anywhere.

AND then one night, in a bar on Sixth Street, he ran into the man over whose dismissal he had resigned from the Post-Telegraph. He hardly recognized him.

"Well, of all people!" Pete Linkler cried.

"How are things, Pete?"

"Terrible. I've been in Chicago, Scranton, Columbus since that Mallinson trouble."

"Working here now?"

"I was until a week ago. It's tough, Harry. I'm in a spot. I've been nursing this beer along for an hour."

Harry thought, You didn't get those shaky hands on beer, Pete.

"Place where I'm staying, they put a padlock on my door. Listen, Harry. Can you spare twenty?"

"I can't, Pete. But I've got a room with a sofa in it and you can bunk there."

He bought a pint of whisky on the way home, and they sat around talking till after midnight. Pete got most of the bottle and Harry put him to bed. In the morning when Harry woke up Pete was gone, and so was every cent Harry had in the world—twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents. The rage that welled up in him was strong enough to carry him grimly to police headquarters. A reporter was there and got in on the whole story.

"That slob," the reporter said. "Imagine the slob doing a thing like that!"

As the day passed Harry's rage wore off and left him with a feeling of goneness. It was all in the afternoon papers and, he supposed, on the press wires, and perhaps Mallinson would chuckle ironically. For Harry had been a brilliant young editor, he had gone far fast, and his name was news to some people.

He was lying on his bed, in his shirt and trousers, in the warm close evening, when a knock sounded on his door. He got up, put on his slippers, and opened the door. In the murky light of the hallway he saw Catherine Winters smiling at him.

"May I come in?" she said.

He brushed at his hair, which was tangled, and felt at his throat, where his unknotted tie dangled from his open collar. He hadn't shaved that morning, either, and the scraping sound his fingers made over the stubble was very loud in his ears.

"Don't you remember me?"

"Yes," said Harry. He swallowed.

She was wearing a white dress and a trim white bolero. She said, "I read it in the paper this afternoon. That's how I knew your address. It's awful. It said you've been here in the city two weeks."

"Yes."

"Did—did he really rob you of all you had?"

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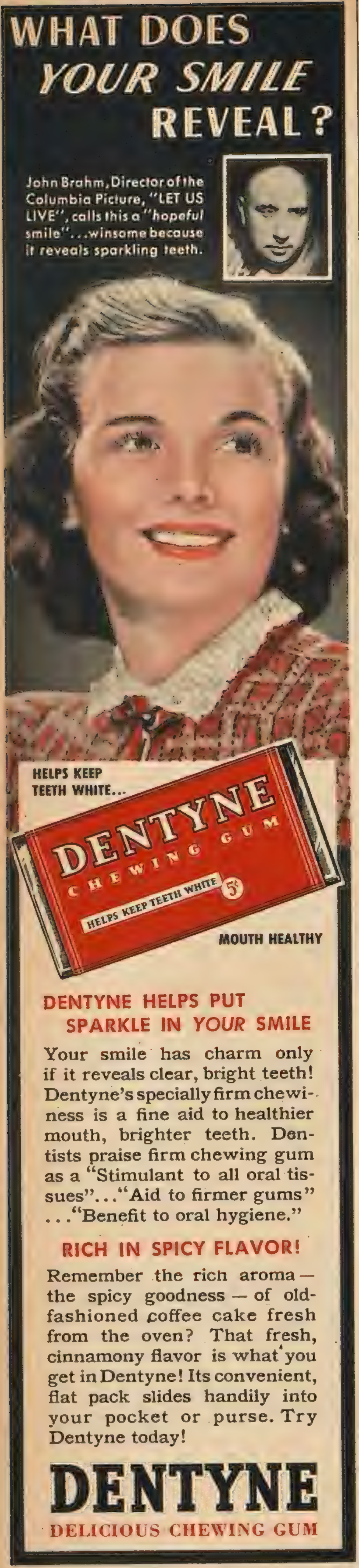
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DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"Yes." He blinked. "Come in. It was like—I don't know what it was like—seeing you when I opened the door. Won't you come in?" He moved a rocker nearer to the window and said, "Here, sit down. There's a little breeze here. How have you been?" His heart was thumping.

"Oh, fine," she said, sitting down. "I—I guess you left Mr. Dade."

"Yes." He sat down on the edge of the cot. "I left my wife too. To leave the one I had to leave the other. Rena married Dex Kiley."

She stared at him for longer than a minute, the color ebbing from her face. "Were they in love very much?" she asked.

"I don't know. Maybe. Anyhow, they're married now."

She stared out the window as color rushed back into her face. "Why did you come to St. Louis?"

"I came—" He pressed his palms together hard. He was going to say that he had come to look for a job. He said, however, the truth: "I came here to see you."

"But you've been here two weeks and—"

"I know. I just didn't—well, I was just a guy out of a job and I was trying to find myself—"

"And wanting to be brave and go it alone."

He said sharply, rising, "I was ashamed. Ashamed!"

"Of what?" she asked gently.

"Of the rotten botch I've made of everything!"

She gazed out the window again. "I don't believe you're entirely responsible. I can't believe it. Don't think that way. Please don't."

"You say wonderful things, Catherine."

She dropped her eyes for a minute. Then she said slowly, "I came here to—well, can I lend you something? I want to, you know." She looked up at him, her smile hesitant.

"Why?" he asked.

"Do I have to answer? Because I haven't an adequate answer. I have—I can easily spare thirty dollars."

"I haven't got a job," he said.

"Oh, you'll get one. I'm quite sure." She opened her purse and took out several bills. She placed them on the washstand. "Please. I want to."

Harry said, "Why have you got so much faith in me?"

"Partly from having spent a short time with you and partly from what I've heard. I asked Mr. Dade all about you. It makes a pattern."

"Is that all?"

"The rest is something I can't define to myself, but it doesn't matter."

And inexplicably her face seemed involved in the glorious dreams of his very early youth. She was beauty and decentness and sincerity. And he picked up the money and pressed it into her hand. "Thank you, Catherine, just the same."

She pleaded: "Please, don't be a little boy about something that—well—really doesn't matter."

"It matters," he said reflectively. "Little things matter, really. A man calls you a name; a woman wants to lend you some money. They matter. When they cease to matter . . ." He shook his head slowly. Then he looked gravely at her. "I wish you didn't have to go."

Reluctantly she was putting the money away in her purse. "I have to, though. I'm starved, really." She looked up at him. "Won't you come home and take potluck with me? We can sit around and talk—"

"Don't look now, O'Brien, but that wasn't a freight train we got on last night!"

"Yes, I'd like to do that," he said eagerly. "That would be fine! Can you wait while I shave?"

She said rapturously, "You—your eyes shine! It's the first time I've seen your eyes shine that way. All at once you look years younger!"

"I'm only thirty, you know," he said; and added light-heartedly, "Practically a child." He was aware now of a sure and definite sense of direction. "Catherine," he said, "I'm going to Toledo tomorrow morning. I can get a job there, a small one. Sam Lohrman. He used to work with me on the Post-Telegraph. Resigned when I did. He's now managing editor in Toledo. I'm not afraid of the bottom of the ladder now. In three years . . . you watch me, Catherine!"

"I know, Harry: I'm sure. Oh, I'm so sure, so sure!"

He looked at his watch. It was a very expensive watch and he prized it a great deal. But he needed money to get to Toledo and he would pawn it.

He knew it would be a simple matter to wire Sam Lohrman for an advance; but he felt so young again, and so scrupulous about small matters, that his whole nature rebelled.

While he was shaving, a telegram came.

"My hands are soapy," Harry said to Catherine Winters. "Will you see what it says?"

Catherine said slowly, "It's from Mr. Dade."

"What does it say?"

"'Don't be a dope. Come back with me and the boys. Same job. Same salary.'"

Harry, rubbing his face dry, said, "Tom always means well." He turned around. His voice dropped, saying, "Why, Catherine, you're crying!"

"I—I know."

He threw aside the towel and put his hands on her shoulders. It only made her cry more. He said:

"Don't for a minute think I'm going back to Tom Dade. I'm going to Toledo." Suddenly his arms were around her and he cried hoarsely, "My God, Catherine, I wish you'd be in Toledo, too!"

"I can go!" she cried. "I can go anywhere, Harry!"

He was thinking deliriously, "How long does it take to get married in this town?"

The world to Harry was very bright, very wide, limitless. How lucky he was! he thought.

And he thought: Poor Rena. Poor Dex Kiley. And poor Tom Dade. Yes, and poor Pete Linkler, too.

With Catherine in his arms, he felt immeasurably strong.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 13

1—Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Islands.
2—It is an abbreviation of the Latin "recipe," meaning "take."
3—Majority leader, Representative Sam Rayburn, Texas; minority leader, Representative J. W. Martin, Jr., Massachusetts.
4—The beginning of the French Revolution.
5—By the tartan, or clan plaid.
6—The United States.
7—Tom McNamara.
8—It dips vertically.
9—343 hours 46 minutes.
10—Cannon.
11—On the January 1 following the date of birth.
12—Jascha Heifetz, violinist.
13—France, in 1927.
14—Capital goods are economic goods destined for use in production, while consumers' goods directly satisfy human wants.
15—Canaries.
16—North Carolina; Washington; Greenland.
17—That no date has been appointed for reassembling.
18—Plants.
19—A man favored by his home state as a Presidential candidate.
20—John G. Whittier

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-got that old VELVET flavor working for me now!"
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of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco for both

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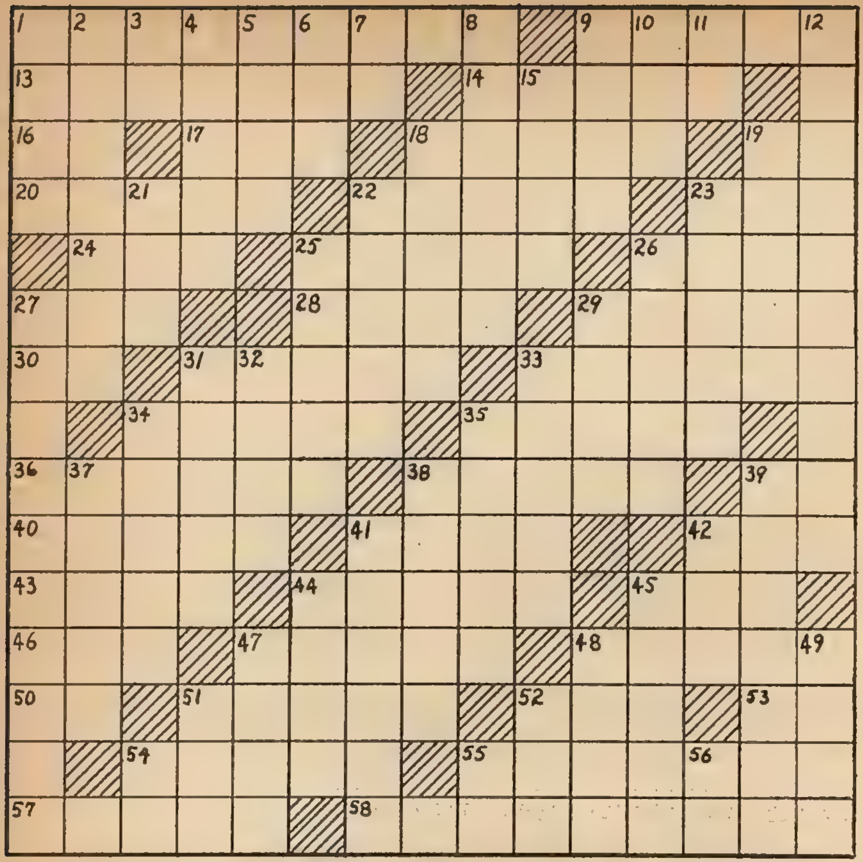


COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

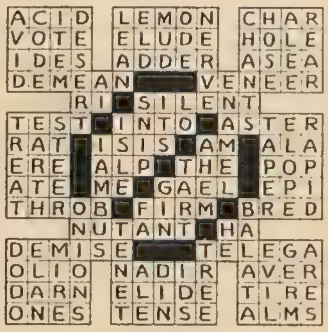
1 He produces a lot of beef in Chicago (two words)
9 Silly kind of ball
13 Where Eskimos go in winter
14 Creation of the Constitution
16 A Koupla Klucks
17 Kind of look boozers get
18 What indigent bears are facing these days
19 Hum of Jamaica rum (abbr.)
20 Esther in braids
22 Sailors sure can swing it
23 Speedway for a poor worm
24 Annabel Lee's father
25 Opened the lachrymal glands and prevailed (fem.)
26 What Streeter's wartime Mable was
27 Creamy Sue the Daisy Cruncher
28 Rents
29 You'll find him in the Dublin phone book
30 On the spot (kiddie)
31 Hot dogs are filled with these
33 Beet with acidosis
34 What Zeus chased up the mountain
35 Island of Pleasure
36 Soviet sells this buckshot in

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

herring juice at five bucks a pound
38 Openings big enough to admit buffaloes
39 Comparatively speaking
40 Gelider
41 Spot for a place kick
42 This is 42 but single
43 What they greeted his after-dinner speech with
44 What fat women double up on
45 Boston turkey
46 Nice Republican Sneering (abbr.)
47 They sure clean up
48 It's been yelling and yelling for years
50 Short article often seen in Liberty
51 What farmers cut at night and grow in the daytime
52 Fido's tail, slightly clipped
53 Rumors start this way
54 Russian super-peasant, very purgeable
55 Just a great big windbag
57 Home of God's frozen people
58 He saves banana skins to make slippers for his wife

VERTICAL

1 It's dammed the Dutch for years
2 Hahlem nickname (he made quite a splash in the paper) (two words)
3 Zoup Dunker (abbr.)
4 It's a wow!
5 Ye olden time!
6 Parched in the whistle
7 Effervescent Screwballs (abbr.)
8 Jumping jitter wires
9 What the well dressed man will wear this fall
10 Tin pants for an old tomato
11 Stevenson's firsties
12 Place third-termites seek to occupy (two words)
15 One pound
18 Hellgrammites, bloodworms, and wrigglers!
19 Dog's motto: The this is yet to come!
21 Old Lady Snufflesnoot the Muck Inhaler
22 Lots of folk live in this
23 This passes the buck and runs like heck
25 What the weather never is the morning after
26 T'ings tough guys kick around
27 Where they cheer the Reds sending others out on strikes
29 Naughty word used by little boys
31 Fishy things about Louisiana
32 Guy with the ungrateful incubi
33 It was only yesterday Butch was called this
34 Latin litry light (pl.)
35 A lot of Scotch (pl.)
37 What a nut!
38 Women just hate to have these show
39 Hot dog found around fires
41 These support skinny women
42
44 Miss Witherspoon
45 Product of a cold shoulder
47 Do a Garbo
48 Animal just above a dog
49 Fresh shrimp
51 Committee for Unionizing Onioneaters (abbr.)
52 Redden the rear end
54 Kissable Lips (whoops!) (abbr.)
55 Mathematicians' sects
56 An empty socket and an eye


ACID LEMON CHAR
VOTE ELUDE HOLE
IDES ADDER ASEA
DEMEAN■■■VENEER
RI■SILENT
TEST■INTO■ASTER
RAT■ISIS■AM■ALA
ERE■ALP■THE■POP
ATE■ME■GAEL■EPI
THROB■FIRM■BRED
NUTANT■HA
DEMISE■■■TELEGA
OLIO NADIR AVER
DARN ELIDE TIRE
ONES TENSE ALMS

Last week's answer

Because it's "Double-Rich!"

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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

LIVING PICTURES TOMORROW

A HOLLYWOOD PROPHECY

An exciting, authoritative look ahead at the wonder of movie magic in 1950

BY WILL H. HAYS

President, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ON a winter's evening in 1950 the Green family—father, mother, brother Johnny, sister Katie—is at dinner.

"Aw, come on, dad," pleads Johnny, "please take us to the movies tonight."

"Stop nagging your father," interposes mother softly. "He's told you before, he's tired. Besides . . ."

"And besides," says father firmly, "I want to stay home for the broadcast of the President's speech out in San Francisco."

Sister has read the newspaper advertisement of the neighborhood theater. Bob Mitchell is playing the lead in an exciting romance. She comes to Johnny's assistance.

"You can hear that and see a good show too," she tells dad.

"Sure," chimes in Johnny. "The theater's showing the speech by television."

Mother remarks that she's heard the feature's pretty good. "Mrs. Jones was telling me about . . ."

Father compromises by going to the movies with the family.

The theater, the last word in acoustic, optical, and architectural design, is two blocks away. The seats are roomy and comfortable. There's plenty of room between the rows. The screen extends the whole width of the stage.

All the pictures are in natural colors—the actual colors and shadows of indoors or outdoors that you see with your own eyes. Moreover, it seems as if you can look *around* the actors and the settings. That's because of third dimension, made possible by technical skill. It's exactly the same effect you get when you look into a stereoscope.

Too, there is stereophonic, or third-dimensional, sound. You can tell from which direction the sound is coming. This is all because of a scientific arrangement of loud-speakers and other effects. For instance, if you are witnessing on the screen a table-tennis match you can close your eyes and tell merely from the direction of the sound whether the ball is bouncing on the left or the right or on the floor.

The screen has achieved at last the perfect illusion of reality through sight and sound. Father muses that the pictures of 1939—the year Johnny was born—seem "well . . . somewhat ancient by comparison, but we thought they were good then, until the producers and engineers, working together, gave us this—just like life itself."

The Greens are hardly seated when the regular program is interrupted, after the feature picture, for a special news event. On the screen they see the President alight from his automobile at an airport in Los Angeles. They see him enter a big cabin plane. He says a few words, the motors roar, and the big ship, designed for stratosphere flying, takes off. The President is on his way to deliver the speech in San Francisco that dad is waiting to hear. The airplane becomes a dark speck in the sky.

Back to the regular movie program. The Greens sit back to enjoy the show, which consists of a main feature-length picture, an animated cartoon, a short subject explaining in an exciting way a new marvel of science, a short dramatized story—similar to a short story in a magazine.

Television again. The hall in San Francisco, the cheering crowds, the President enters, smiling and waving. You see the band playing and hear the music above the din. ". . . the President of the United States." The Greens fix their eyes eagerly on the screen. "My fellow countrymen . . ." You hear the President's words as clearly as if you were in the first row in the auditorium. You see him as well, too. While the Chief Executive speaks, several television cameras focus on the President's audience seated in the orchestra, in balconies, on the stage. These scenes are flashed successively on the theater screen and the Greens can see for themselves the crowd's reaction, the reception, the cheering; a lot more, in fact, than if they were actually present in San Francisco. Democracy at work, and how wrong were those who feared, back in 1939, that our American system might not survive!

Walking home, mother remarks, "I think Shirley Temple is one of the most attractive young women I ever saw—except, of course, Katie."

"Even as a child, mother," says dad, "do you remember how we thought Katie resembled Shirley? She'd have been fine in the movies, too."

Katie slyly inquires: "Don't you think Bill looks like Bob Mitchell, now really?"

"Oh, your boy friend Bill!" taunts Johnny. "No . . . like Mickey Mouse."

PROPHECY is a hazardous business, and especially so concerning an art medium as vital, flexible, alive, and contemporary as the modern picture. You never can be sure that some one, now unknown and working alone, will not come forth overnight with an invention which may revolutionize present and future processes. Even the imagination of Thomas A. Edison back in 1889 could not conjure up the two-billion-dollar industry that would

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WE WON OUR LETTERS IN HOUSEBREAKING!

I guess the Master didn't know anything about housebreaking us. Anyway, we got a lot of "This hurts me more than it hurts you!" from him—and we thought we'd never make house dogs.

Sergeant's DOG BOOK

But one day the Master comes home with the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK. "Say," he says, "here's a real housebreaking *system!* You're starting now." And it worked like a charm!

The Master says we've earned our diploma, B.A. (*Barring Accidents*). And he's learned plenty from the DOG BOOK—all the facts a dog wants his master to know. Get your *free* copy at a drug or pet store—or with this coupon.

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develop from his kinetoscope. With that invention the motion picture was born.

So, realizing this, my predictions about the screen of tomorrow, covering a period, say, of ten years ahead—the foreseeable future, that is—are expectations based on experiments, hopes, and aspirations now believed to be likely of fulfillment. With this understanding I should like to make three general prophecies:

1. The mechanical presentation of dramatic entertainment on the screen in motion-picture theaters is here to stay as an essential part of the American scene. The cinema can do most things as well as, and many things better than, the stage or other art forms. This is not to minimize the legitimate stage. The movies and the stage properly should and do complement each other. The motion picture, however, has this definite and recognized advantage: its entertainment service is for all the people, not the few, and it is available at a price which the public can afford to pay. In the natural course of evolution the screen will develop new methods and new techniques, wider range and scope, and there seems nothing in future likely to challenge its supremacy as the universal and preferred entertainment of the millions everywhere.

2. The types of subject and theme treated in motion pictures will depend on audience demand and acceptability. It has been so in the past and will continue so in the future. All popular art must adhere to the tastes, beliefs, and opinions of those who support it. No medium is more responsive and more attuned to public demands than the motion picture. Every day is election day at the box office.

THIS does not mean the art industry is without definite responsibility (1) to achieve higher levels of quality in pictures, and (2) to encourage, in every possible way, higher levels of audience appreciation and support. The organized industry long ago recognized this duty, and in all that has been done in the past seventeen and a half years it has tried to advance this twofold objective. All the public needs to do to obtain the pictures it wants is to support those films at the box office. Conversely, if it stays away from photoplays it doesn't want, those pictures can't long be made.

3. The motion picture will survive as an entertainment art only if it remains free. It cannot exist where it is placed under arbitrary control from the outside. It is soon paralyzed and, crippled and withered, becomes not entertainment, not an art, but a despised and deceiving medium of self-interest.

Our self-regulation is the very spirit of true Americanism. It is a system which began with the consideration and establishment of basic principles of social responsibility. It is the functioning of a determined purpose to square performances with promises and the acknowledgment that with every right there is a corresponding duty. It is the American way and is to be zealously guarded and maintained through every medium of information, education, and entertainment. From the beginning the primary expression of the films has been entirely and profoundly democratic. We need to keep it so. Destroy a free screen and you destroy also a free press, a free radio, and a free pulpit.

People frequently ask: "What about television? When it's perfected, don't you think it will seriously hurt motion pictures?"

No, I don't. I think television, when present practical difficulties are overcome, will be an adjunct to the screen. Many theaters will be equipped to bring in by television particularly important spot news events. It is unlikely that dramatic presentations will be televised to theaters.

BUT won't people stay home and turn on their television receivers instead of going to the theaters?"

Again I must answer no. Sitting at home by the fireside doesn't satisfy our gregarious desires to be part of an audience. Won't the boy friend still rather take the girl friend to the movies than sit around the parlor with the folks?

The home television screen must necessarily be small and therefore not satisfying to most of us. The movies of tomorrow, keeping abreast of the times, will have to provide such good entertainment that the public, as in the past, won't want to miss it. Television will sharpen the movies' showmanship and ingenuity. That's all to the good.

The motion-picture industry, therefore, sees not danger but benefit ahead in television.

Another question asked is: "Will Hollywood remain as the production center?" While there are two schools of thought on this, I believe there will be no substantial shift of production from California. There is enormous advantage in having a central source of the world's best in talent, players, writers, and directors, equipment, settings, technical apparatus, sound stages, and so forth. Hollywood is a cultural center. It is a going concern. It contributes immeasurably to the economic stability of the community. There are heavy investments in studios and property. Additional pictures doubtless will be produced in the East, but Hollywood, in my opinion, should meet all serious challenges to its leadership. Television will be a factor in stimulating Eastern production, as, of course, New York will be the principal source of that form of entertainment. Players used in television will also appear in movies and vice versa.

What about the theaters of tomorrow? Will they be larger or smaller? The answer depends on national population trends. If the populace tends to concentrate more in urban areas, the new theaters probably will be large. If the tendency is away from crowded sections, as I believe it will be, theaters will accommodate themselves to the population demands and will be relatively smaller, with a greater total number of movie houses.

I look within ten years to the substantial development of circuits of special theaters for specialized audiences. By that, I mean theaters which will show a particular type of photoplay, maybe Shakespearean repertory, operettas, documentaries, foreign-language films, contemporary dramas, and so forth, and will attract audiences of like desires and tastes. The trend is now evident in a few of our larger cities, particularly New York. It may be, too, that stories of tremendous scope and background, such as a future Gone with the Wind or an Anthony Adverse, will be filmed and released in installments, following the pattern of magazines and newspapers today in printing books in installments.

Whatever the form, it is certain that photoplays will be closely integrated with the lives and living of peoples, telling entertainingly the whole broad story of human relationships in the actual world of the times.

THE motion picture will make phenomenal progress as an aid to education. Within the next few years the sixteen-millimeter projector will be as indispensable in the classroom as the blackboard. The motion pictures in schools will not supplant teachers or textbooks but will complement them, and the curriculum will be adjusted to take full advantage of the medium. There will be two principal types of films in schools:

1. Films of general educational character which will be shown occasionally in school auditoriums. They will be illustrated lectures by outstanding authorities.

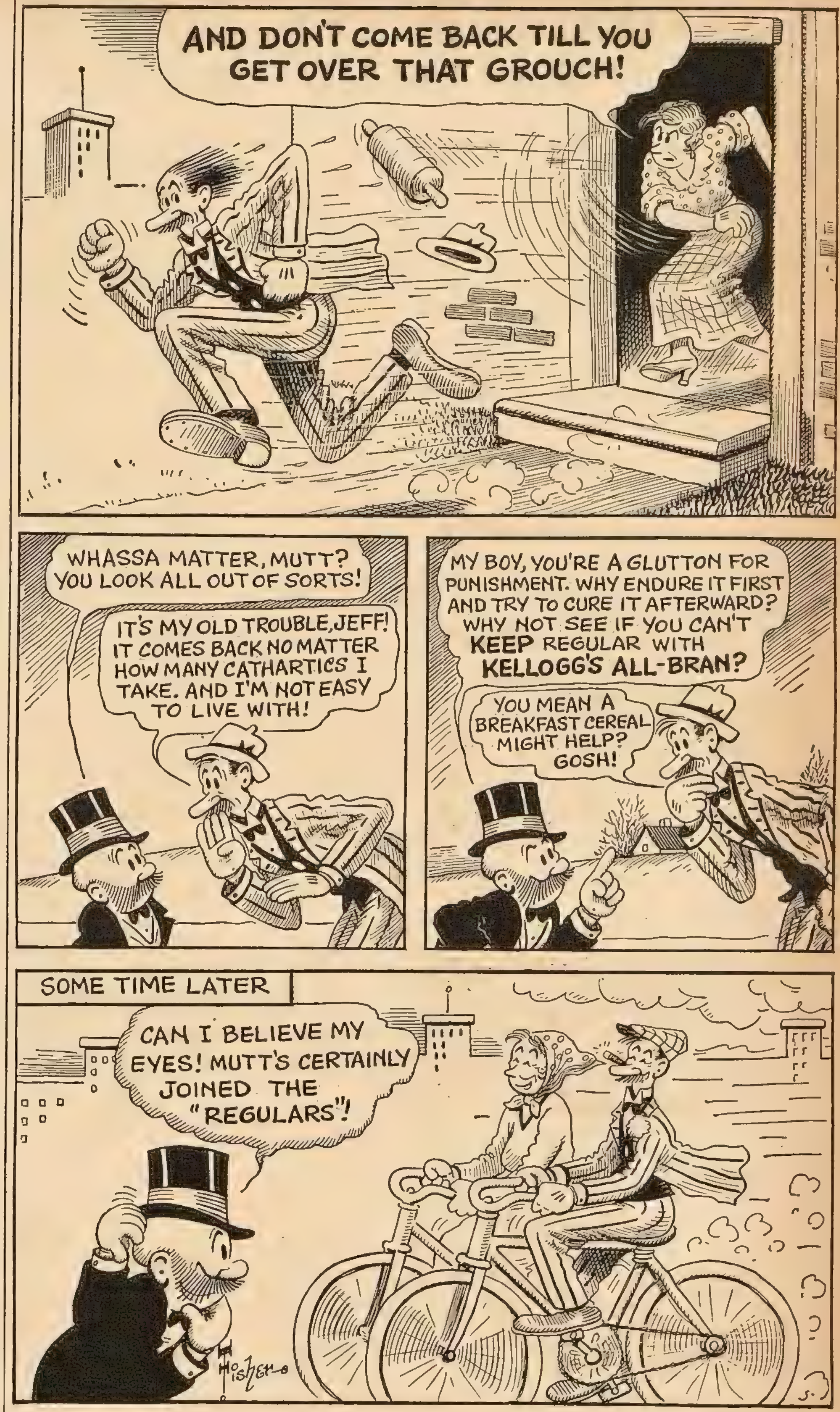
2. Instructional films covering all subjects in the curriculum, which will be kept in the schools just as books are now kept. Each classroom will have a projector. These films, as textbooks are today, will be renewed, revised, and brought up to date.

In addition, all progressive teachers from the Sixth Grade to the university will, ten years hence, use the motion-picture theater as an adjunct to teaching just as libraries are now used. The motion picture as an art will be studied in classrooms. In progressive schools motion pictures will aid the youngest children, in the kindergarten and primary grades, in getting their first understandings of the world in which they live. Incidentally, five million students, from secondary schools to colleges, now receive some form of instruction in photoplay appreciation.

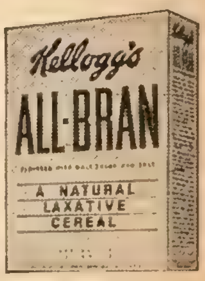
I am a movie fan and my opinions may be influenced accordingly, but I honestly believe that the motion picture can face the future with hope and confidence and a belief that it will rise to all occasions demanded by the years ahead.

THE END

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher


AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU GET OVER THAT GROUCH!
WHASSA MATTER, MUTT? YOU LOOK ALL OUT OF SORTS!
IT'S MY OLD TROUBLE, JEFF! IT COMES BACK NO MATTER HOW MANY CATHARTICS I TAKE. AND I'M NOT EASY TO LIVE WITH!
MY BOY, YOU'RE A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT. WHY ENDURE IT FIRST AND TRY TO CURE IT AFTERWARD? WHY NOT SEE IF YOU CAN'T KEEP REGULAR WITH KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN?
YOU MEAN A BREAKFAST CEREAL MIGHT HELP? GOSH!
SOME TIME LATER
CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES! MUTT'S CERTAINLY JOINED THE "REGULARS"!
Fisher

Is there really a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to cure it afterward? There is, if it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. The better way is to get at the cause and prevent the trouble—with that crisp breakfast cereal, Kellogg's All-Bran. For All-Bran supplies just the "bulk" you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and see if the world isn't brighter! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

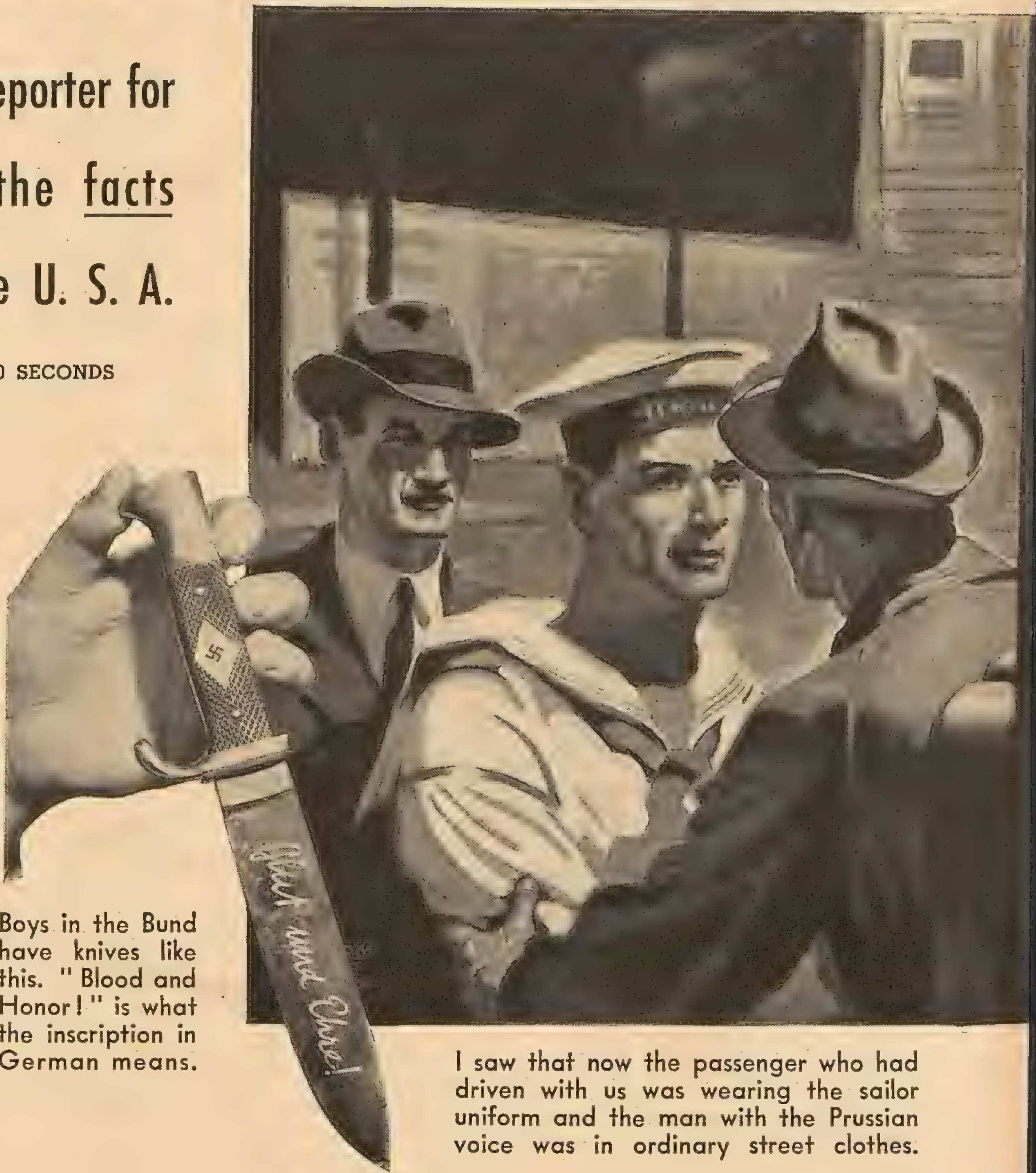

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

I JOINED THE

From the inside!—A reporter for Liberty gives you the facts about the Nazis in the U. S. A.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 30 SECONDS


Blut und Ehre!

Boys in the Bund have knives like this. "Blood and Honor!" is what the inscription in German means.

I saw that now the passenger who had driven with us was wearing the sailor uniform and the man with the Prussian voice was in ordinary street clothes.

PART ONE—I TAKE THE OATH

I HAVE been assigned by Liberty to make an inside investigation of the German-American Bund, to reveal not only its operations but also its program as pertaining to the government of the United States in case of war.

I was chosen for this task because of past experience that qualifies me as an expert in international underground political activities. My contacts with individuals connected with the intelligence or espionage services of various nations have continued through all the years since the World War. The modern methods of spies are well known to me, and I am well equipped as a linguist, able to carry on colloquial conversation in all the principal European languages.

My direct contact with the German-American Bund was established during the present year in a beergarden of Yorkville, where the application-for-membership blank and a booklet containing the constitution and rules of the Bund were placed in my hand by a member of the organization serving as special contact agent for new recruits.

It is impossible for me to reveal names and, in some cases, the dates of happenings because of the obvious danger to the persons involved. The methods of the Bund, I have learned, make it entirely possible for a suspect to disappear, leaving insufficient traces to enable the proper course of justice to be carried through.

I have been a member of the German-American Bund. Under the protection of the forty-eight stars and the thirteen stripes, I have taken the oath of obedience to Adolf Hitler as my leader and to all whom he might appoint to exercise authority over me, whom I should recognize by their insignia and whose orders I would unhesitatingly obey.

I have listened to the word-of-mouth teachings and instructions of Fritz Kuhn, the so-called leader. The truth of the matter is that Kuhn is only the chief-in-uniform. As in all organizations of this character, he reports to the "man higher up," who likewise resides in the United States but who in turn is the direct representative of the government controlled by Adolf Hitler in Berlin.

Back in 1916, when America officially was at peace but was bountifully supplying food and materials to all combatants in what already was known as the World War, she received her first sample of Teutonic fury. Bombs exploding in factories, bridges destroyed, sabotage aboard ships. Spies everywhere, and no national institution sacred against Machiavellian activities of German agents—satellites of Papen, Rintelin, and Boy-ed, all posted at Washington, under direct command of the Imperial government at Berlin.

World war is not the order of today. Not yet. But a threat to the security of the United States, in form far stronger than in the critical period of 1916, already hangs over the entire nation—moved in from all frontiers, sea and land, including even Canada, whence agents of the Wilhelmstrasse have easy access.

During the World War, the German Gestapo, that vast organization of secret police, did not exist. Then the Intelligence Section, so called, of both Foreign Office and army built an organization of spies, *saboteurs*, and propagandists. But lists of "trustworthy persons," with addresses ranging from Cairo in Egypt to Cairo in Illinois, were lacking. Methods naturally were haphazard, depending largely upon individual ability and chance.

Today nothing is left to chance. Tabulated agents of the Gestapo—tens of thousands of them—range the earth. It is a secret army wherein individual ability has been developed to the highest degree, ready to oper-

BUND

Fritz Kuhn on the Stand . . and the Facts

Before the Dies Committee, Leader Fritz Kuhn said the German-American Bund never had pledged loyalty to any foreign government and never had favored dictatorship anywhere.

But—

Liberty's reporter swore allegiance to Hitler when taking the secret oath of the Bund's Orderly Division, better known as its Storm Troop. On the next page he gives that oath in full.

Kuhn said the Storm Troop was for use only in keeping order in Bund meetings.

But—

As a Storm Trooper, Liberty's reporter has been given military training, including machine-gun and rifle practice, in a Bund camp.

Kuhn said the Bund's ideals were not those of the present German government. "We don't care anything about that government," he said.

But—

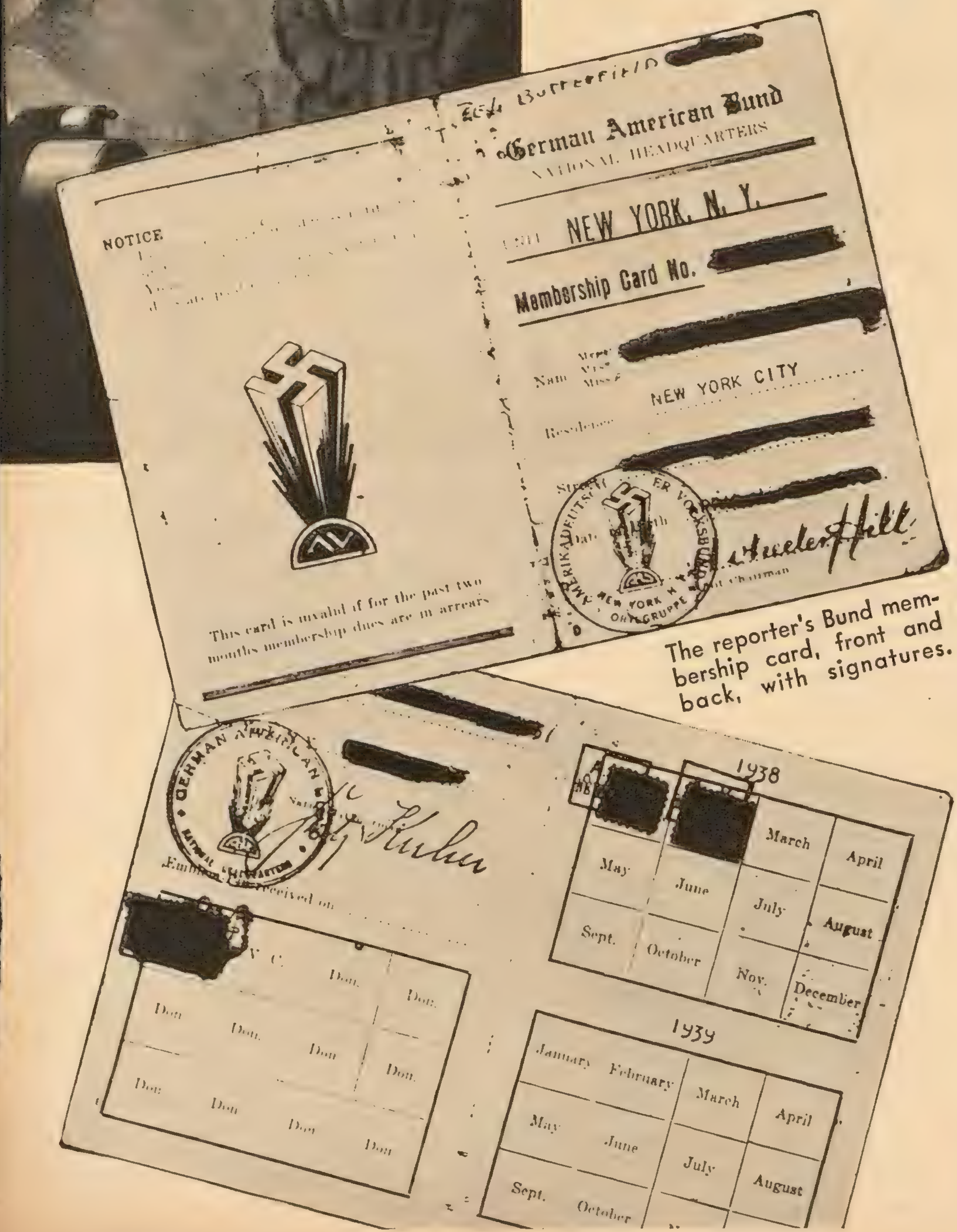
Liberty's reporter has stood guard during the smuggling of Nazi secret agents into and out of this country. As one of Kuhn's bodyguards, he has seen the Bund leader's own briefcase sent surreptitiously to the German consulate.

Kuhn said, "We don't hate the Jews."

But—

In merely applying for Bund membership, Liberty's reporter had to declare himself an "Aryan." Later his mentor, a Bund lieutenant, told him that Jews were running the administration in Washington; that "Hitler has liquidated Judaism in Germany, and we intend to do the same in this country"; that none but rich Jews live in New York City's Park Avenue, and "we intend to clean them all out."

ate openly with the German government and army, always with the fixed purpose of breaking public morale outside the fatherland, through malefactions which under American law are punishable by jail and death.



Butterfield [redacted]

NOTICE

This card is invalid if for the past two months membership dues are in arrears

German American Bund

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

Unit NEW YORK, N. Y.

Membership Card No. [redacted]

[redacted]

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss [redacted]

Residence NEW YORK CITY

[redacted]

Street [redacted]

Date

Chairman

Emblem received on

F. Kuhn

[redacted]

V. C.

Don. Don. Don. Don. Don. Don. Don. Don. Don. Don.

1938

[redacted] [redacted] March April

May June July August

Sept. October Nov. December

1939

January February March April

May June July August

Sept. October

The reporter's Bund membership card, front and back, with signatures.

The shining target for these gangsters of the dark is the United States. The thinly camouflaged organization within this country that will serve as both *agent provocateur* and reservoir from which all Teutonic war machinations will be drawn is the German-American Bund.

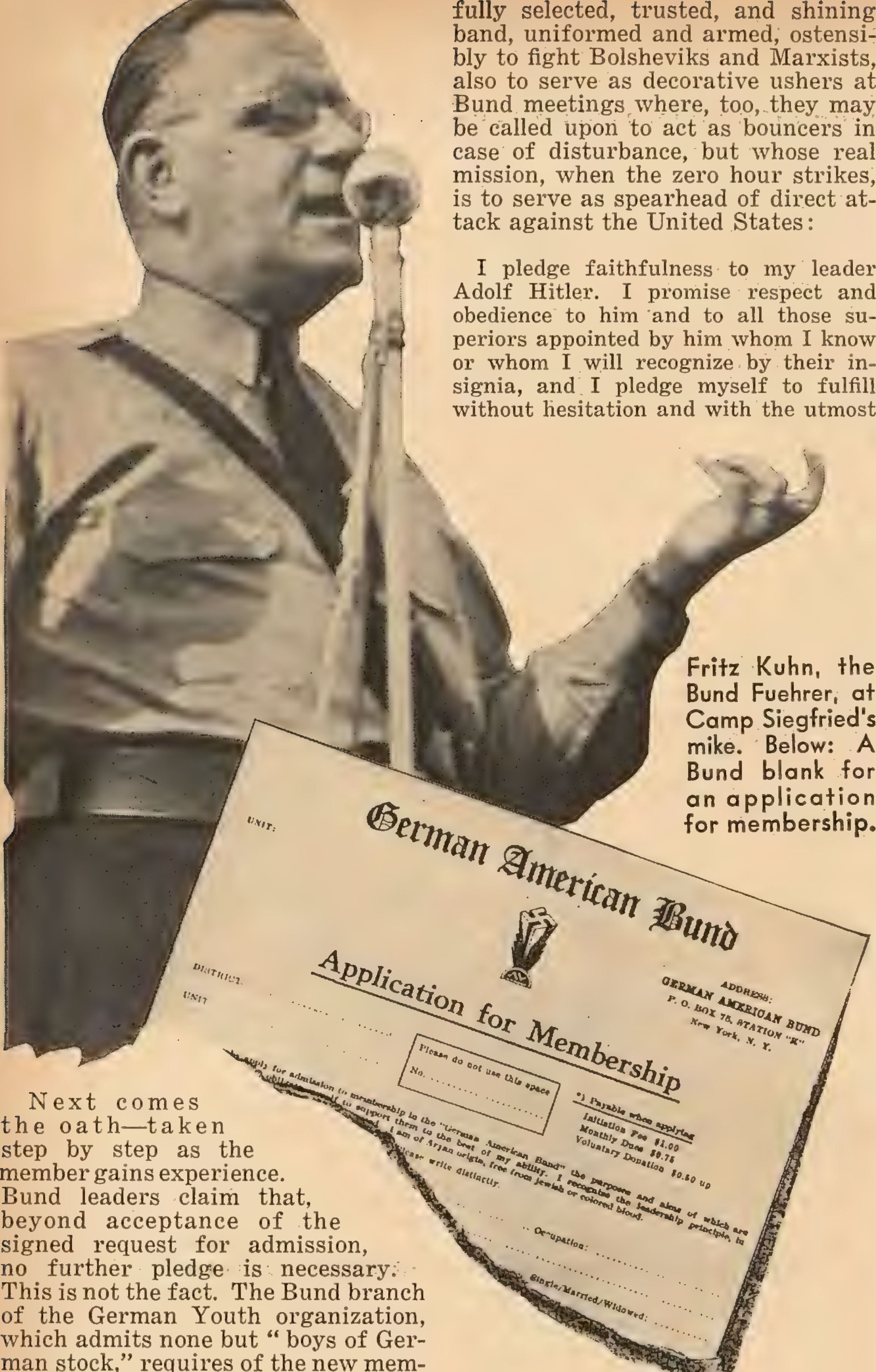
Directly under the eyes of American authorities, secret agents from Germany are being smuggled into this country almost daily, with fresh instructions, and to fill the places of those who are taking reports back to Germany, and also of neophytes sent for special study in the spy schools at Lübeck and other German cities. This I have seen. Also I have listened in when communications have been exchanged between agents arriving on "special missions" and the local Bund leaders.

In the language of its constitution, the German-American Bund is one hundred per cent within the law, and occupied entirely with the welfare of the United States. It upholds the statutes; it honors and respects the flag. But carefully worded phrases in this document clearly outline the Bund's purpose, which is, first, the creation of American good will for the Germany of Adolf Hitler. If this fails, then the program of violence will begin, with the single aim of replacing the Stars and Stripes with the Swastika.

The Hitler government already was in power when the German-American Bund was founded on March 29, 1936.

I hereby apply for admission to membership in the German-American Bund, the purposes of which are known to me, and I obligate myself to support them to the best of my ability. I recognize the leadership principle in accordance with which the Bund is being directed. I am of Aryan origin, free from Jewish or colored blood.

This merely is the form presented to the prospective recruit. By his signature he at once accepts two fundamentals of Nazi dictatorship: the leadership principle and the racial issue. Both are, of course, in direct contradiction to the Constitution of the United States.



UNIT:

German American Bund

DISTRICT:

UNIT

Application for Membership

ADDRESS:
GERMAN AMERICAN BUND
P. O. BOX 75, STATION "K"
New York, N. Y.

Please do not use this space
No. ....

*) Payable when applying
Initiation Fee $1.00
Monthly Dues $0.75
Voluntary Donation $0.50 up

pply for admission to membership in the "German American Bund" the purposes and aims of which are to support them to the best of my ability. I recognize the leadership principle, to
I am of Aryan origin, free from Jewish or colored blood.
Please write distinctly.

Occupation: ....

Single/Married/Widowed: ....

Fritz Kuhn, the Bund Fuehrer, at Camp Siegfried's mike. Below: A Bund blank for an application for membership.

Next comes the oath—taken step by step as the member gains experience. Bund leaders claim that, beyond acceptance of the signed request for admission, no further pledge is necessary. This is not the fact. The Bund branch of the German Youth organization, which admits none but " boys of German stock," requires of the new member an oath to be " faithful in the German way: To follow the instructions of the Leader with absolute obedience and to help, in time of stress, with all my powers." A similar oath is required of the younger recruit for admission into the " German Boy Scouts," as conducted under the German-American Bund; and this contains also the solemn promise " to come to the assistance of the Bund with all my strength and power *in time of danger and distress.*"

Neither of these pledges contains a single word concerning the American Constitution or loyalty to this nation. On the contrary, the very wording of the documents—" in time of danger and distress "—anticipates trouble between the Bund and the government at Washington.

And now for the pledge taken by the Storm Troopers, that most carefully selected, trusted, and shining band, uniformed and armed, ostensibly to fight Bolsheviks and Marxists, also to serve as decorative ushers at Bund meetings where, too, they may be called upon to act as bouncers in case of disturbance, but whose real mission, when the zero hour strikes, is to serve as spearhead of direct attack against the United States:

> I pledge faithfulness to my leader Adolf Hitler. I promise respect and obedience to him and to all those superiors appointed by him whom I know or whom I will recognize by their insignia, and I pledge myself to fulfill without hesitation and with the utmost care all orders given, knowing that my leaders do not demand anything unlawful from me.

This oath of the Storm Troopers is shrouded in more secrecy than that of any fraternal order in the United States. In reading its text the need for mystery becomes fully evident, and with the last word the final veil falls. The pledge given by these men, now numbering thousands in various parts of the country, not only omits all mention of the United States, its Constitution and its laws, but directly places them under the flag of another nation.

Stand straight and rigid, right arm raised in Nazi salute, and repeat—as I did—the words of this oath which makes its taker a member of the Ordnungsdienst, or Storm Troop, of the German-American Bund. Keep your eyes fixed on the face of Fritz Kuhn, standing in that brightly lighted room while he pronounces sonorously the pledge of fealty. Heavy boots and unaccustomed rubbing of stiff black breeches. Leather belt pressing into shoulder, and with every move the whistle dangling from belt making a low metallic sound, as of invitation for use.

Do this, and then reflect upon it calmly at a later date, or complain about it—as I did, following an act of " special service."

" But we are citizens of this country," I said to my companion and mentor. " You were born here. Even your parents, although German-born, have sworn allegiance to the United States. Isn't it high treason that we are committing? "

And the reply:

" This country is not my country so long as the government does not correspond to my ideals. High treason for me is disobedience only to Adolf Hitler. We live in America but we are Germans. My family has been German for thousands of years. As Americans we are only in the second generation. The government of Adolf Hitler is for me the savior of humanity. Therefore it is my government. And remember that when you entered the Storm Troop you swore allegiance to Adolf Hitler."

He was right. Only then did I become fully aware of the implications of my pledge. For a moment I had almost overstepped my role—and we were in the Café Hindenburg in Yorkville, New York City, filled with Bund members and agents of Hitler's secret police. Its atmosphere was not America. It was Germany.

As a reporter and investigator, I had to find a way to gain admission to the Bund and later to its Storm Troop. I am in fact a German, and I presented myself as an immigrant in need of a job. I gave my past history, omitting such details as would arouse suspicion, and palmed off a false letter from alleged relatives in the West plainly suggesting that a visit from me would not be welcome and I had better find work in New York.

I went through the entire performance of an honest job hunt in Yorkville. In order to win sympathy for the poor immigrant who had only the sixty dollars necessary for entrance through Ellis Island, I conveniently arrived from a newly acquired portion of the fatherland, the Sudeten, that " suffering minority " liberated under the iron heel of the German Reichswehr. " A few odd jobs around the docks " had helped stave off the penniless condition in which I had finally arrived in East Eighty-sixth Street, the Broadway of Yorkville.

The signs over the doorways, the decorations, the flags, the cafés, the very atmosphere permitted me immediately to abandon my pretended knowledge of only a few words of English and lapse into German.

When one has nothing to do and no

idea what to do about it, one starts strolling around, and it was while strolling in Eighty-sixth Street that I saw a piece of apple pie that became my open-sesame—so far as my task was concerned.

It was the kind of apple pie they used to bake in the Sudeten, in southern Germany, in Austria. I had seen nothing like it before in New York. I stared at it through a clean plate-glass window. Then I saw a poster that read, in German: "Every day fresh apple pie." I had a quarter in my pocket. I went in and found a place at a table next to three men playing cards. They spoke German, and very soon one of them spoke to me.

I joined their talk, and the man who had first spoken—his name was Ernst, he said—insisted later on paying for my apple pie and accompanied me into the street.

"About two months here, broke, and no job? Right? And what do you intend to do?"

I nodded and shrugged.

"We will see what can be done," he continued, and an hour later, to my amazement, he had arranged for me to move into a cheap room on Eighty-fifth Street. "You can have breakfast and dinner with me," he explained, "until you find a job. And we will see whether you are made of the stuff we need."

HE gave me the address of an employment agency whose proprietor was German.

I soon learned that plenty of German employment agencies operate not only in Yorkville but throughout New York and in all the larger American cities. Many of them co-operate directly with the German-American Bund; others are installed and even financed by the Bund, which must keep up the appearance of having its membership in the ranks of the employed. Also these places serve as "letter boxes," which is the slang for those secret posts that serve Bund and Gestapo officials operating on secret missions.

Through this particular employment agency I secured a job in a German delicatessen at eighteen dollars a week. The "knowledge" imparted to me, not only in this connection but by the man Ernst—who, I learned later, was a trusted lieutenant of the Bund—was in substance as follows:

This country is in itself a complete and terrible mess. Jews are running the administration at Washington. The American people are disorderly-minded. Everything that is of value in the nation has been developed by Germans, who have had no share in the reward. They have no rightful representation in Congress. Several congressmen and senators are now indirectly endorsed by the Bund, and therefore are accommodating to a certain extent. A few Congressional nominees have been defeated through Bund propaganda concerning their Jewish connections.

The drive is now fully on to feed

NO. 15 of a series: FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS

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THIS WHISKEY IS 3 YEARS OLD
Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

During Napoleon's time, there was an intense rivalry between the followers of the Little Corporal and those of his political enemy, General Moreau. The latter group devised coat lapels with notches as a distinguishing mark so what seemed a new fashion was really a secret badge of partisanship! Notched lapels are an accepted *STYLE* today!

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Pour Glenmore ...you get more

Gold Label—100 Proof • Silver Label—90 Proof

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A BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES

THIS WHISKEY IS 2 YEARS OLD
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Mint Springs
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

various American groups with the syrup of Nazi ideology, in order to gain more seats in Congress, and eventually to have open representation of the Bund in both houses. Disintegration of the old parties, victory for new movements—Silver Shirts, the Coughlin group, and the like—and their complete domination by the Bund, is part of the general order.

Wherever in the United States the German population forms a majority or even a definite minority, the eventual demand is to be for home rule. Yorkville, actually a small part of Manhattan Island, is considered a complete German town, to be administered by Nazi Germans under the banner of Hitler. To Hoboken, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and St. Louis the same rule is to be applied, and over these cities the swastika banner is to wave—when the Bund comes into its own. In the West, too, entire areas are listed in the Hitlerian division, concerning which der Fuehrer himself has declared that *every piece of earth where a German has settled thus becomes German soil.*

"Communism, Judaism, and Freemasonry are the three eternal foes of humanity. Adolf Hitler has liquidated them in Germany. We intend to do the same in this country. America is awakening, and it is the eloquent voices of Adolf Hitler and Fritz Kuhn that are performing this miracle."

These were the words of Ernst at the conclusion of one of my lessons.

I HASTENED to apply for membership in the Bund. Meanwhile I bowed before the flame in the grayish eyes of Ernst, who was born in this country but who only a few months before had returned from a year's schooling in a camp of the Nazi Party in Germany.

My first Bund meeting was in the Turn Hall at Yorkville. The principal speaker was Mrs. Maude de Hahn, an American citizen from the Middle West, amply supplied with money from her Bund lectures, and given to frequent travel between the United States and Berlin, when she received fresh "instructions" and took special courses in the schools of the Gestapo.

Mrs. de Hahn is middle-aged and rather corpulent; has pale blonde hair and wears heavy glasses. Her voice is strident, especially when she describes the enthusiasm of the German people for Hitler, and tells of the frequent rape of female employees in shops where the proprietors were Jews, in the time previous to the coming of Hitler and the rising of a bigger and better Germany.

The room was crowded. Storm Troopers in their uniforms lined the aisles. Above the platform, with the Stars and Stripes were draped the flags of the Bund and the Swastika of Nazi Germany. At the end of Mrs. de Hahn's talk, a Bund official read a list of open jobs, and said that whoever was interested might call upon him after the meeting. But I was already employed and a Bund member. I had successfully filled in the Bund application blank, and had carefully studied the little information brochure that had been given to me, in order that I might pass the oral test concerning my knowledge of Bund aims and of my readiness to support them.

It was only a few weeks later that I was suggested for admission to the Storm Troop. I knew that I had been carefully watched, and had committed no errors that might betray me. My performances in the gymnasium and with the rifle in several neighborhood shooting galleries had been duly reported.

"Picked men we need," Ernst said of the Storm Troop. "Men who are strong and are incorruptible. Big duties will be assigned to them when the hour arrives."

WE were standing at the corner of Third Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street. He suddenly pointed in the direction of Park Avenue. "Over there it will start," he continued. "None but rich Jews live there. We intend to clean them out—all of them."

My first assignment to real duty was in connection with an exchange of spies—an important agent, arriving from Gestapo headquarters in Berlin, and a returning courier supplied, as I learned later, with important communications concerning the increasing investigation of the Bund as ordered by the Department of Justice in Washington.

I was very tired that evening after a hard day in the shop where work had been found for me. I was sitting without shoes and with open collar when Ernst rushed into my room. "Come with me in a hurry," he commanded. "I can't get one of the experienced men as quick as is necessary. I just got the call, and you understand that whatever happens tonight you keep your mouth shut."

I hurriedly put on my shoes and rushed downstairs with him. A car awaited us. A man I had never seen before was in the back seat. Ernst took the wheel and we drove rapidly across town. Somewhere we went aboard a ferryboat—to Hoboken.

Ernst gave me further instructions: "We will first stop at the docks and pick up a man. Then we will drive to a certain street corner. There you get out. We will enter that street and drive six houses farther. You watch to see whether any one follows us, or whether any one who looks suspicious enters the house after us."

"But how will I know if he looks—" I began.

"Shut up!" he shouted. "Detectives look alike all over the world. If that should happen, blow this whistle three times." He put a whistle in my hand.

Shortly after we left the ferry we stopped in front of a basement restaurant. Ernst entered it and came back with a man wearing a sailor's uniform, who joined our passenger in the back seat. "Heil Hitler," the man saluted as soon as he was seated.

As we drove away from the curb, Ernst turned his head. "How did it work?" he asked.

"As usual," the man in the sailor uniform answered in a sharp Prussian accent. "These idiots from the customs office never ask us for any identification papers. They now know that the sailor known as Fritz Peters has gone on land, and later they will check that a sailor, Fritz Peters, has gone on board again. And the name Fritz Peters"—he leaned over to his silent neighbor in the back seat—"will then be as much yours as ever it was mine."

At this instant Ernst stopped. "Get out here," he ordered, "and do as I told you."

I got out. The car turned the corner, and when I saw the red parking lights nearly a block farther I knew it had stopped. Slowly I walked down the street on my patrol. Nothing happened. I did not catch the meaning of what was going on until Ernst and the two other men returned about a half hour later.

BY the glare of the street light I saw that now the passenger who had driven with us from Yorkville was wearing the sailor uniform and the man with the Prussian voice was in ordinary street clothes.

"Now you go on board," the Prussian said to the Yorkville man. "Don't forget your name is Fritz Peters. You know your ship. In Hamburg you report immediately to Gestapo headquarters, where you will get your expenses and your hundred-mark bonus. There also they will tell you when, on what ship, and under what name you will again come back to change roles with me."

Then he slapped Ernst on the shoulder. "That was easy. Only one man. The last time there were five of us."

We dropped the would-be sailor near the docks and the newcomer near Central Park, where he disappeared.

"He is a special commissioner from Gestapo headquarters in Hamburg," Ernst told me. "What he is doing here I couldn't tell you. Maybe one day we will know. Maybe we won't. Most of the time these are the only contacts we have with them, unless we too are commanded on special duty."

This incident caused me to consider concerning the position in which I might be placing myself. A few evenings later I took the matter up with Ernst, after returning from an inspection of Camp Siegfried at Yaphank, Long Island, one of the largest of more than twenty such Bund camps in the United States.

"Why were we dragged into that affair?" I asked. "Why couldn't they have worked matters out for themselves? It didn't seem complicated, and in helping the agents of a foreign government we were violating American law. If we should be shown up it might mean jail."

"Evidently," Ernst replied. His face clouded. "Only a few months ago you landed here," he continued, "and already you seem to think *Amerika über Alles!*"

I denied that quickly and changed the subject. But the next night I took the matter up with an acquaintance I had made in the Storm Troop. He had arrived from Germany only a few weeks before. He had been well drilled in the Hitler Youth organization and had risen to the rank of *Gruppenfuehrer* (group leader). By using the methods learned there he had quickly acquired authority in the American Ordnungsdienst.

"You are a fool," he said to me, grinning. "Don't use your head too much. One of our leaders in Germany said that 'thinking is only for us who are at the head. You fellows have only to obey and use your fists.'"

"Why did you come here?" I asked.

His grin became ugly. "Hitler needs soldiers everywhere," he replied. "It is a good thing to have some of us from the fatherland mixed in with this half-American gang. We come here to show you what order, discipline, and morale really mean. You become weak and lazy in this rotten melting pot. A real German changes never and nowhere. Wherever he sets his feet is Germany."

ONLY a few nights later, Ernst found me in a Yorkville coffeehouse and in his customary stage whisper ordered me to follow him. After a promenade down the street, he drew me into a dark corner and informed me that for the entire evening I was to replace one of Fritz Kuhn's bodyguards and to accompany Kuhn on his tour of New York, to defend him with my life if necessary.

The American law has not yet seen fit to deal with Bund chieftains otherwise than with 100-per-cent American citizens. All Kuhn's trips to jail have been accomplished in a most dignified and orderly fashion. The American police would doubtless frown heavily upon the rat-a-tat-tat of tommy guns as an accompaniment to whatever Fritz Kuhn said and did, wherever he might be. But his bodyguards—four of them, husky and well armed, although naturally not in the Storm Troop uniform—are all part of the act. Kuhn doubtless feels that he is a more important personage with his guards than without them.

As a member of his bodyguard, I was given an automatic and was told to use it in case of danger.

I was forced to abandon for the evening a special session in Bund *Kultur*. Later, however, I received my instruction in the methods of training youth in the Nazi camps, the secret distribution of propaganda literature, the smuggling of money and war materials into America across the Mexican border, the elaborate collaboration between the Bund and the White Russian organization of Count Vonsiatsky in Connecticut, where more and more Storm Troopers are in daily training, the Bund connection existing within the United States National Guard, and the attempts now in progress to create contacts with both the American police and the United States army. All this I will reveal in later articles. For the moment I must stand guard with three others over the increasing corpulence of Fritz Kuhn in the act of getting drunk in a night club of uptown New York.

That same night I learned the addresses of two of Fritz Kuhn's apartments. One is in Eighty-sixth Street, West; the other, near the corner of Twenty-third Street and Second Avenue. From the other bodyguards I learned that besides his official residence in Queens he maintains four apartments—all outside Yorkville.

During the evening, between trips to night clubs, we accompanied Kuhn to a meeting where he was to speak. On entering the hall he ordered one of the guards to take his briefcase to a given address. By making cautious inquiries, I learned that the briefcase arrived finally via a circuitous route—always in the manner of a Hollywood scenario—in the hands of some one at the office of the German Consulate General in Battery Place. This was my first intimation of the chain that actually links the German-American Bund directly with the government of Nazi Germany in Berlin.

The briefcase was transferred through a member of the New York branch of the National Socialist Party of Germany, who, I understand, is a frequent go-between. This American branch of the Nazi Party is supposedly composed of German subjects actually resident in New York. The Bund membership purports to consist only of immigrated Germans who have applied, or—as in my case—are about to apply, for citizenship, or who already are citizens. Any such organization is required by law to be 100-per-cent American.

THIS law is not observed. I soon discovered that both resident and "tourist" Germans faithfully attend meetings of the Bund, and that Bund members likewise are present at gatherings of the New York branch of the German Nazi Party, especially when there are speakers from abroad. In cases of this character, invitations are issued directly from the German Consulate General. They are signed by the Acting Consul General Dr. Draeger himself.

Acting in the name of the German Nazi Party is of course the official business of Dr. Draeger in the United States. It may be assumed, and even charged, that his orders from Berlin naturally include his collaboration with the German-American Bund.

Hitler has a genuine, formidable military training camp close to New York City! His Gestapo has 2,000 secret agents in the United States! The Bund's membership is five times as large as even Washington has estimated! . . . . Liberty's reporter who joined the Bund will present his amazing firsthand evidence in next week's issue.

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Looks
LIKE LINEN
Washes
WITH SOAP
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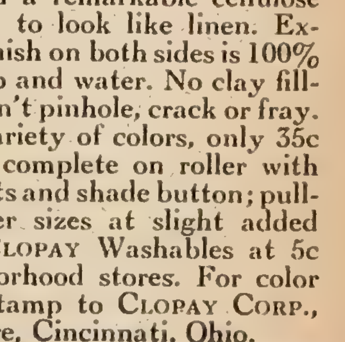


CLOPAY 15c shades—same Lintone material (not washable)—only 15c each, full 36" x 6' size, ready to attach to rollers without tacks or tools. Hang straight, roll evenly, wear for years. Smart colors and patterns at 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. Send 3c stamp for color samples.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

DANGEROUS IMPULSE

LIFE, to Richard Thorpe, a professor at Princeton, has, during the thirty-five years of his existence, been neatly bounded by mathematical formulae. The greatest thrill it could hold has been a new scientific discovery or a conversation with Einstein on the theory of relativity. Then suddenly, one night when the moon is on the campus, everything changes. A blonde girl is responsible — a dancer named Diana who is looking for one Livingstone Pardee, a student with whom she is going to elope.

Thorpe takes her to his room so that she may telephone the elusive Mr. Pardee, but in his excitement at her presence, he pulls the telephone out by the roots. She laughs, and her laughter releases a pent-up something inside him. Almost before he realizes what he is doing, he has asked her to elope with *him,* and she has said yes.

With gypsy music ringing in his ears —the music of Pan played on silver pipes—he tells Diana that he is going to the dean to get some money for their expenses. As he reaches the doorway, he stops. "By the way," he says, "don't let it disturb you—but there's a ghost in the room."

PART TWO—ELOPEMENT FOR THREE

DIANA jumped away from the window.

"*Ghost?*"

"Yes," said Thorpe. "Ghost of a boy I knew twenty years ago. He went to college here." He saw the truly frightened expression on the girl's face, and smiled. "I think there's just a chance that he was—ah—buried too soon, because tonight he's walking." He smiled again. "He won't hurt you," he said, "because he likes you. And I wanted to say, too, that if you happen to hear any music —you know, sort of gypsy music, that's all right, too."

Then he was gone.

Diana looked around her cautiously. She started to tiptoe toward the door; then she stopped. Even though she knew he had gone, this strange old-young man of hers seemed to be still in the room. She listened for gypsy music. She didn't hear any, but she was almost able to pretend she did. She fidgeted, trying not to admit to herself that she was scared. She thought about Livvy Pardee and wondered why he didn't seem to matter at all now. And then she heard music —not gypsy, but good music badly rendered, coming through the windows:

"Going back, going back,
Going back to Nassau Hall.
Going back, going back
To the best old place of all . . ."

She ran to the window and looked down. Richard Thorpe was striding along the pavement, singing in a voice he'd forgotten he owned, baying at the moon, just singing. His head was up and he walked with the long quick stride of youth. For no reason at all, Diana began to cry. She thought she understood about the ghost.

Thorpe sang for most of the half-mile walk to the dean's house. The singing exhilarated him so that by the time he arrived he was really in worse mental shape than he had been at any time that evening. He walked up to the front door and pulled the old-fashioned bell knob so vigorously that it came off in his hand and the bell itself made a most awful clatter inside the house. It didn't bother Thorpe a bit. His thoughts were elsewhere—with Diana; with the winding roads over the gentle hills; with youth. He was so completely absorbed that when a moment later the butler showed him into the dean's study he still carried the shiny brass bell knob in his hand. He switched it to his left and shook hands.

Dean Gear, who might have been appalled at the glassiness of Thorpe's eyes, greeted him without surprise. He had, he thought, due to the nature of his calling, outgrown the capability of being surprised. When the handshaking was done he said, "Well, well, Dick. Nice to see you. What's up? Discovered something?"

"Yes, sir," said Thorpe.

"Another Pharmegan theory?"

The dean was interested. It was good to have things like that discovered in his university. It was swell publicity and boosted the old income. Then he saw the brass knob in Thorpe's hand. That, somehow, didn't fit in with what he hoped. Princeton didn't specialize in absent-minded professors. Come to think of it, the glassy stare which every other second or two was pierced by a wild fierce light didn't fit exactly, either.

"If you'll give me that bell thing," he said gently, "I'll have it fixed. I'm rather fond of it. General Mercer used it during the Battle of Princeton —perhaps."

Thorpe handed over the bell knob and blushed in embarrassment.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. "I had no idea I was carrying it."

The dean looked at him closely. He had never seen this distinguished man visibly disturbed. It bothered him.

"You haven't," he said, "by any chance gone and got yourself plastered?"

Thorpe thought a moment; then:

"No," he said. "Not exactly."

"There is no such thing as not exactly," said the dean. "A man either is or he isn't."

"Then I'm not."

"You know," said the dean, "I'm sort of sorry. It would have explained the knob and that—that eerie look in your eyes." He pointed to a chair, not so much inviting Thorpe to sit down as commanding it. Then he rang for his butler and ordered a tray of drinks. He was stalling. Slowly he crossed to his own chair and sank into it. The two of them sat in awkward silence until the drinks came. Then the dean poured one and took a sip, nodding to Thorpe to help himself. Then he sighed. Then he said, "You told me, Dick, that you've discovered something."

A hilarious novel of a man who missed his youth, and

Thorpe leaned forward. The glaze gave place to the wild fierce look. "I've discovered the complete and utter futility of everything I've tried to do!"

"Great Caesar's ghost!" said the dean.

"All of this," said Thorpe, "has recently been pointed out to me by a young dancing girl who chanced to be about to elope with one of the students."

The dean's mind began to flop around inside his skull. For the moment he was robbed of the power of speech. Thorpe's work futile! Bah! Nonsense! Stuff and things!

"And," said Thorpe, "since she was only going to elope with him in order to eat, she's going to elope with me instead."

The dean looked at him goggle-eyed. He was wrong about that business of having outgrown the capability of being surprised. Thorpe stared off into space. The glassy look was back in his eyes.

"I suppose," he said softly, "it was June and the moonlight that did it to me—that and the gypsy music."

The dean swallowed his drink quick. "*What* gypsy music?" He shouted it. "There isn't any gypsy music around here. I've been around here for twenty-five years, and I guess if there'd been any I'd have heard it!"

Thorpe smiled at him the superior smile a man who has had a vision smiles at any one who hasn't had a vision.

"Not necessarily," he said. "You see, it's in my head."

This brought about a silence heavy with the weight of thought of two great minds. Dick Thorpe was thinking how soon he could get started, and Dean Gear was thinking whether he ought to call the campus cop or an ambulance. Thorpe was the first to break the silence. He said, "By the way, I'm going to need a little money to feed the girl while we're living to—I mean while we're—well, living together in a nice way, of course. I *am* endowed, aren't I?"

"'In a nice way, of course'!" said the dean. "Yes, you're endowed. You get a hundred a week during term and fifty a week the rest of the time."

Thorpe nodded and said, "That's a lot of money, isn't it?"

"It's a lot of money for a professor. It would be rank poverty to all the dancing girls I've ever known."

This was a simple, intelligent, academic statement, yet it had a startling effect on Thorpe. He leaned way forward on his chair and looked at the dean reverently.

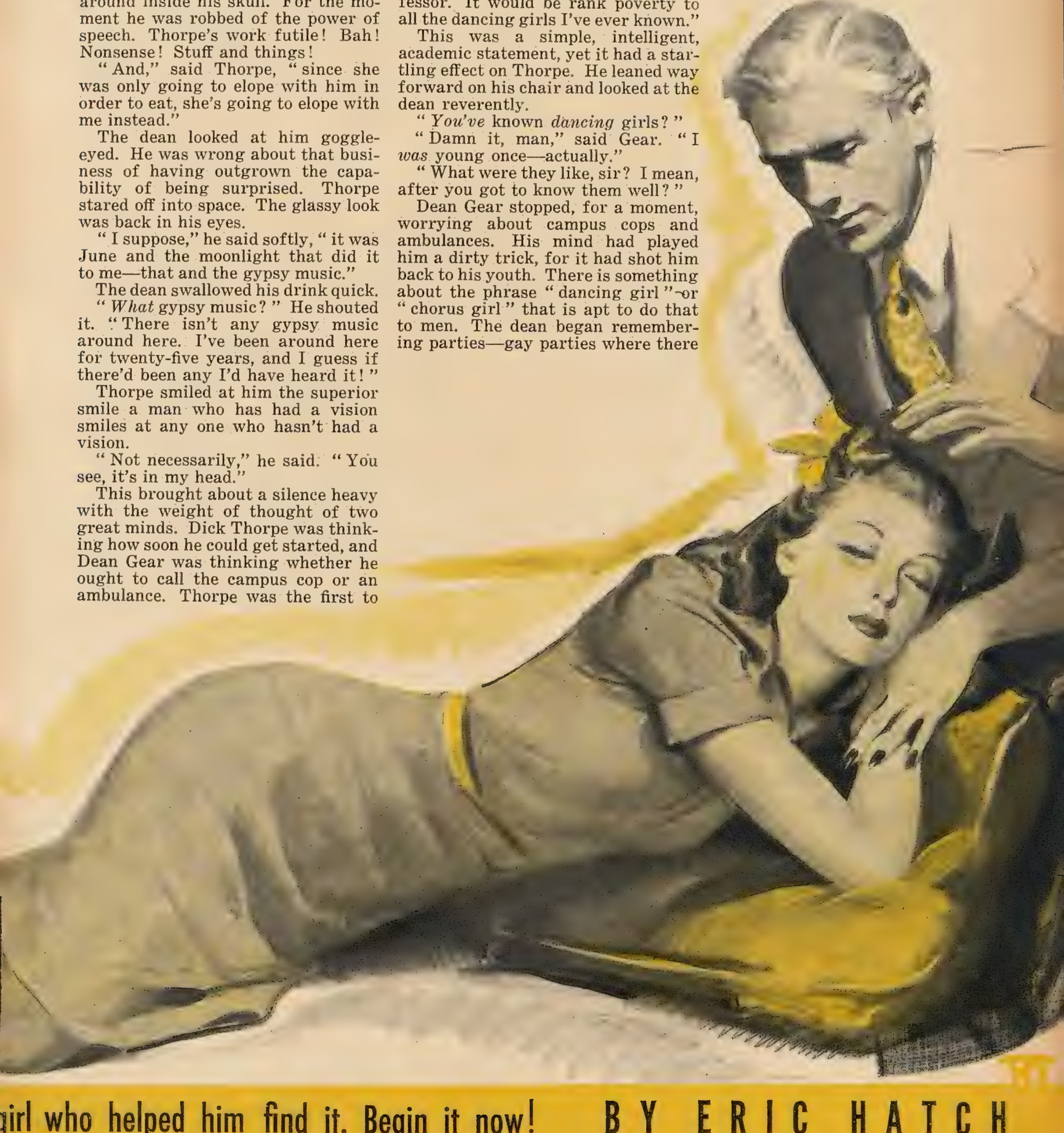
"*You've* known *dancing* girls?"

"Damn it, man," said Gear. "I *was* young once—actually."

"What were they like, sir? I mean, after you got to know them well?"

Dean Gear stopped, for a moment, worrying about campus cops and ambulances. His mind had played him a dirty trick, for it had shot him back to his youth. There is something about the phrase "dancing girl" or "chorus girl" that is apt to do that to men. The dean began remembering parties—gay parties where there

When Thorpe got back, the girl was asleep on a sofa. He was thankful she was still there.



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had been champagne and soft lights and music. He remembered, though their outlines were shadowy now with time, pretty faces that had been for fleeting seconds close to his own. He began remembering all sorts of things. And then it struck him as strange that this man opposite him should have had to ask the question he had just asked. It suddenly dawned on him that this man had had no youth. Just as suddenly it began to seem a great shame to him. He swept most of the memories away and smiled.

"It was all a long time ago," he said, "but, as I remember it, they were very nice—very nice indeed."

"I wonder, sir, if you could advance me a little money to feed her with and for hotels and gasoline and things. You see, all mine's in a savings bank. I hardly ever use any."

The dean poured himself another hooker and wondered if Thorpe had any idea how much money he must have if he'd been slugging it into a savings bank, getting compound interest for fifteen years. He whistled softly, took a sip, and as the good whisky's warmth permeated him it began to seem to him an absolute outrage that Thorpe had had no youth. It began to seem even more of an outrage to him that his own youth had had to stop—that every one shouldn't go on being as young as their thoughts. He straightened in his chair.

DICK," he said, "you absolutely must elope with this girl." Then he held forth at considerable length about youth and adventure. In fact, he talked so much about it that Thorpe wondered whether maybe the old boy was hinting around for an invitation to join the elopement. He wasn't. He was just getting vicarious enjoyment, thinking, as Thorpe himself had thought a little time before, about what it would be like to be driving through the night with a pretty girl by his side. He ended up by writing out a check which he said he'd deduct from Thorpe's pay and saying, "Now, get out of here for six months—longer if you want—might take you all of that to find a youth of your own and make some memories, since you've never had any. God bless you. Good night."

As the door closed on Thorpe the dean called his butler.

"Robert," he said, "for heaven's sake, let's you and me take a trailer trip or something this summer or something."

The butler—who, naturally, had overheard every word—understood perfectly.

"If Dr. Thorpe can have fun at *his* age, sir," he said, "you and I should be able to have a simply ripping old time."

The dean sighed. The memories were haunting again. Then he smiled.

"You know, Robert," he said, "I think, at that, you and I *are* a little younger than he is—and we're much wiser—oh, much—in spite of all the letters he can write after his name. I've only got four and most of them are honorary. You got any, Robert?"

"Six, sir," said Robert. "B-u-t-l-e-r."

THORPE had been away a long time. When he got back to his rooms the girl was asleep on a sofa. He was thankful she was still there, because (one) he thought he might have dreamed that she'd been there, and (two) he was afraid she might have got bored and left. Because now he had definite orders to elope, and he didn't see how he could do such a thing by himself. The thought had worried him all the way back from the dean's house. He went to the sofa and gently jostled her, Pullman-porter fashion. She opened her eyes, blinked sleepily, and said, "Oh, it's you."

"I just wanted to say I'm back."

"Then I might as well admit that I'm still here," said Diana. "How'd you make out with the head man?"

"Fine!" said Thorpe, warming at the memory. "Just fine!"

"That's swell," said Diana. She yawned, stretched, and stood up. Then conscience smote her. She looked him full in the eyes. "Are you sure you want to do this? I mean, load yourself with me to go off on a vacation or whatever it is? I mean, it obviously being the first time you've ever done such a thing?"

Thorpe smiled at her.

"I think," he said, "that I've probably been waiting a good many years for you to turn up."

"Mind, now, I could still hook Livvy—after this I won't be able to."

"Nuts to Livvy," said Thorpe. "You're eloping with me."

He went into his bedroom and from a closet hauled out a Gladstone bag. It was an old bag and covered with labels. He'd found it in that closet when he'd moved into the rooms and had used it ever since. With the bag he also hauled out a cloud of dust. He put the bag on the bed. Then he went to an old-fashioned highboy and began taking shirts, socks, and underwear from it and throwing them into the bag. It was the way he had packed since he'd been a freshman. He'd never learned any other way. Diana watched him through the open door to the living room. Finally the woman's soul of her couldn't stand it any longer. She walked in and pushed him aside.

"In this family," she said, "I'll do the packing."

In five minutes, while Thorpe, getting a terrific kick out of having such a pretty girl packing his own personal things, watched in silence, she had the Gladstone done. Everything in it was folded, everything in it was neat. Diana turned and looked at him over her shoulder.

"Got any other neckties besides that iron-worker number you're wearing?"

Thorpe looked down at his tie. It was, he could see now, a wretched tie, all flowered and chintzy. Then he flushed and shook his head.

"We'll have to fix that. I can't be seen going around with that one you've got on."

He nodded.

"I understand," he said. "I didn't even know what tie I had on." He laughed. "That's sort of silly, isn't it, since it's the only one I have."

"Yes," said Diana. "That's sort of silly; but we can fix it in the morning."

"Oh, yes!" said Thorpe. "We can buy anything we want. Gear gave me a check."

Diana Bedford eyed him. Wage earners have been so looked at by their ladies since the end of serfdom. It isn't so much an avaricious look, if the ladies are halfway nice people, as it is a proprietary, community-property look.

"How much?"

Thorpe shook his head.

"You know," he said, "I forgot to look. I just asked him if I was endowed, and he said I was and wrote out a check."

"Just like that!" said Diana. "Where is it?"

Thorpe began going through his pockets. Presently he found the check. It was for a thousand dollars. He gave it to Diana. She looked at it for a long moment. Then she smiled at him.

"We can do quite a lot with that," she said.

"I've got to do quite a lot," said Thorpe, "to make up for the years I've wasted."

"Then let's start. I left my bag in a bush. You got a car?"

Thorpe nodded.

"It's somewhere on Nassau Street, I think. In a garage."

AS he picked up his Gladstone bag and they left the rooms, Diana gave him another peculiar look. He went on:

"It's quite a nice car. The company that makes them gave me one. I don't know how to drive it."

"I do," said Diana. "I'm a darn fine driver."

Thorpe grinned at her and said, "But it's only got three wheels."

Diana tossed this aside.

"We can pick up a wheel at the garage," she said.

"It's only meant to have three wheels. The engine's in the back and it steers from the back wheel. It—it's sort of an experimental car."

"And they gave it to you," said Diana, "because you're sort of an experimental man. Wait a minute; here's my bush."

She stepped off the path, and after a few seconds' groping drew forth an overnight bag. Thorpe took it and they went on to Nassau Street, where, by process of elimination, they found the right garage—which, as they turned into it off the street, was entirely dark. They stopped in the doorway and Thorpe felt around for a light switch. Suddenly the beam of a flashlight was turned full on them and a voice like a bray said, "Which of youse guys knows how to start dat

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kiddy car in here wit' de t'ree wheels?"

For a second the girl, frightened, leaned close against Thorpe. It made him feel almost grown-up and very brave. He sensed that he was up against a minor crisis and a man who might be dangerous. It was a new experience for him and he didn't care for it. He hoped this "youth" he was setting out to find wasn't going to be made up of such experiences. If it hadn't been for Diana he probably would have quailed. As it was, he stared straight at the light and said, "We do. That just happens to be my car."

"Aw, chee!" said the voice. "You hadn't ought've come right now. It ain't fair. It ain't justice. That's what it ain't."

The light went out. In the sudden darkness Diana and Thorpe stared at where it had been.

"It makes me feel fierce," said the voice, "you comin' just now."

"Why?" said Diana.

"Because it proves I'm slippin'. I'm a burgular, see? Not a car t'ief, a straight out-'n'-out burgular. An' what happens? I get set to do a little t'ing like swipe a car to get me home, an' de owner walks right in on me. Phooey!"

"This is serious," said Thorpe.

Diana laughed. The idea of a man admitting guilt before any one even suspected him struck her as funny. The voice went on:

"Don't give me away. My friends would laugh 'emselves sick if I got pinched for stealin' a car—especially Bish. It would hoit. It would hoit—right here!"

AT that point the voice presumably put a hand over its heart; for the flashlight swung in a circle and when it came to rest showed the face that belonged to the voice. In a way it was an awe-inspiring face, because it looked, with one exception, just exactly like the sort of face a good old-fashioned burglar should have. It had an enormous nose, a vast mouth with an underlip that stuck out, and it needed shaving. The exception was the eyes, which were set quite far apart and gave the face an expression so dumb and so honest that grown men and little children wouldn't have believed the man capable of harm. He wasn't, as a matter of fact, capable of much harm, but it was his pride that he could be if he wanted to.

It was a face that made Diana laugh again and that fascinated Thorpe scientifically because he had never seen anything like it.

Diana nudged Thorpe. "After all," she whispered, "he didn't steal the car—he just wanted to."

"But he's a confessed criminal. He just said so."

The burglar let the light fall on the ground. Thorpe could see he was rubbing one ankle against the other, like a child who is embarrassed at being discussed.

"Aw, don't be like that," said the burglar. "I ain't burgulared nuttin' for years. I just been hidin' out an' practicin' an' I ran outta mazuma. All I asked of de car was to get me back home to my friends. Dat ain't much to ask, is it?"

"Who are these friends?" said Thorpe. "Gangsters?"

At this the man slapped his knee and guffawed.

"Gangsters! Dat's a hot one! Bishop Hartley an' Harris Payton an' Preece is gangsters! Cheez, dat's great! Wait'll I tell 'em!"

Diana caught her breath and clutched Thorpe's arm. These names tinkled a bell far back in her memory. Years ago she had read in the papers or in a magazine or somewhere about these people. They were terrifically social and had stolen a yacht and done the most appalling things. She couldn't remember just what, but they had sounded like fun. Then the bell tinkled loudly and she addressed the burglar.

LISTEN," she said. "Is your name, by any chance, Swazey?"

"A hole in one!" said the burglar. He clasped his hands together prizefighter fashion and shook them, shaking the flashlight with them.

"Pleased to meetcha!" he said, "Pleased to meetcha! Come aboard any time."

"Looney," said Thorpe. "Looney as they come."

Diana whispered to Thorpe.

"He's not!" she said. "I know all about him." She turned to Swazey. "This is Dr. Thorpe," she said, "and I'm Diana Bedford. We—we're eloping."

Although they couldn't see it because the light was turned toward the floor again, a sickly sentimental smile widened Swazey's mouth. His eyes watered. When he spoke his voice was raspy with romance.

"Cheez," he said, "can I come? T'ings like dat get me—"

"I know," said Thorpe—"here." He put his hand to his heart.

"Which ways are you eloping?"

"We don't know," said Diana.

"Well, if you're eloping toward New York, say, can I come? We could get acquainted on de way, and den I could give you breakfast at de triplex. You probably t'ink dat's de name of a hotel. It ain't. We got a triplex. We got a triplex apartment on Park Avenoo."

"A triplex!"

"Soit'nly," said Swazey. "You see, my pals is all hot shots—de upper crust—de cream of de cream. I found dis place for 'em. It's pretty snazzy, dat triplex."

"Dick." It was the first time Diana had called Thorpe by his Christian name. It made him feel awfully intimate with her, with Swazey, with everything. "Dick, let's take him up on that."

Thorpe thought in silence.

"But I don't like de pictures in de library," said Swazey.

"Please, Dick," said Diana. "I want to very much."

"De pictures is all about foxes and horses. Me, I like lady pictures. You know de kind."

Thorpe smiled down at her in the half darkness. He didn't know that New York was, legally, no soap for elopers. All he knew was that Diana's tone of voice was making a sucker out of him, and that he liked it.

"Oh, sure," he said. "Show us to the car, Swazey."

"Hooray!" said Swazey. "A elopement!"

He led the way to Thorpe's Dimaxion. It was shaped like a teardrop and had, as Thorpe had said, three wheels. They climbed into a wide front seat and Thorpe got behind the wheel. Presently he managed to get the lights on.

The controls looked like any other automobile's, and though he'd never dared drive this machine before, he started the engine, looked about the empty garage, and began to drive it as he would any other car, toward the door.

But the Dimaxion wasn't like any other car. That little oddity of its steering from the back made all the difference. Three times the rear of it made an entire circle of the front of it. Then, just as Thorpe caught on to how to steer it, the large unpleasant figure of a policeman loomed in the doorway, and Thorpe and Diana, thoroughly innocent of any wrongdoing, got that guilty feeling. It was just normal kid policeman fright.

THE copper started briskly toward the car. Swazey leaned forward and whispered huskily:

"Dis situation calls for tact. I know."

With that he slid out of the car.

The copper advanced. He reached the window by the driver's seat, and then, at the very instant he was opening his mouth to speak, he sagged to the floor as though he were not any ordinary policeman but a rubber policeman to whom such an act was simple routine.

The next second Swazey, from the back seat, was hissing in Thorpe's ear:

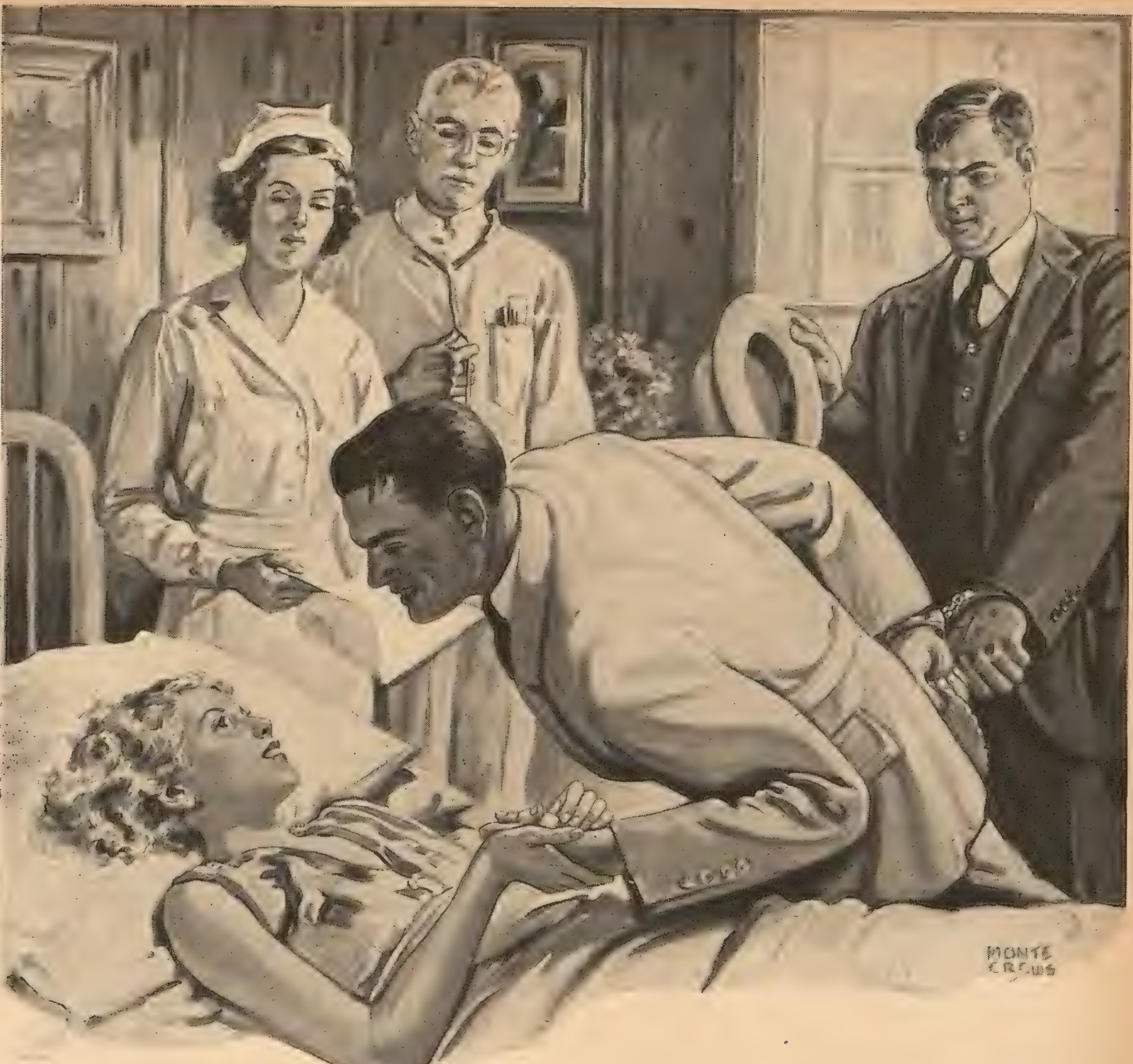
"Hit it on de lam, doc. I only give him a second-degree bop. He'll come to in fifteen minutes exact. On our way!"

"Perhaps—perhaps you've killed him!"

"Wit' dis little piece of rubber hose? Go on wid you! Look—just feel."

With that—gently, he thought—he tapped Thorpe on the head; and Thorpe, whose head was crowded anyway, went out like a light.

A pretty girl, love—and now a conk on the head! Things are certainly happening to Richard Thorpe. And more excitement and surprises are waiting at the mysterious triplex in New York. Read next week's installment and meet as engaging and cockeyed a group of adventurers as you've ever imagined!



"May!" was all the guy said, as he made for her bed. "My dear!" was all she said, in a weak voice.

ROPE'S END

A vivid dream of heartbreak, love, and a gallant lie

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY MONTE CREWS

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HE was going to be hung, and he knew it.

There'd be a trial, he'd be convicted and sentenced, his appeal would go up to the higher court. But he knew he didn't have a prayer. Knew there'd be too many identifying witnesses against him; knew that the slug we'd dug out of the man he'd killed would fit the rod he'd killed him with. I'd told him just what he was up against when he asked me about it; I hadn't seen any use kidding him.

He wasn't a big-time killer. He was just a young guy who'd had good reason to need dough badly but who'd picked the wrong way to go after it. His first stick-up had been too easy. After that it'd been one gas station after another until he'd run into the tough one he'd been bound to run into sooner or later. He'd had to shoot his way out, and had shot his way right out of robbery into murder. And now I was bringing him back to the Coast on an extradition from Minnesota, where he'd been finally caught up with. We catch up with most of 'em, sooner or later.

Jones was his name—George Jones. And he didn't look any more like a killer than his name sounded.

"I didn't want to bump that guy," he said while I was cuffing him up and signing out for him in the Duluth jail. "But he went for his rod—"

"It looks like you got to take it, son," I told him. Like I said, I couldn't see any use kidding him.

I took him down to the train, and took the cuffs off him after we got settled in our drawing room. They always give you a drawing room for the trip back. I made the same little speech to him I always make to a prisoner: How the two of us were going to get along fine so long as the prisoner obeyed me like a father and always remembered that I'd just as soon kill him as look at him. Then, just to show there weren't any hard feelings, I offered him a cigarette; but he shook his head.

"Have it your own way," I told him.

NEARLY a whole hour passed before he opened his trap. Then he kind of sighed and began looking at me like I was a human being, even if I was taking him home to be hung.

"How does it feel?" he asked.

Lots of 'em ask the same question, and I always give 'em the same answer.

"They say it's awful quick."

"That's something."

"Yes."

I offered him a cigarette again, and this time he took it. I remember how he kind of lingered over lighting it and filling up his lungs with the smoke. Every cigarette was going to mean a whole lot to him from then on out; you could see that.

"Cap," he said. "If I told you something, would you believe me?"

"I might," I said.

"Even after me bumping that guy?"

"That don't make a liar out of you, does it?"

I expected him to start telling me the story of his life, and how he wished he had it to live over again so he wouldn't have gotten himself in the mess he was in. So many of 'em do that when they realize they haven't got a prayer. But that wasn't what he wanted to tell me at all.

He said he'd always wanted to be a cop!

I must have looked surprised.

"Why not?" he kind of grinned.

He said that six months before he got started in the station-heisting racket he'd taken the civil service examinations for our department. He'd almost passed 'em, too, he said; I could look it up for myself if I didn't believe him.

"I believe you," I told him. "At least, you got the build. Why didn't you wait until the examinations came up again?"

"I couldn't," he said.

He took a long drag at his cigarette and looked out of the drawing-room windows at the darkness that was coming on.

"Funny, isn't it?" he said. "I might be sitting where you're sitting right now."

"It's possible," I told him. Although it wasn't. They don't let rookie cops bring back killers on extraditions.

"And it might be *you* I was taking back to—"

"Yes."

He turned his eyes from the windows to look full at me.

"Tell me about being a cop," he said, interested. "Do you like it?"

"It all depends," I said.

"Ever bump a guy?"

"Yes."

"A guy like me for instance? Trying to pull a heist?"

"Yes."

As a matter of fact, I told him, I'd come within a whisper of bumping *him* once. That'd been before he'd lit out for Minnesota and while we'd still been staking out likely gas stations to knock him over. If I'd held just a little more to the right, I told him—that night in that gas station out on Thirty-seventh Street—

"So that was you that blasted at me!" he broke in, grinning.

"That was me," I said.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

I remember how he leaned forward in his seat, all interested now.

"There was quite a wind blowing that night. Remember?" he asked.

"I sure do."

"Maybe that's what threw you off. But if I'd been in your spot I'd have gotten up closer before I let go," he said, critical-like.

"And made a target for you? Nuts!" I said. "I got a wife and a ten-year-old!"

"But that wind was blowing for me too, wasn't it? And if you're a cop you got to take chances, don't you? *I* had to take 'em! Now, if I'd been in your spot—"

IT was ten o'clock that evening before we turned in. And I'm telling you that not once did he mention the thing he was going back to. All he wanted to talk about was police work. Him with his neck as good as broke! But even though we were beginning to talk each other's language, I didn't take any chances on the guy. I stuck him in the upper berth with the leg chain around his ankles, padlocked the other end of the chain to my left wrist downstairs, and gave all his clothes and all my clothes along with my rod to the porter, like I usually do. It don't pay to take chances with any of 'em; and—knock on wood—I haven't lost a prisoner yet.

The next day on that train passed as pleasantly as you please. Whenever we got out at stations to stretch our legs, I cuffed him to me, of course. But outside of that you'd have thought we were just a couple of plain-clothes bulls on our way somewheres. You might have thought it was funny a couple of plain-clothes bulls were ritzing it in a Pullman drawing room, but that would have been all.

Yes, sir; on account of the nice way he was taking it, the guy was beginning to get under my hide a little by the end of that second day. Not that I was beginning to feel sorry for him; after all, he'd killed an honest citizen who was worth feeling sorry for, and he had the rope coming to him. But I guess I was beginning to feel sorry for what he might have been—if you get what I mean. That's one thing, in guys, you can really get sorry about. If he'd passed those civil service examinations, for instance—

"Why *didn't* you wait until the next ones came up, Jones?" I finally asked him.

We were starting to play a little casino, and I remember how he stopped dealing the cards and just looked at me.

"I told you I couldn't," he said.

"Why?" I asked him. "You're not going to tell me it was a dame, are you?"

He didn't answer, and I remember how the liking—if you want to call it that—I'd been building up for the guy kind of drained out of me. So that's what it was—a dame! Not that I have anything against dames as a sex; I'm married to a swell one myself. But a guy like him. . . . The chances were a thousand to one he'd thrown himself away on some cheap little fluff—some little gold digger—who'd prodded him into it. The same old story.

"O. K.," was all I said to him.

"She's my wife," he said, like that excused it.

"O. K. again," I said. "Deal the cards."

But he put the pack down on the table between us and just kept on looking at me. And tears began to come into his eyes!

"Can that stuff!" I told him.

I sure hate to see a guy cry, especially a big well muscled guy with hair on the back of his hands. And, to give him his due, he tried to fight it back. But it was no use.

"For heaven's sake, get it out of your system, then!" I told him. I guess my voice must have sounded kind of disgusted, because when I turned back from watching the Wyoming landscape slide by the car windows, he'd raised his head from the table where he'd had it on his arms, and seemed to have hold of himself again.

"I didn't mean to do that," he said.

AND then he opened up. Told me the whole story. And when he got through I felt a whole lot different about George Jones, who'd killed an honest citizen in a gas-station stickup and who was going to be hung for it.

Don't get me wrong. I didn't excuse the thing the guy had done. You couldn't excuse that. But I did have a lot of sympathy for the reason why he'd done it. The best intentioned guy in the world can get pretty desperate.

"I could have taken her out of that sanatorium, and put her in the county hospital, I suppose," he said.

"The county gives 'em good care," I said. "They got some of the best t.b. doctors in the country."

"I didn't realize that then. All I could think of was it would be charity, and I didn't want to take any chances with her. Besides, she was sure I was going to pass that examination and we'd be fixed for life. See what I mean?"

"I see," I said. "And when you didn't pass it—"

I remember how he stopped looking at me and looked down at the table.

"I didn't tell her I didn't pass it," he said in kind of a whisper.

"You mean—she thinks you're a *cop?*"

He nodded, still without looking up.

"She was pretty weak just then," he said in the same tired sort of a whisper. "What else could I have told her?"

Him . . . a *cop!*

He'd done his best to land a job, he said—any kind of a job. But it'd been no go. And the last straw had been a letter from that sanatorium. With the right care she had a fighting chance to get well, the letter had said. But they couldn't keep her there any longer unless he could pay.

"You couldn't blame them," he said.

"I guess not," I said.

He sighed.

"I bought my rod from a pawnbroker down on Main Street, with my last six bucks," he said. "You've seen it. A pretty good buy at six bucks, don't you think?"

"I'd have given six bucks for it," I told him. . . .

FOR a long while we sat there looking out of the windows at the Wyoming mountains. Or maybe they were Utah mountains, because it was getting to be late afternoon.

"Where is this sanatorium?" I asked him finally.

It was in a little town about twelve miles out of the city, he said. A town our train would pass through next day.

"How is she now?" I asked him.

"Better," he said, kind of dull-like.

"And she still thinks you're a—cop?"

He nodded, looking down at the table again.

"I was going to tell her different after she got well," he said. "Now I guess it's too late."

"It sure is, son," I told him.

We turned in early that night . . . and next day we were in California. . . .

Killer or no killer, I had to hand it to the guy that next day. After it had sunk home to him that he was back in our jurisdiction, without a Chinaman's chance of ever leaving it alive, you'd have thought he'd been pretty well down. But he wasn't. I don't mean to say he was enthusiastic. But when, after lunch, I suggested casino again, he said O. K. I've always thought that as one cop to another, so to speak, he just wanted to show me he had what it took.

And he *could* play casino, too!

"You'll need the dough for cigarettes," I told him, after he'd milked about seven bucks from me.

He wasn't worrying about the sanatorium charges for his wife for a year to come, he said. He'd paid them all

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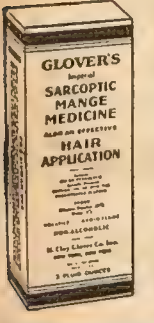

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up in advance with the dough he'd heisted. He'd done that just before Duluth had picked him up, he said.

"You won't spill anything about that?" he asked.

"I don't even know what you're talking about, son," I told him. "Deal the cards."

"Thanks," he said. . . .

Yes, sir . . . that guy could sure play casino. . . .

He was about eleven bucks into me, I remember, when we got to Bakersfield, which is only about a two-hour jump from home. I only had three bucks of my own left. Extraditions sometimes work out that way, no matter how much expense money the county allows you.

I told him what I was down to.

"Shoot you two bits a game, instead of four bits," he offered.

We went on at two bits a game, and I did my best. Maybe it was just the cards I held; I've never been much at holding cards, at that. But by the time we started rolling into the upper end of the San Fernando Valley, I was down to my last four bits.

"Your last slug?" he asked.

"My last one," I admitted. "What are you trying to do? Take my pants?"

IT was at that point, I remember, that we started slowing for the little town he'd told me about. Where his wife was, in that sanatorium. Usually the train didn't stop there, but it looked like it was going to this time, for some reason or other. I was hoping he wouldn't notice it; in fact, when I saw where we were, I tried to keep his attention occupied. But it didn't do any good. All of a sudden he glanced out of the windows, and I'll never forget the look that came over his face. I won't even try to tell you what it was like.

"Cap!" he kind of groaned—and he didn't have to tell me what he wanted to do.

"I wish we could, son," I told him.

"Why can't we?" he begged, desperate. "It'd be the last time I'd ever see her. I'll pay for a car, on into town! For God's sake, cap! You're a good guy—"

The train was going to stop, all right, and I felt kind of uncomfortable about it. Because, after all, it was up to me—

"Do you want to see her—like this?" I asked him.

The train stopped. All of a sudden he reached across the table with both hands and grabbed hold of my coat lapels and started talking tense and hard.

"I got all your dough," he said. "How about it? Eleven bucks . . . against getting off! Are you game, cap? Eleven bucks . . . against getting off!"

Eleven bucks! . . .

Yes, we got off that train. I'd never thought I'd do a silly thing like that, but I did it. We got off. . . .

"Mind you!" I told him as he stood there handcuffed to me in the little station and the train pulled out. "I'm doing this against my better judgment. They won't like it at headquarters when they hear about it."

"We don't have to tell 'em, do we?" he said.

Eleven bucks! . . .

He shelled out some of the dough he'd won off me, I hired a car and a driver, and we went on out to that sanatorium.

It was a nice place, all right. Clean-looking, with flowers and green grass all around it, and not like a hospital at all. I could understand, from one gander at it, why Jones had wanted to keep his wife there. It did seem like a place in which a person could hope, if you get what I mean.

"We better see the doc first," Jones said, calm enough, although his right hand felt sweaty cold when it rubbed against my left one, and I could feel it shaking.

We started for what looked like the main office. But we only got part way there when the thing happened that I'd been kind of expecting to happen. Jones broke.

"I—I can't do it, cap!" he said, almost like he had a knife in his guts. "I can't go through with it!"

"Then what did we come out here for?" I asked him.

"I got to tell her the truth!" he said, desperate. "I got to tell the doc the truth, too!"

"Good Lord! Does *he* think you're a cop, too?"

"Yes."

I guess I got a little sarcastic at that point, but I couldn't help it. After all, I'd stretched a long point for the guy, getting off a train with him like that. And when you came right down to it, he was only a lousy stick-up artist.

YOU'RE sure he figures you're just a patrolman? Not a sergeant, or a lieutenant, maybe?" I cracked.

"No—just a patrolman," he said. "That's all."

At least the guy hadn't promoted himself.

"You said she was getting better," I reminded him. "If she's getting better, she can take it, can't she?"

He didn't get a chance to answer, because the door of the main office opened and a nice-looking old guy with a white outfit on and a stethoscope hung around his neck came out. He cased us for a moment, then busted out in a smile of recognition for Jones.

"Mr. Jones!" he said, starting for us with his duke stuck out. "This is a pleasure! How are you?"

It didn't take him more than three seconds to get over to us, but an awful lot can sometimes happen in three seconds. I remember the desperate look Jones threw at me; I remember the doc pulling up short as he caught the shine of steel between our wrists; I remember him saying "What's this?" puzzled-like. . . .

And then Jones was talking. Not to me but to him!

"I'm fine, doctor," Jones was saying, calm enough. "You'll have to excuse me, not shaking hands. I got a prisoner."

Could you beat it?

I guess I just stood there alongside of Jones looking at him with my mouth open. I remember how he threw me another desperate look—an awfully desperate look—then took the bit in his teeth before I could stop him.

"I'm bringing this man back from the East," he said, "and I thought I'd stop over long enough to see how my wife's getting along."

"She's getting along nicely," the doc said, looking me over like I was some kind of a wild animal. "Want to see her?"

"Why, sure—if I can," Jones said.

"I don't think it'll do her any harm," the doc said. "But what are you going to do about *him?*" he asked, nodding at me.

Jones was ready for that one!

"Oh, him!" he said, putting on a little laugh. "I'll have to take him along with me, I guess. You know how it is!"

By that time I'd gotten over my surprise and was beginning to get a kick out of it, believe it or not. I'd often wondered how it felt to be hitched to the wrong end of a pair of bracelets.

"Is it—safe?" the doc asked, looking at me kind of doubtful.

"He's harmless," Jones said. "He can't even talk English."

THAT was too much. I started to open my mouth . . . and then I didn't. When a guy's gambling like *that* . . . putting *all* his chips on the board—

"This way, then," the doc said, shooting me a last doubtful look and starting off down a hall. And I let Jones pull me after him.

Yes, sir—I let him get away with it. Call me a sap, if you want to. But I let him get away with it.

We went down the hall, out a door, and across a patio to one of those screened bungalows they keep lungers in. Only, this bungalow wasn't just one of a long line of screened bungalows like you see in so many of those places. It looked like people could live in it, if you get what I mean. With Jones still putting on his act—and kind of white-faced now—we followed the doc through the front door and into one of the porch bedrooms—

And there she was, with a nurse.

"May!" was all the guy said, half jerking me off my pins as he made for her bed.

"My dear!" was all she said, in a weak, surprised voice, as she grabbed on to his free hand.

The doc and the nurse bowed out, and I guess a full minute passed before she even realized I was there—kind of fastened there, you might say. I guess that was because she was too weak to move her head around much.

She wasn't a bad-looking little number at all, allowing for the shape she was in. You know how they get—thin and wasted and kind of hot-eyed. But you could tell she'd been something to get excited about, in her day. A nice kid, too; you could tell that at a glance.

"Just a prisoner I'm taking back, sweetheart," Jones told her, when she finally gave me a tumble. "Don't worry about him. He can't talk English."

I do look a bit foreign, come to think of it.

"You didn't say anything about that in your letter, dear," she said. "You told me they were sending you back East on an investigation."

"I got a wire from headquarters while I was in Duluth, telling me to bring this man back," he said.

I'll never forget the smile that came over her face.

"Why, George! They're letting you bring prisoners back, all by yourself! That means they like you, don't it, George?"

"It sure does, honey!" he said, just like I wasn't there. "I'll be a sergeant, too, before you know it!"

"Of course you will!"

I remember how she looked him all over, worriedlike.

"You're taking good care of yourself? You're not taking any foolish chances?" she asked. "This man, for instance—"

"He's harmless," he said, looking

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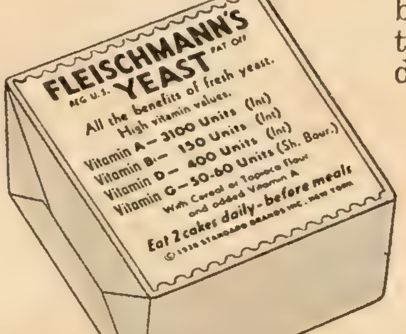
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right at me without batting an eye.

“He don't look harmless to me,” she said. “Are you *sure* he can't talk English?”

“Not a word!” he said, looking right at me again.

What would *you* have done? . . .

I guess we were there half an hour before the doc came back with the nurse and said we'd been there long enough. I won't try to tell you all they talked about during that half hour. I'd be a louse if I did, because not being able to speak English kind of made a priest out of me, didn't it? I know this: I might just as well not have been there, for all the attention they paid to me. What's more, after they'd held on to each other for a little while I got the feeling that *they* weren't there, either. They weren't anywhere near there. She was well and strong again, and the mother of a lot of fine kids; and he was a lieutenant of detectives and about to be promoted to captain, if you get what I mean. The nearest I can come to saying it is . . . it was like moonlight. It was only about four in the afternoon, and I know it sounds silly—but I'm telling you you could almost feel the moonlight in that room!

Moonlight! . . .

YOU'VE got to leave now, Mr. Jones,” the doc said, pulling the guy away from her as gentle as he could. “We mustn't tire her, you know, and you can come back and see her again soon.”

I remember how Jones looked at him. Like he was looking at the hangman himself.

“O. K., doc,” was all he said.

“You'll keep on writing?” she asked him.

“Sure I will, honey.”

“And you won't take any foolish chances?”

“Of course not, honey.”

“Love me?”

He leaned over quick and kissed her on the forehead.

“Always,” he said, in a voice so low I could hardly hear it.

Then we were out of the room. . . .

“She's got a good chance, I think,” the doc said to Jones as we followed him back across the patio and out to the main entrance. “Fresh air, rest . . . and hope. That's all she needs now. Mostly hope, I should say. And you're giving her that.”

“Thanks, doc,” was all Jones said to him as we piled into the car that was waiting for us and started back for town. It was like he was in a trance.

“Thanks to you too, cap,” he said to me, after we'd ridden for about ten miles without a word. “I guess I can take it now.”

We got back to town, and, as luck would have it, nobody at headquarters noticed that I showed up with my prisoner over an hour after the time our train was supposed to get in. I booked the guy in the county jail, said good-by to him, and figured I was well shut of the whole business. After all, that sanatorium stopover hadn't been any fun; my own family was anxious to see me; and Jones was just another mug, when you got right down to it.

But somehow I couldn't get the guy off my mind. Maybe it was because, when I got home, my wife wasn't feeling up to the mark herself. Nothing serious; only a cold. But she was coughing a little—

“Have any trouble, hon?” she asked me.

“No.”

“I'm always worried when you're bringing back murderers,” she said. “Even though I know you don't take any foolish chances.”

No, sir . . . I couldn't get the guy off my mind. So next morning I went down to the jail to see him.

“I kind of expected you, cap,” he said.

“Why?”

I remember how he lowered his voice so the screws on duty there in the visitors' room wouldn't hear him, and leaned across the visitors' table just like he'd leaned across that card table on the train.

“Look!” he said. “Remember what the doc said about hope?”

“Yes.”

“We got to keep her hoping, don't we?”

“*We?*”

“You got to help, cap!” he whispered, fiercelike. “You got to get my letters out to her!”

“You can write to her—”

“From here? As a—cop?”

He'd write a whole batch of letters to her, he said, and he wanted me to mail 'em to her, one at a time. He had the first two letters already written.

“I'm telling her all about a big case I got assigned to. I'm going to be so busy on it I won't be able to get out to see her for a while. Get the idea, cap? We can't let her down, can we?”

There it was—that “we” again! It sure was beginning to look like I'd let myself in for plenty, getting off that train with him. But it also looked like it was too late to do anything about it now. If only that train hadn't stopped. I remember thinking—

“All right,” I told him, sticking my neck right out. “I'll take 'em. But what are you going to do when you go up to the Row? I can't play postman for you while you're up there!”

“You're forgetting something,” he said, kind of low.

“What?”

“I won't be up there . . . very long.”

SO that's how the monkey business started. Man and boy, I've been mixed up in some screwy things in my time. But if you can figure anything screwier than a lieutenant of detectives playing postman for a stick-up artist who was going to be hung and didn't want his wife to know it, I'll put in with you! Looking back on it now, I'm pretty sure that if I hadn't felt sorry as hell for that poor kid out in that sanatorium . . . lying there hoping . . . while the mug was being tried, convicted, and sentenced, I'd never have done it. Why, besides being a heister and a killer, that guy Jones was one of the most artistic liars I'd ever met! I read some of his letters!

If it had only been *his* letters to her I had to worry about! But it wasn't long before I had *her* letters to him to worry about, too! It seemed like she wasn't strong enough to write them herself; her nurse wrote them for her and she only signed them. But they were mailed to the address where he'd been living before he lit out for Minnesota, and I had to call by there regularly to pick 'em up. He had to know what was in them, didn't he, so he could answer 'em proper?

Yes, I read some of her letters, too. Maybe I shouldn't have. But, as it turned out, it didn't make much difference. Because that doc had been wrong about her. She'd needed even more than fresh air, rest, and—hope. I'm fairly sure it wasn't because of anything she might have seen in the newspapers; Jones is a common name and he wasn't important enough for a picture. But about a week after his appeal got turned down she died. Suddenlike.

The sanatorium telegraphed him at headquarters, of course, and it was only by bull luck that I managed to grab the wire before a sergeant whose name really was George Jones got it. I've often wondered what Sergeant Jones would have thought about that wire! Anyhow, he didn't get it, and there I was with it.

ONLY that morning I'd mailed the last of his letters to her. The last that I expected to have to mail for him, because next day he was scheduled to go up to the Big House. It had been a masterpiece, that last letter. There hadn't been a hint of good-by in it. He was just being sent North on a big case that might mean promotion.

Yes, sir . . . there I was with that wire. When I went down to the jail to say good-by to him, all I had to do was pull it out of my pocket. But I didn't. . . . It takes a special brand of guts, I guess, to do a thing like that to a guy.

“I sure appreciate everything you've done, cap,” he said, when I shook hands with him. “There's only one thing more—”

“What?”

Didn't he hand me a whole new packet of letters!

“Fifteen of 'em,” he said. “They'll about cover my stay up there on the Row, don't you think?”

“They ought to,” I told him.

“You won't have any trouble getting hers up to me, will you?” he asked, anxiouslike.

I remember how I clamped a hammer lock on my voice before I answered. And I remember what a fool I figured I was being. After all—a guy like that . . . what did he mean to me?

“No,” I told him. “I guess I won't have any trouble.” . . .

I went out to the sanatorium that afternoon. . . . .

There was only one thing to do, of course. Lay it right on the line for that doc, and for that nurse who'd been writing her letters for her. You should have seen that doc when I walked in on him! He told me afterward his first thought was the rod he kept handy in his desk!

"I remembered you, all right," he said. "And if you hadn't started talking English right away I'd have pulled it out!"

THEY sure were white folks, that doc and that nurse. It wasn't easy to lay it on the line for them, because I figured I'd done a fool thing, and was kind of ashamed of it, you might say. But they didn't look at it that way at all. You'd have thought, from what they said after I got through telling them about it, that I'd done it because I was sorry for the guy! I wasn't the least bit sorry for him, I told them. He was getting what he deserved!

"How many letters do you want me to write for you?" was all the nurse asked, quietlike.

"He'll be up there a month before he drops," I told her. "Better make it eight; that'll be two a week."

She was a wonder, that nurse. I only had to show her the bunch of letters Jones had given me to mail, so she could tell what to put in her letters to make them sound natural to the guy. As for the girl's signature, that was easy. They had it on file there, and all we had to do was trace it through tissue paper.

She sure did a swell job on the last letter. There wasn't a hint of good-by in it, unless you wanted to read it that way. Just like Jones' last letter to the girl. That nurse was a forger, and I don't mean maybe!

"What do you think *you* are?" she came back at me, in a funny voice, when I kidded her about it.

"Just a plain fool," I told her.

I remember how she took off her glasses and sat wiping them, with her face turned away from me. When she turned back, she was crying!

Jones was hung, all right. I don't know how he took it, because the last I ever saw of him was when he left the county jail. I suppose he took it O. K., because I never heard anything to the contrary. But I've got one last bit of the monkey business to take care of yet. There was quite a bit of dough left out of the amount he'd paid in advance to that sanatorium. Since we couldn't find any of the girl's relatives or any of his, the doc finally turned it over to me after the funeral expenses were taken care of.

The doc and the nurse think it would be a good idea to turn the dough over to the family of the guy Jones killed. My wife thinks so, too; so I guess that's what I'll probably do with it. Although I have a notion Jones wouldn't have objected to its being turned into the police fund. . . .

Maybe, if he'd passed those examinations—

THE END

"Imagine teaming me with that Tightwad!"

1 **Mac is our auditor,** and a real nickel-nurser if there ever was one! Every time I turn in my expense account, we have a big battle. So at our office picnic, the boys thought it was funny to team us up in the three-legged race. But we surprised them by winning!

2 **When we get our blue ribbons, I say:** "Let's Double Our Enjoyment. I'll buy you a drink of TEN HIGH—the rich, straight whiskey with No Rough Edges." And Mac says, "Humph, I guess you'll put *that* on your expense account!"

3 **"No wonder your expense account's** so big, if you buy this expensive whiskey," he grumbles. And when I tell him the low price of delicious TEN HIGH, he says he's going to tell all our men about it!

TEN HIGH

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90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

The whiskey with "NO ROUGH EDGES"

NEWSPAPERMAN

Human, revealing! The confessions of one who sought no far horizons to find adventure, thrills, romance

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

On his first day as copy boy of the City Press Association, Eddie Doherty was introduced by his dad, the police lieutenant, to everybody at the East Chicago Avenue station—where he learned how his dad had once knocked six brawlers so cold that they were still helpless when the patrol wagon got there.

Presently Eddie was put on the City Press office switchboard. One of his duties was to take over the phone, from Buddy McHugh, the night's list of deaths that were coroner's cases. On a Monday morning, Buddy—beginning as usual with, " Hello, Eddie, here's the stiffs "—told him of the death of three-year-old Lucy Doherty, who had accidentally set fire to her dress. Eddie said " O. K." and wrote the news story. Little Lucy was his own infant sister.

He got a two-dollar raise and became a reporter, " covering police " nights. He was in on the excitement of the stockyards fire in which Fire Chief Horan was killed. That same morning his dad phoned him that he had a

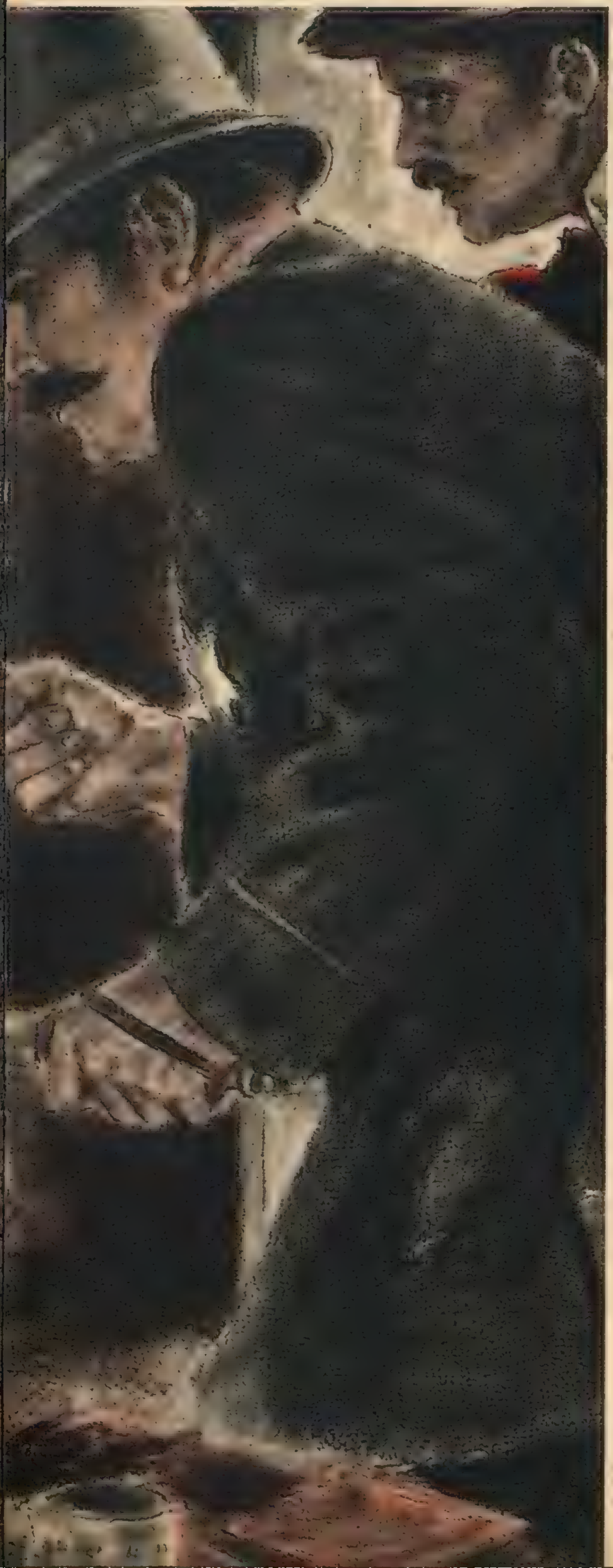
new baby brother. Going home, he found there blue-eyed Marie, his childhood sweetheart, now nearly eighteen and grown up.

PART THREE—MARIE . . AND A FARMER'S DAUGHTER

CHICAGO in those days was called the wickedest city in the world, the modern Babylon, the toughest town that civilization had ever built.

But it wasn't tough to me, nor was it wicked. It was the greatest city in the world, the friendliest, and the most alluring. Each night was an adventure. Each night held richer promise than the night before.

There might be a Polish wedding in the West Chicago Avenue district, with colorful people dancing and tables laden with delicious food and drinks. Everybody had to dance with the bride. She held a plate in her hand as she danced, and her partner had to put at least a dollar on the plate. Each wedding celebration lasted at least three nights. One often wondered how the bride stood up against the ordeal and managed to keep smiling.



It was fun to hunt the burglar. There were cops with me. I found him hiding in a clothes closet.

Three days and nights the guests ate and drank and danced. Usually, on the third night there were one or two stabbings, and sometimes a man was shot. I've seen young Poles, bridegrooms and best men and guests, slashed to ribbons. I've helped shunt some of them into the ambulance. Many I thought were dying. But it was common knowledge at West Chicago Avenue that you couldn't kill a Pole, even with an ax.

There might be a spectacular fire to cover. There might be a hold-up and a chase by the police. There might be a prisoner to question in the lock-up. There might be a burglar to hunt.

Or there might be a Black Hand murder in the East Chicago Avenue district, in the region known as Little Italy. There was a murder or two there every other night, and a bombing every other week.

Little Italy was, to me, the most colorful neighborhood in all Chicago. Thousands of wretchedly poor families lived in the tenements that rose from its streets and alleys. These people lived in constant terror. They were ruled by leaders of the Mafia, a secret organization formed dusty centuries ago in the mountains of Sicily. They paid tribute, or they lost their homes, their stores, their savings, or their lives. And if they babbled to the police, they were shot down or had their throats cut or died in their flaming beds.

They were afraid of the Mafiosi. They were afraid of the police. They were even afraid of each other; for there were so many feuds among them.

They never talked.

There would be a woman bending over the body of her man, dipping her fingers in his blood, making the sign of the cross, screaming oaths of vengeance. A cop would tap her on the shoulder and ask, "Who done it?" She'd turn pale and look away and murmur, "No speaka da Ingaleesh."

There would be a little group of people in their night clothes, looking at the ruins of the building that had housed them and bewailing the loss of some one who hadn't managed to escape.

"Who done it?"

"No speaka da Ingaleesh."

"Oh, yes, you do. You speak it plenty good. Almost as good as me. Come on now, Tony. Who done it? You get any Black Hand letters before the bomb went off? Come clean. Nobody's going to hurt you. We'll protect you."

"No speaka da Ingaleesh."

"Them guins," the disgusted cops would complain, "they never talk. Afraid somebody'll croak 'em. And the worst of it is, they're right. All we can do is make a report, and wait for the next killing. Some day, maybe, all the murderers will have killed each other off. Then maybe a guy can get some guinea to talk."

"They ain't guineas," my father used to say. "And don't call 'em that. Don't call anybody a guinea or a dago or a wop—or a kike or a sheeny or a kraut either. You can call an Irishman a Mick or a turkey or a harp, because you're one yourself. But don't go calling any other people names. Especially the Italians."

He loved the Italians and Sicilians in his district, and got along with them well. He used to kid the other lieutenants because most of the murders and bombings occurred while they were on the job.

"You see what happens?" he'd say. "I never knew it to fail. As soon as I go on days, all hell breaks loose at night. When I'm on nights, all the shootings and bombings break in the morning or afternoon. You see, those Sicilians know me. They're not taking any chances. They wait until they know you guys are holding the bag. Then they're safe."

We weren't always hurrying to excitement. There were long stretches when we did nothing but play cards, or listen to my father or some other old-time cop as he sat and smoked and spun one yarn after the other.

One night when I called the office Harsh had welcome news for me: "You must have made good, Eddie. Anyway, they're giving you another two-dollar raise."

Twelve dollars a week. In something like three years I had doubled my original salary! And it wasn't long until I quit the City Press for fifteen dollars a week on the Examiner.

But I wasn't happy on that paper—a phrase newspapermen use whenever they can't get a raise, or the city editor fails to appreciate their merits. Eventually I asked Clarence Speed, city editor of the Record-Herald, for a job. He said I could do police for him if I'd work for twenty dollars. We shook hands on it.

The Record-Herald was a better paper to work for. Besides, some of my greatest heroes were on it then—Jack Lawson, Hal Lytle, Ray Leek, and J. P. McEvoy. The greatest of these, I thought, was Lawson. It was an actual thrill just to be able to say, "Jack? Sure I know him. I know him well. Jack and I are pals."

He used to pace the floor before he began his stories, walking back and forth, back and forth. Only when he had the perfect beginning would he sit down to his machine.

One night he was more troubled than usual. Mark Twain was dead. Up and down, up and down, behind the long row of desks, Jack walked like a worried lion in his cage, thrusting out his jaw, shaking his mane. Suddenly I saw his face light up, saw him dash to his typewriter. Looking over his shoulder a few minutes later, I saw his lead:

"Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are orphans."

One evening, strolling through the bad lands of North Clark Street, I stumbled upon an unusual story. In Dan Martin's little mission a group of bums were holding some kind of religious services. I went inside and asked a lot of questions. Dan was dead, and these derelicts he had sheltered and nourished and taught were conducting the funeral rites.

Here were whiskered and ragged hoboes singing of golden streets and still, green pastures. Here was a scar-faced ex-convict reading out of the Bible, "I am the resurrection and the life." Here were a drunk and a blind beggar coming in through the door with a few flowers they had swiped from a florist down the street. And the blind man could see, but the drunk was blind. Here was a story Jack Lawson would have loved to write.

I could hardly wait to dip my fingers into it.

Frank Marney, the day city editor, gave me a challenging look when I reported to him the following afternoon.

"Did you write the Dan Martin story?"

"You bet I did. Every word of it."

"You needn't brag," Marney said. "It wasn't that good. But it was good enough to take you off police."

I thought I was being fired.

"Speed thinks it's unusual for a police reporter to dig up that kind of yarn. So you're going on assignments." He added softly, "At twenty-five a week."

I still didn't get it. Not until I saw him smile.

"You mean I get a raise and that I'm a real reporter on account of that story?"

If he had knighted me then and there he couldn't have made me half so happy nor a tenth so proud.

"I mean you're off police. You'll miss that. Well, kids grow up. And adventure dies. And a man grows dull and stodgy and builds his belly outward. And there's security in routine. But a guy can always look back at his police-reporting days and remember how happy he was."

I reported at one every afternoon thereafter, and covered luncheons and banquets and other insipid affairs, and pondered Marney's words again and again.

Yes, adventure was dead. That time I'd been shot at, that time I captured a burglar, those nights in Little Italy and in Little Poland—they'd never come again.

It had been fun to hear the bullets go whizzing by. Not at the time, perhaps, but immediately afterward. We were chasing two stick-up men that night. I was sitting on the front seat of the patrol wagon with the driver. We ran over a wooden sidewalk, jouncing the livers out of us, and into a vacant lot. There the fugitives turned and fired. The horses came to such a sudden stop I was sent flying into a clump of burdocks that grew out of a pile of tin cans and ashes.

When I picked myself up, I found the driver emerging from the weeds, and cops spilling out of the wagon's rear to give chase on foot. The driver and I stayed where we were, picking burdocks out of our pants.

"I feel like a bull moose!" T. R. in 1912 at the door of the Progressives' Chicago convention hall.

"I thought the horses would be hit," the driver explained. "That's the reason I stopped when I did. Sure it wasn't myself I thought of, nor was it Biddy and the kids. It was the horses—and if anything of this goes into the papers I'll wring your neck though you be Butch Doherty's little boy."

And it had been fun to hunt the burglar. There were a lot of cops with me. We went all through the house before I found him hiding in a clothes closet and pulled him out. But it wasn't fun when I saw how young he was and how frightened; when I realized that had it not been for me he might not have had to go to prison.

And it had been thrilling to go out with the detectives, a .45 jammed into my overcoat pocket, searching the gambling hells and brothels in North Clark Street, hunting three murderers—three who had shot a cop.

The fun died when we stepped into the little room in the Passavant Hospital where the cop lay dying. He was delirious, talking of a circus he wanted to buy for his mother.

"A beautiful circus, mama. We'll go out on the road with it. We'll make money. And I'll buy you a satin dress and stuff diamonds in every pocket of it. Mama, do you hear me? Mama, what do you say?"

My father came into the room, and for the first time I saw tears in his eyes.

"None of my boys ever went like this," he said. "They got it the easy way, thank God."

He jerked his head at the detectives.

"Get out," he said.

When he spoke in that voice no man ever disobeyed, no man ever hesitated. The detectives went. But I had not been told to go. I watched my father go to the bed and take the dying man's hand in his. "Sure, son," he said. "We'll make a fortune. You've always loved the circus, haven't you, son?"

This was the voice I had heard in my childhood, the voice that had lulled me—how many times!—to sleep, the voice I'd grown unused to in my father.

"Yes, mama, always I've loved the circus."

I tiptoed out—and hurried to catch up with the dicks. And all that night we continued hunting for three men.

Sometimes I thought of asking Speed to put me back on police, to shift me anywhere out of this backwash of pink-tea assignments. The coming of Teddy Roosevelt to Chicago and the birth of the Bull Moose Party lifted the curtain of monotony, but only for a day or two.

I helped cover the Bull Moose convention, and actually met George Ade. And I was one of the crowd who stood in the Florentine room of the Congress Hotel when Teddy made his speech of acceptance. We were all jammed so tightly together we couldn't take notes. He spoke impromptu. We had to remember what he said.

I took a taxi to the office, an unheard-of extravagance on the Record-Herald. But the dead line was only a few minutes away. I was the first to reach the office. I started to write what I remembered of the speech. Bert Yarwood, Dick Lee, Jim Lowder, Art Crawford, and others came in one by one, and supplied what they'd remembered, dictating as I hurried over the keys.

Boys pulled the speech from me, a paragraph at a time, until Speed said he had all he could handle for that edition. I had written eleven hundred words in just five minutes. Speed gave me my first bonus: two dollars and a half.

MARIE'S candle burned with a lovely light. But I couldn't always see it. Sometimes a piquant face came between me and the soft blue fire, or the ripple of dark or tawny hair, or a pair of powdered shoulders, or a haunting mouth, or the saucy swing of a hip.

I was ever one to bend the knee and doff the plumes to beauty. The swish of a skirt was music to me at times. It could make my breathing falter. I was easily led. And as easily led away.

It was the Irish in me, I thought, that made me love all women—one at a time, and one after the other. Or maybe it was the poet that must chase beauty. All women were saints to me. Especially the comely and shapely ones. And O the candles I lighted on their altars!

And ah, the flames I've seen snuffed out—the dying wicks hissing in grease, the smell of scorched and rancid tallow, the pain of my seared fingers!

But the candle we lit, Marie and I, when we were babies, burned steadily and softly through the years. No quarrel ever caused its flame to waver. No jealousy ever dimmed its radiance. No ugliness of any kind ever fed its bright serenity. I might do what I would, go where I willed, adore whatever little goddess pleased my errant fancy. The flame burned still.

Thus when I told Marie of Madge she was neither alarmed nor disturbed.

"A blonde?" she asked.

"I don't know. She's a little schoolteacher from Wisconsin. Not very pretty, but there's something about her that enchants me."

"And you don't know whether she's brunette or blonde or redhead?"

"No. But her eyes are blue. Like yours."

I bent and kissed her.

She blessed me with a happy funny smile that puzzled me whenever I remembered it. But I am not puzzled now. I learned long since what she had always known, that though I might make love to a hundred other girls, I would always return to Marie.

"Madge's people," I explained, "were neighbors of Gran's. I'm going to visit them this summer, after her school lets out."

"Oh, summer school!" she said. "Have fun. But don't break any hearts."

Speed let me take my vacation in July. I wired Madge, and caught the first train out of Chicago.

There was no one to meet me when I reached my destination. But I wasn't worried. Madge was probably on the way. I started down the road in the general direction of her father's farm. I knew this part of Wisconsin. I had spent many vacations here with my mother when I was a child. And it was glorious to see it all again.

I had walked for hours before I met any one who could give me explicit directions. He was a farmer driving to town, a lean yellowed old man with a rubber collar and an orange beard. He pulled up his horse and whittled a chaw of tobacco.

"All city boys wear them hay hats now?" he asked.

"A lot of us," I said.

"Madge your gal?"

"Yes."

"Sho. I be doggone."

He lifted his head and squinted at the sun, and I saw the brass-green collar button his beard had hidden. His Adam's apple moved convulsively. Was he laughing at me?

I ought to write a book about this country and these people, I thought, and I ought to put that hayseed in it.

Half a mile farther down the road I stopped to question a woman sitting on a rail fence. She wore a calico dress and a sunbonnet. Her feet were bare. She smoked a corncob pipe. She was very old and had but one tooth, a canary-colored fang.

"Sooley!" she called.

Sooley was in the field, hoeing potatoes. I thought she was a man until she picked up her baby and put him to her naked breast. Her black eyes were full of wonder.

"What you want, maw?"

"How fur to Madge's place, Sool?"

"Oh, 'bout two-three mile, I reckon. Keep right on. You can't miss hit. Madge your woman?"

"Well, not yet."

"She will be, then. The more fool her. Her with the pick of the best farms in Wisconsin. Her with her school. And her high-toned notions. When be the wedding, I say?"

THE book was writing itself in my mind. I was so absorbed I almost walked past the R. F. D. box that bore the name I sought. There was the tobacco shed, just as Madge had described it, and the pigpens, and the silo, and the orchard. There were the new barns, one red and the other white. And there, at last, was the house, sheltered by a tremendous oak, and Madge sitting on the stoop with a book in her hand.

She leaped up when I called her, so startled and so beautiful the chills played leapfrog on my spine. What magic had transformed her from the plain little girl I'd met in Chicago? Or was it I who had been changed?

We were both embarrassed for a moment. Then she gave me her hand, and called her folks out into the yard and introduced them—and slipped into the house to put on a prettier frock.

"Well, by hell!" her father greeted me, taking the suitcase from my hand and tossing it lightly to one of his sons. "I'm glad to meet you. Be welcome to my house. But why didn't you let us know you were coming?"

"I wired."

"Well, that explains it. We never get telegrams here. Too far from

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"Whose SCALP won't pass what FINGERNAIL TEST?"

THE NERVE of that campus cowboy. Telling me, the All-American tackle, I got crummy hair! "Scram!" says I, "before I take you apart!"

BUT HE DON'T SCARE EASY. "If you weren't all muscle and no brains," he says, "you'd know I'm doing you a favor. You do all right on the 40-yard line, but with a dandruff condition like you've got . . . well . . . who was that lady I didn't see you with last night?"

"LEAVE HER OUT OF THIS!" I yell. But the Fingernail Test tells me Oswald's right. So that night I see my druggist. "What you need," he says, "is this 3-action Wildroot-with-Oil. The old Wildroot formula that's been cleaning up dandruff scales for 30 years, *plus* pure vegetable oils that keep hair in place *without* building up grease on the scalp!"

TAKE IT from a dumb football player! If you want a tonic that keeps your hair looking swell and keeps it clean too, *use Wildroot-with-Oil!*"

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WITH OIL
THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC
1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS 2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
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town, I guess. And the roads are bad. And so you walked all the way!"

"Welcome indeed!" cried Madge's mother. "How's your ma? And your grandma? She still alive?"

She was sweet and lovely, and she said over and over again, "So you're Elly Rodgers' oldest boy!"

Madge's two brothers shook hands bashfully. And the younger asked if he might try on my hat.

During the meal and after it they asked a thousand questions about life in Chicago; and I talked almost until bedtime of things they'd never seen—of automobiles, and movie theaters, and airplanes, and suicides, and murders, and bombings in Little Italy, and of newspapermen.

They listened avidly, and thought, undoubtedly, that I was a cockeyed liar but a mighty entertaining sort of cuss. I could see it in their eyes.

Afterward Madge and I sat beneath the great tree and talked till nearly nine o'clock.

I remember now only a few incidents out of those two weeks. I remember how we walked over the hills and down a road fringed with dusty ragweed to the log hut where my mother was born. And I remember a Sunday morning in church, and the curly-headed little boy who sat in the pew ahead of us, and the way Madge looked at him and then at me—so that I could read her plainly. I could have hugged her then, but didn't.

On the last day we hunted four-leaf clovers for a time. We stood on a hillock as the sun went down, and the clovers fell through my fingers. I took her in my arms and kissed her. And her eyes burned blue. Like Marie's.

We ran to the house then, hand in hand. I saw her father in the barnyard, and shouted to him, "Bill, you're going to lose your daughter! I'm going to marry her."

Bill laughed, and jumped a fence, and came toward me with outstretched hand.

"Well, by hell! You're welcome to her. A lot of boys have been barking up that tree. I'm glad it's you that brought her down."

He called his wife, his sons. And after he had told the news he cut across fields to tell his son-in-law.

"When, Madge?" I asked, when I had a chance to speak to her alone.

That was out in the orchard, and apples fell before she answered. I see her now as she was then, a slim little girl in checkered gingham, her sunbonnet hanging at the back of her neck, her hands gripped tight in mine, her eyes smiling up at me.

"Next July," she said.

"A whole year?"

"I must teach school again this fall and winter. Maybe in the spring?"

"April!"

"No. We must have enough money to make a start. We'd better wait until after school next year."

"Change your mind again," I begged. "Say spring. And mean it."

"Dearest, I'd love to. But we do need money. And we're so young! You're not yet twenty-one. And I'm just eighteen. A year's not long—if we write each other every day."

Her younger brother drove me to the station in the morning, asking a thousand questions. He confided that he'd often wondered about moving pictures, and once had almost run away to see them. He'd seen an auto.

"It must be wonderful to be a newspaperman," he said.

"The most wonderful thing in the world," I answered.

But the pay was lousy. Out of my twenty-five a week I bought a diamond ring, paying five dollars on it every Saturday. Of the twenty left, some went to my parents, some to my friends. One-way money. A buck, or two bucks, until tomorrow. A fin till Friday. I lived on five or six dollars a week most of the time. Try to save money for your wedding day on that, and the cozy little flat of your dreams. Go ahead, try it!

There were only two avenues of escape. I could finish the novel and make some money out of it. Or I could get a better job on the Tribune.

How he won his spurs on the Tribune with a heart-wringing story of the child of a destitute family, and how — hoping to make "Madge-money" faster—he took up boxing and fought a famous "white hope" to a standstill, Mr. Doherty will tell you next week!

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AMERICA'S *Clipped Wings*

The case of our aviation reserve . . Are red tape and jealousy stifling it?

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHILE the United States government is spending unprecedented time and money to make the country aviation-minded and to train thousands of young men to become pilots and mechanics, the United States Army is working just as doggedly to make flying as unattractive a career as possible.

Of course the War Department will deny that. The fact remains, however, that the Air Corps is still the army's stepchild, and that the Aviation Reserve—in every other nation the sinew and backbone of military strength in the air—exists at all in this country only because its members have the enthusiasm and the patriotism to keep themselves in training for a national emergency.

Within a few months, the government will be training thousands of young men in the rudiments of aviation. They will be taught in universities and private flying schools. The huge reservoir of experienced pilots, graduates of the rigorous army school, and all of them devoted to aviation as an art, not a business, will *not* be utilized in this program. Hundreds of them would be glad to go to work at a second lieutenant's pay as teachers, but because the new pilot-training enterprise is a *civilian* project, sponsored by the Civil Aeronautics Authority, members of the Army Aviation Reserve, as such, are barred. A few are being used, but not as Reserve officers.

PURDUE UNIVERSITY AIRPORT

Groundwork at North Carolina State College and (below) Emmet Hamer, of Purdue University, first college student to fly under the CAA.

In England, where the government subsidizes aviation clubs, and in France and Germany and Italy—even in Poland and Yugoslavia and Turkey—the pilots of the Army Reserve are given training, compensation, and active duty, if they want it, in teaching fledglings how to use wings. Even the United States Navy takes extra good care that its comparatively few Reserve aviators are kept fit and abreast of the aviation times, and pays them for doing it.

If it is high time that the wasteful and shabby treatment accorded the Army Aviation Reserve is publicized, it is also because the interests of every American taxpayer are affected and not only the rights of the 3,000 Air Corps Reserve officers. It costs every one of us nose-to-the-grindstone workaday earthlings plenty to support the federal civilian, army, and navy aviation establishments. It is just ordinary common sense, even if it is not accepted military method, that we get our money's worth; a factory does not keep a man on the payroll from apprenticeship to master mechanic and then proceed to fire him

Caution..!

Watch out if your scalp feels tight and itchy, if flakes of dandruff fall, if your hair won't stay in place. These are danger signs of Dry Scalp—bad news to handsome hair!

1st step to good-looking hair: Relieve DRY SCALP!

SUNSHINE! Wind! A stinging shower after exercising! Sure they feel swell, but they're enemies of good-looking hair. They rob your scalp of its natural oils! That's why *extra* protection with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is so important all year-round.

Why 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic? Because it's *different!* It contains absolutely no drying ingredients. Instead 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic actually combats dryness by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Give your hair the common-sense care which 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic provides. Begin today, and watch it take on that lustrous look! See how well it stays in place.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
40¢ and 70¢

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

EVERY MORNING shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

EVERY WEEK before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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SUNBURN? WINDBURN? TRY 'VASELINE' Petroleum Jelly! It cools. Soothes. Supplements the natural skin oils. Relieves parched, dry feeling. A jar or tube 10c.

because he has learned his trade. The army not only does that with aviators but tells them that if they want to keep in practice they had better get themselves a lucrative job somewhere, so they can afford to prepare themselves for service when the country needs them. In what other profession would one be asked to train another for his job and then be fired?

The difference between the army training program and the Civil Aeronautics Authority's has to be borne in mind. The CAA project is a wholesale production of pilots able to solo in fifty-horsepower training ships. The students are not taught military tactics, gunnery, bombing, aerial photography, or anything else except to be able to take an airplane into the air and bring it back to earth intact. Of course the object is to provide a pool of thousands of young men who will not have to be taught the rudiments of flying in case of war. How the CAA's graduates are going to keep in practice is something nobody has thought about.

Parallel to this course is the army's school for military pilots. Qualified young men are enlisted as flying cadets for nine months' intensive training, the first three months at civilian schools, and the following six at the army training center.

At the end of the nine months' schooling the flying cadet is given a commission as a second lieutenant in the *Reserve,* and placed on "extended active duty" without guaranty of how long the job will last. He can be reappointed to extended active duty annually for three years, and if he makes the grade for a first lieutenancy he may be kept on for two years more. A few who can pass the stiff competitive examinations are admitted to the regular army, starting as newly commissioned second lieutenants and as juniors to all the younger men in the regular corps of officers.

After five years of specialized work as a military aviator, the army says to the young man: "Well, it was nice to have seen you. Good-by." It is a pretty cold-blooded scheme to keep the army supplied with a steady stream of pilots at minimum cost. Of about 1,400 active army pilots, about 800 are Reserve officers on extended duty. Take away the Reserve and you take away the Air Corps.

WHAT'S wrong with that? O. K., let's not argue. There is nothing wrong with that, *so far.*

The young man has been trained at public expense to become a crackajack flyer for military purposes. He can fly an airplane at 400 miles an hour 18,000 feet in the air; he can fly upside down, or blind, and drop a bag of flour on a 100-foot circle from a mile in the air. So now, having served his hitch, he can go out and get a job as a filling-station attendant or a salesman. If he can possibly find a job in commercial aviation he has to learn the business from the ground up, because his army training is of no great help, beyond proving that he can fly.

He is, however, a Reserve officer on the inactive-status list. In almost any other country except the United States, that means something. Under our system it means only that he can go to one of twenty-four designated army airports whenever he has the time and the money, and fly for practice. He can, if he is able, sign up for two weeks' active duty with pay once a year.

But as a Reserve officer, inactive status, he flies at his own risk. If he is killed, the government will permit him to be buried in Arlington Cemetery at his family's expense. If he is injured during his annual two weeks' voluntary training practice, he gets a maximum of six months' pay and free hospitalization. If his injuries take more than six months to heal, he gets hospital service without pay until the surgeons certify him as being as well as he will ever be. Insurance companies are still loath to accept army aviators as reasonable risks.

In 1925 the Naval Reserve was admitted to the benefits of the United States Employees Compensation Act, but efforts to have this extended to the army have continuously failed until this Congress. This year the Senate granted the Army Reserve, of all categories, a death benefit of 35 per cent of the member's salary and total disability compensation not to exceed $116.66 a month. It will not be law until the House adopts it and the

President signs it. The catch in it for Reserve pilots is the "willful neglect" clause; it will be pretty hard for the victim of an airplane accident, or his widow, to prove that the crack-up was not caused by negligence.

The army does not provide its Reserves with instructions to keep them abreast of the aviation times. They are not taught or refreshed in instrument flying, gunnery, bombing, or formation flying.

All that is provided for these men is two dozen designated flying fields, to and from which they must travel at their own expense, and training planes in which to practice. There is no program, no instruction, nothing. If a Reserve officer wishes to practice blind flying and asks a fellow reservist to ride with him as observer, the auxiliary pilot has first to sign a waiver freeing the government of all responsibility for any injuries he may receive while helping his comrade by volunteering for work which, by any standards, a competent instructor should be assigned to perform.

At that, conditions are better than they were five years ago. Only two years ago, as a matter of fact, the reservists had only the regular army's cast-off airplanes to play with, machines condemned as unfit for routine flying. The army also had the shrewd, if unscrupulous, practice of converting funds authorized by Congress to buy airplanes for the Reserve to its own use by selling its obsolete ships to the Reserve units at the price of new ones. There *has* been that improvement; and another break for the Reserve is the proposed extension of active duty from five years to seven. This additional two years is for the purpose of keeping Reserve officers on duty long enough to train others for their jobs, and will be discontinued when the expansion program is finished.

Of the approximately 700 army-trained pilots on the enforced inactive list, only about 300 are getting as much as forty-eight hours of flying a *year*. The rest stay on the ground. The 300 who are getting some sort of practice are the fortunate ones who can afford to take the time and the risk of keeping themselves prepared for active service. The others haven't the personal resources which the army forces them to employ.

THE War Department has consistently fought legislation to provide Reserve pilots, whether on active service or not, with any sort of compensation for injuries or death, for the officially expressed reason that "it is not a proper function of the War Department to administer the pension system . . . for temporary personnel employed in active service in times of peace."

The real reason the War Department opposes any sort of insurance for Reserve flyers is that it hates to give the aviators any sort of break, commensurate with the risks of aviation, which it cannot in good conscience extend to the reservists in the older branches of service. If all the reservists in the army cannot have financial protection against injuries or fatalities while practicing to keep up with their military science, then the aviators can't have it, although there is a considerable margin of risk between deploying imaginary troops on a paper field and practicing loops and turns at 175 miles an hour two miles up in the air without an instructor.

That, then, is how the military bureaucracy discourages the formation and maintenance of an adequate aviation reserve. It provides a couple of dozen fields and a few score airplanes, but no teachers, no program, no military equipment, and nothing more than the same kind of hospital service any pedestrian civilian receives in case of injury. Yet any student of military organization knows that the backbone of any nation's defense is a well organized, well trained Reserve.

Now let us go back to the government's civilian pilot training. For years the reservists have been begging for some sort of federally supported program to teach rudimentary flying. Some Reserve units have been providing training courses on their own initiative by encouraging youngsters to enlist as privates in the Reserve and training these young volunteers as mechanics and observers, preparing them for Reserve pilots' commissions.

Did You Ever Take An INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to improve your general health, to enjoy perhaps a new sense of vigor, even of optimism, feel up-and-coming every day for work or play . . . you're going to read this message to the very last line.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an Internal Bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some newfangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real genuine true Internal Bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. A bona-fide Tyrrell Internal Bath is the administration into the lower intestinal tract of pure, warm water in which J. B. L. Cleansing Powder has been dissolved. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell. Now here's where the genuine Internal Bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the late Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U— thus ∩ . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). In many cases the passage of the colonic waste is delayed entirely too long. Result: An accumulation of long-retained impacted fecal matter that is bound to be uncomfortable at best. But, in the opinion of many authorities, this mass of waste may produce more serious results. From this state of chronic constipation may result—in the opinion of many—an increased susceptibility to colds, certain kinds of headaches, so-called rheumatic pains, listlessness and fatigue—sometimes various skin blemishes, not to mention other more serious attributed ills. Many authorities believe that you should be kept free of chronic constipation. Internal Bathing is an effective means. No harsh cathartics or laxatives. Through the use of the J. B. L. Cascade you can give yourself a high colonic irrigation—and right in the privacy of your own home. In only fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract—quick, hygienic action. As the intestinal muscles tend to be strengthened, the passage of waste is hastened. The use of the J. B. L. Cascade is non-habit forming.

Frequent Benefits

Taken just before retiring, for instance, it often induces sleep as restful as that of a child and often helps the user to arise in the morning—as many advocates of the J. B. L. Cascade have testified—with a new sense of vigor—with a new fund of optimism. Many, many men and women who have faithfully practised Internal Bathing attribute these results and many others to this marvelous method of keeping clean inwardly.

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many citing results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L-923, 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

Tear Off and Mail at Once

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 W. 65th Street, Dept. L 923
New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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But when the government, at President Roosevelt's behest, finally went into the business of teaching elementary education, it leaned so far backward to avoid the appearance of "militarism" that the reservists were ruled out of participation. The training is to be provided at certain approved universities and private schools. The hundreds of prepared tailor-made teachers the Air Corps Reserve presents—graduates of the finest aviation training system in the world—just can't be used, unless they can get jobs as schoolteachers in the CAA's civilian-training centers.

The argument in defense is that most of the reservists otherwise available as teachers are so deficient in practice that they would have to be given training to make them competent enough to become instructors.

If that sounds like an admission that the Air Corps Reserve is being allowed to die on the vine, tell your congressman. You might mention in your letter that in the last ten years there have been very few fatal accidents to Reserve pilots, despite the thousands of hours of handicapped flying they have performed, mostly in "crates" not deemed safe enough for men entitled to pensions.

More up and coming than the army is the navy, which maintains a "fleet reserve" for its flying men who volunteer to report for air duty four days a month. The navy provides full flying pay and allowances for its reservists, and sends them up with its regulars on tactical flights, which keeps the Saturday-and-Sunday aviators up to the minute in the art. Thus, in net effect, the navy keeps its reservists as effectively trained as its regular flyers at one eighth the cost. Army reservists think they should be given the same opportunities.

Perhaps the answer to the whole business, from the civilian program for schoolboy pilots to an effectively maintained Reserve, is to create a special department of aviation such as foreign governments provide. The United States still sticks to the archaic theory that aviation is a supplementary branch of the army or navy, although it has recognized the importance of commercial flying to the extent of establishing the Civil Aeronautics Authority.

Even Congress has refused to establish aviation committees within its own organization. There are committees for army and navy affairs, committees for the conservation of wild life, Lord help us! But when the Senate, recognizing the important part aviation was playing in modern civilization, discussed forming a committee to handle pertinent legislation and inquiries, partisan jealousies wrecked the plan.

Senator McCarran, independent Democrat from Nevada, was slated to become chairman of the aviation committee in recognition of his interest in flying, his authorship of most of the important laws affecting aviation, and his service on the special committee which investigated air-mail contracts. McCarran's term does not expire until 1944, please note. But his selection was opposed by a clique of New Dealers who wanted the chairmanship for one of themselves, preferably Senator Truman of Missouri, for the sake of the prestige and the patronage the position carried, and its value to a senator whose term expires in 1940. So the whole business ended in a row, and aviation is still served in Congress through the Interstate Commerce, Military Affairs, and Naval Affairs committees.

That confusion in the Senate pictures in miniature the position of aviation in our national structure.

The medieval Turks used to put babies in earthen pots and starve them, to make misshapen dwarfs. Perhaps the Army Air Reserve ought to use the "flowerpot babies" of ancient Turkey as the corps insignia on their airplanes.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

BY OLIVER SWIFT

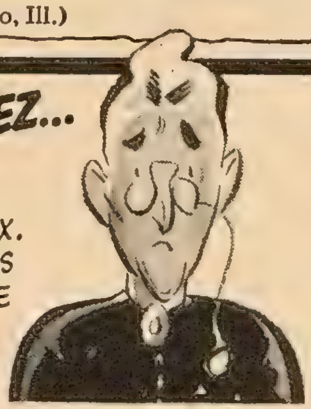
★ ★ ★ IF WE ONLY HAD MONEY by Leo Shippey. Houghton Mifflin Company.

How often have you said—or heard it said—if we only had money? This gay novel by the author of The Great American Family tells what happens when you get it.

KLEENEX* "TRUE CONFESSIONS"

WIN $5.00
PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ASK: "HOW DID WE EVER GET ALONG WITHOUT KLEENEX?" WE'LL PAY $5.00 FOR EVERY KLEENEX "TRUE CONFESSION" PUBLISHED *Mail yours to* KLEENEX, *919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago*

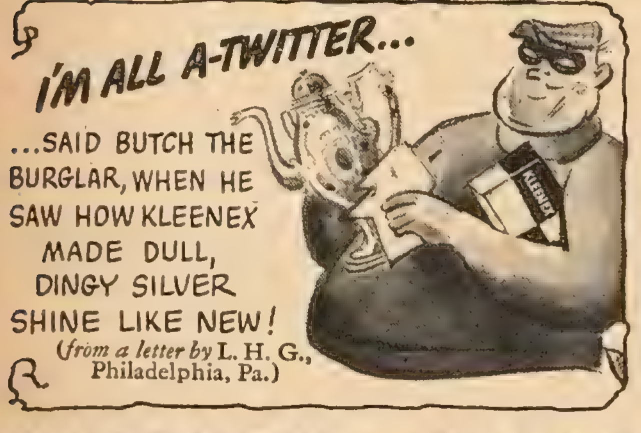
BLOW HARD, BIG BOY! THE BOSS CAUGHT ON QUICK ABOUT KLEENEX—IT'S SO SOFT AND SOOTHING ON HIS NOSE WHEN HE HAS A COLD!
(*from a letter by* L. K., Chicago, Ill.)



SO I SEZ... ONLY KLEENEX IS JUST LIKE KLEENEX. NO CLERK CAN PASS OFF A SUBSTITUTE BRAND ON ME!
(*from a letter by* E. H. S., Lansdowne, Pa.)

● During colds and hay fever, Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

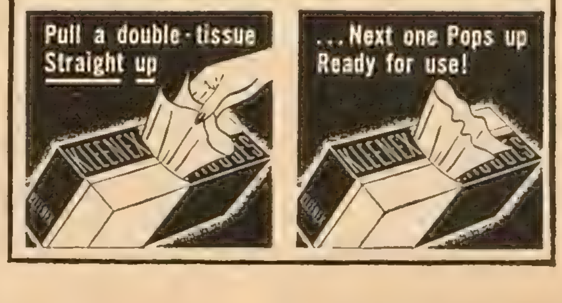
Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste and mess . . . now *both* 500-sheet and 200-sheet Kleenex comes in the Serv-a-Tissue Box. Keep one in every room in your home, one in your office, another in your car.



I'M ALL A-TWITTER... ...SAID BUTCH THE BURGLAR, WHEN HE SAW HOW KLEENEX MADE DULL, DINGY SILVER SHINE LIKE NEW!
(*from a letter by* L. H. G., Philadelphia, Pa.)

"TWO TIMER," MY BEST GIRL SCREAMED NO MORE TELL-TALE LIPSTICK STAINS SINCE I SUPPLY ALL MY GIRLS WITH KLEENEX TISSUES!
(*from a letter by* A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

NOW 500 SHEET ECONOMY KLEENEX* ALSO IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX
it Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time


Pull a double-tissue Straight up
...Next one Pops up Ready for use!
KLEENEX
KLEENEX

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

SOFTBALL *ISN'T* SISSY!

How baseball's stepchild has outgrown its parent. It's now our No. 1 sport!

BY DICK WILLIAMS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

DON'T look now, but Softball, that boisterous stepchild of our beloved Baseball, has grown up and is stepping out high, wide, and handsome-like. Not only has this impulsive brat of the corner lots and alleyways matured, but in certain aspects he's given the old man a merry old run-around. For Softball has acquired a considerable bank roll and seventy-five million friends.

Yes, that last figure is correct. Seventy-five million! Incredible, but that number of fans will turn out this season to witness that much maligned "sissy" game; fifteen million more than will pass through the turnstiles to see every baseball team from the swanky major leagues down to the lowliest semi-pros.

Add to that the National Recreation Association's expanding figures of more than twelve million registered players, plus the Amateur Softball Association's list of 190,000 fifteen-man teams, and you have a fair idea of the immense growth of a pastime that, like love, is sweeping the country.

Prior to its official christening in 1934, softball was known as playground ball, diamond ball, or indoor ball. And for years after its birth in 1909, the rougher element sometimes referred to it as kittenball—because girls could play it. Today girls do play it and play it well. Last year a team of Alameda, California, cuties won the feminine world's championship in softball.

Like any other sport, softball went through its formative years in haphazard fashion until the Amateur Softball Association was formed, five years ago, issued rules and team regulations, schedules, arranged state tournaments, and pointed everything to a world championship. Such titular affairs have consistently been outdrawing the World Series crowds.

What is behind this unprecedented success of a sport? Primarily, it is availability. Softball can be played almost anywhere that a space 100 by 100 feet is to be had. In a pinch, even a smaller area can be used. It can be played indoors, and is. It can be played in public parks, and is. It can be played on school playgrounds, on private lawns, anywhere an unobstructed square of sufficient dimensions to permit the laying out of a forty-five-foot square diamond can be found.

The availability goes farther than that: The cost of a softball outfit is nominal. A good ball is virtually the same price as a league baseball, and one soft ball lasts indefinitely. Bats, gloves, and uniforms are other items far below the gaudy cost of baseball's necessities.

Thus a team may be equipped at little or no expense. For this reason, a great many business houses which formerly strangled the budget for enough to purchase a full set of baseball uniforms and equipment, including expensive armor for the catcher and two dozen bats at a prohibitive cost, now equip softball teams with shirts and caps, buy them half a dozen balls for the season, toss in two or three bats, and tell them to have at it for the sake of dear old Weetsie-Teetsies.

Virtually every team in the country, male or female, is subsidized in this manner. Merchants have found it a paying method of advertising their wares. There is an infinitely more friendly intimacy between spectator and player than in the game of baseball, whether it be played in the garish concrete coliseum of the late Brewer Ruppert in New York's Bronx or on a lot behind the wet-wash laundry in Smackover, Arkansas.

In the first place, one is not, when one wishes to draw up close and peer into the straining faces of the perspiring athletes, so likely to be decapitated by a screeching foul ball.

In the second place, no great area is required between the plate and the spectators for the catcher to pursue vagrant foul balls. The foul balls never go high enough to permit of much ground covering in their pursuit and the soft ball has a habit of settling to earth quickly.

The game is played, by and large, as baseball is played, save for the distance between bases and the distance from the pitcher's box to the plate. The pitcher is stationed thirty-seven and a fraction feet from the plate and the bases are forty-five feet apart. There is a concession in the distance of the bases which provides that, in the case of excess energy or the desire on the part of a majority of the participants to reduce, the distance may be increased to sixty feet, the distance from the pitcher's box to the home plate unchanged.

There is no bunting in the game. All basemen must take a genuine cut at the ball. A deliberate bunt or an attempt to bunt constitutes a violation of the rules, the penalty for which is immediate declaration of the batsman to be out.

The pitcher, prior to its delivery to the batsman, must hold the ball in front of him in both hands, with both feet solidly on the pitcher's plate, toes (in the event the pitcher isn't too splayfooted to comfortably conform) pointed at the plate. He must deliver the ball with an underhand motion, releasing it at a point below the hip and following its release through on a flat arc. His arm may not, under any circumstances, even to the extent of a sudden chigger bite on the opposite side of his torso, sweep across his body after the ball has been released and prior to its being struck by the batsman or caught by the catcher.

The ball must be of the regulation size and must have sunken seams and must be loosely wound. There are ten players to the side, the tenth being stationed anywhere on the field at the manager's convenience; but usually he is employed between first and second bases in a capacity similar to the shortstop's between second and third bases.

By and large, the action is faster than in baseball. This increased pace may be attributed to the necessity of hurrying throws to head off a runner before he has traveled forty-five feet, or one half the distance he must travel between bases in baseball. One never sees a softball infielder taking his time. By the time the slower ball gets to him he hasn't any time to take. The runner is bearing down on the object base and speed is imperative.

A sissy game, you may say, designed for the never-was-ers and the like-to-be-ers! Don't delude yourself. The immortal George Sisler, one-time manager of the St. Louis Browns, and the American League's all-time .420-batting leader, is one of the leading promoters in the field, and expects to top his last year's income of $50,000. That's not hay. Nor is Sisler alone. All over the country former major-leaguers are playing the game.

Small wonder that the major-league magnates are peering under their beds for all manner of bogeymen before turning out the nocturnal lights. They now have something to justify their fears.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

HOBBIES acquired for fun have turned many a wolf from the door in times of trouble. Lucilla Mara de Vescovi Whitman used to enjoy making elegant Christmas neckties for her husband and family men friends. Widowed now, she has built up her former hobby into a de luxe Park Avenue business. Her Countess Mara cravats are worn by the most discriminating dressers. Last year Toscanini ordered gift ties for every member of the National Broadcasting Company orchestra he had conducted. They were of black silk printed with musical notes in white, and the maestro pinned a gold medal on each before handing them out. Douglas Fairbanks and Noel Coward collect Lucilla Whitman's ties, as does the famed Mexican artist, Diego Rivera. Rivera embarrasses her by wearing his favorites until they hang in shreds. . . . Annually she puts in several months ransacking Europe for exclusive tie fabrics. Her customers start buying conservative ties, she tells me, but sooner or later they develop a yen for gay numbers. . . . Lucilla thinks there are tie fanciers enough in any American city to support an independent business of her kind, but she says the woman who runs it must learn how to tailor ties to perfection and how to pick selling designs. . . . She gave me the following necktie facts at random: Fine ties are wider and longer than ordinary ties. First gent ever to wear a genuine necktie was King Louis XIII of France. Word *cravat* derives from Croatia, where soldiers were early tie wearers. A real dude 'n Victorian days had to master thirty-two different ways of tying his tie. The modern four-in-hand has descended from a cravat originally called the Culross. . . . Now I bet you know more about men's ties than your man knows!

☆ Out of hate-plagued Europe comes this romantic story of a present-day Scarlet Pimpernel. I'm told a young British captain resigned from the army to undertake, with lone-wolf heroism, the work of rescuing Gestapo victims from concentration camps, speeding them secretly across frontiers, along with all the negotiable wealth they could save. He is said to have been discovered when his powerful car skidded into a tree, cascading its cargo of hidden jewels and gold upon the road. Glad to report he somehow escaped.

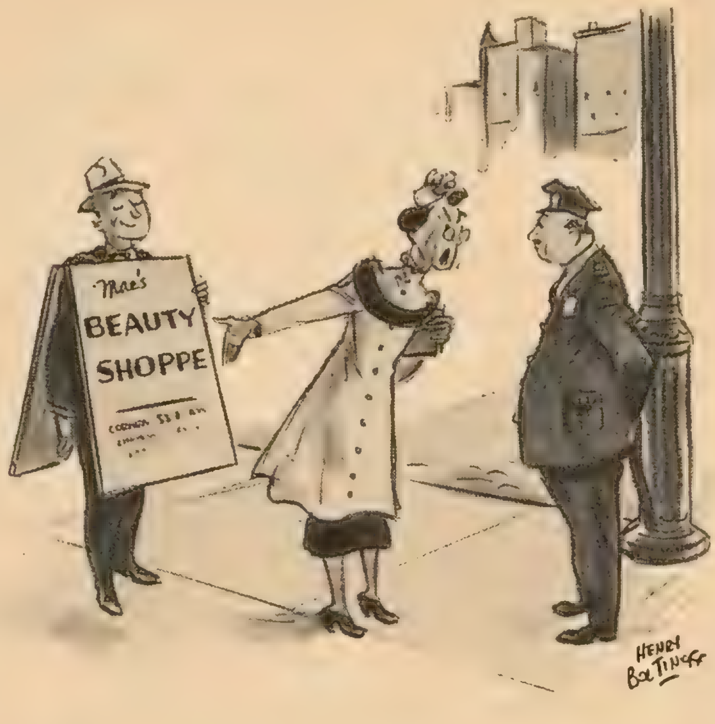
☆ This week all my information seems to involve finery. Jewelers here and abroad are pushing semiprecious stones, no doubt because the diamond trade isn't flourishing. Topaz varieties, from tawny shades to palest orchid; Siberian amethysts, green chrysoprase—these are the stones of rising fashion. It's smart to buy necklaces that can double as bracelets; clips that can serve also as earrings.

☆ Gem of a Creole recipe brought to my notice by the privately (and delightfully) issued Sandalwood Herald. Called *Daube Glacé,* this jellied meat dish requires considerable care but is worth the effort. . . . Use 3 pounds beef, veal, chicken, or turkey. Marinate overnight in vinegar, then sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper, and cook about 4 hours in deep pot with 1 tablespoon fat to make plentiful gravy. Separately quarter and boil 4 pig's feet and 2 veal knuckles with minced parsley and celery to taste. Combine water from feet and knuckles with 1 sliced onion and 1 tablespoon flour lightly browned in deep meat pot. Return meat to pot; add 1 chopped green pepper, a few cloves, salt, paprika, 1 bay leaf, a little thyme, and continue cooking about 2 hours on slow fire. When tender, remove meat from bones; mound in center of large bowl; surround with gravy into which mix finely diced meat from feet and knuckles. Place in refrigerator to jellify solidly.

☆ I know a literary lady who reposes childlike faith in her personal jewelry. Always hurried, preoccupied, in fact somewhat flutterbrained she seldom remembers to have documents of identification in her handbag when asking for credit at a store, or being asked, by a traffic cop, to show her credentials. She meets the emergency by fishing out a little girl's gold watch her father gave her on her thirteenth birthday. "See!" she exclaims. "Here's my name right here. Engraved!" The dissatisfaction with which untrusting folk receive this evidence invariably shocks her.

☆ With square dancing now so popular at parties, a brisk demand ought to greet Lloyd Shaw's lively new book, Cowboy Dances. (Published by the Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Ohio.)

☆ Letter from Dr. B. M. Christie of Omaha, Nebraska, elicited by my inquiry as to how much a girl in a car should argue when the man at the wheel takes a wrong road and she knows the right one but he thinks he knows better. Dr. Christie reverses the situation; says he nearly froze to death, twenty years ago, by heeding the road guidance of a nurse with whom he drove home from a rural case through a Nebraska blizzard. "She directed me fifty miles out of my way," he writes, "and I swore after that I was going to be off all women for life. Recently I have entered on my second marriage. Well, time is a wonderful healer, yet your item stirred up the dying embers of my old resentment." . . . Hope the doctor's new bride will read this and refrain from back-seat driving. Perhaps he had such an outcome in mind when he wrote to me!



"Officer, this man's been following me for half an hour!"

FANTASY IN FILMLAND

A prodigal, streamlined Wizard of Oz comes deftly to the screen, decked forth with lavish hues and prankish playing

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ THE WIZARD OF OZ

THE PLAYERS: Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley, Billie Burke, Margaret Hamilton, Charley Grapewin, Pat Walshe, Clara Blandick. Screen play by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson, and Edgar Allan Wolfe, adaptation by Noel Langley from the book by L. Frank Baum. Directed by Victor Fleming. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 102 minutes.

PINNING elusive fantasy down to literal camera shots is one of the ultra-precarious jobs. Disaster is just around the first close-up. That this expensive, streamlined version of L. Frank Baum's fantasy of thirty-nine years ago is entertaining, sometimes quite lovely, and frequently amusing is, in itself, a triumph.

Baum wrote of a little Kansas farm girl who, fleeing before an approaching cyclone, doesn't quite make the storm cellar along with her aunt and her uncle and the farm hands. A whirling piece of wood from the twister strikes Dorothy—and the rest is her thumping technicolor nightmare. There are bad witches and good witches and a great magician. And there is a scarecrow seeking a brain, a tin woodman who would like a heart, and a cowardly lion who longs plaintively for courage.

Judy Garland, Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow in The Wizard of Oz.

Dorothy joins up with them. She longs for home. You see their quest for the magician and his aid through enchanted forests and poisonous poppy fields, into lands peopled with dwarfish Munchkins, past the winged monkeys who aid the wicked witch, into that evil lady's very castle. But it all ends happily, as a fairy tale should.

There are innumerable amazing camera tricks, and technicolor pictures Dorothy's dream in lavish hues, perhaps in too garish color. Music enlivens every foot of the film and there are some mildly tinkling tunes. You will find Judy Garland a pleasant and wholesome Dorothy. Of the rest, I liked best Bert Lahr as the timid farm hand who, in the dream, becomes the cowardly lion. Lahr's lion is a richly amusing creation, right after Androcles' own heart. Ray Bolger is the farm worker who evolves into the Scarecrow, and Jack Haley his co-hay tosser who becomes the Tin Woodman. They are both satisfactory. The bad witch of the West almost had our sympathy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Metro went studiously whimsical with The Wizard of Oz. Preparation started in the summer of 1938, tests began in August, actual work got under way in September. The film was before the technicolor cameras until last March. Cost ran well over $2,000,000. . . . L. Frank Baum wrote Oz in 1900. It was created as a side line to his prolific writing. He wanted a fantasy sans horror and bloodshed. (The film, with its measure of terror, would sort of surprise him.) The side line made him rich and well known. Before he died he wrote fifteen Oz books. With the money from the Oz yarns Baum hunted up a sleepy little California town and in 1911 built a gray frame house. He called it Ozcot. Baum wanted to live quietly with his wife. The town he selected was pre-movie Hollywood. . . . The Wizard of Oz was a smashing stage success with Fred Stone and Dave Montgomery as the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman. It opened on Broadway in 1903, ran some four years. . . . The Tin Woodman's costume in the film started as a metal suit, but it was too noisy. So they built one of buckram covered with silver leather. Haley's face was waxed and powdered with silver, a bolted jaw piece affixed to his chin moved up and down as he talked. Atop was a metal funnel hat. . . . The Scarecrow's costume was of rags with straw sticking out. Huge gloves covered Bolger's hands, his face was masked with strips of burlap over which grease paint was applied. . . . The Munchkins are 120 midgets gathered by Leo Singer of Singer Midgets fame. . . . And, speaking of size, the poppy field—an acre and a half in itself—has 40,000 red poppies with two-foot wire stems. Twenty men worked a week sticking the poppies in the set. . . . The colored horses? White ones tinted with a harmless dye from a popular gelatine dessert. But the nags kept licking it off.

★ ★ OUR LEADING CITIZEN

THE PLAYERS: Bob Burns, Susan Hayward, Joseph Allen, Elizabeth Patterson, Gene Lockhart, Charles Bickford, Otto Hoffman, Clarence Kolb, Paul Guilfoyle, Fay Helm, Kathleen Lockhart, Hattie Noel, Kathryn Sheldon, Monte Blue, Jim Kelso. Screen play by John C. Moffitt from a story by Irvin S. Cobb. Directed by Al Santell. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 89 minutes.

THE sage of Paducah, Irvin S. Cobb, rushed into dangerous territory in dashing off this screen yarn for the sage of Van Buren, Bob Burns. For you find Burns playing a kindly lawyer-philosopher, a tinge of gray in his hair, doing his best to help out in a strike brought about by a conniving industrialist who cuts the workers' pay ten per cent. Then the millowner brings in strikebreakers. Labor agitators follow. Buildings are bombed, workers' leaders are shot.

Hollywood usually dodges labor-capital issues. This plunges in without getting anywhere. You see the evils of greedy capitalists, the menace of strikers swayed by agitators. It isn't a pleasant sight. Bob Burns' homespun philosopher brings order out of chaos and peace to the little city. He does it by the simple expedient of beating up the chief strikebreaker. This battle of Burns vs. Charles Bickford takes its place with Nelson Eddy's cave knockout of Victor McLaglen in Let Freedom Ring.

Burns isn't at his best. The new dignity and the new left hook weigh heavily upon him.

VITAL STATISTICS: Our Leading Citizen had its world première in Bob's home town of

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Van Buren. Governor C. E. Bailey of Arkansas presided, the temperature was 103, six theaters in Van Buren and Fort Smith showed the film simultaneously. It was a big night for the bazooka specialist. . . . Clarence Kolb usually plays sleek middle-aged business men. Here he gets a chance to do a foreign-born worker forced into the strike but stalwart for the laws of his adopted country. There was real sentiment behind Director Al Santell's choice of him for the part. Back in 1915 Kolb, then one half of the famous stage comedy team of Kolb and Dill, was making film comedies at Santa Barbara. And Kolb made Santell, then a writer of scripts, a director. He has directed ever since—and he didn't forget his benefactor. . . . Whisper: Charles Bickford began his career as a female impersonator in a burlesque show.

★ HAWAIIAN NIGHTS

THE PLAYERS: Johnny Downs, Constance Moore, Mary Carlisle, Eddie Quillan, Thurston Hall, Samuel S. Hinds, Etienne Girardot. Screen play by Charles Grayson. Directed by Al Rogell. Produced by Universal. Running time, 65 minutes.

A MILD romantic fable with the tinkling ukulele background of the islands in the Pacific. The son of a big hotel nabob wants to be an orchestra leader, but dad ships him off to Hawaii to learn the hotel business. In no time at all the lad is leading his own band at a small rival hostelry, long deserted by the tourists. His music jams the place, and is papa amazed!

Songs are spotted in and there are extended interludes of swing band and native hula gyrations. The cast is passable. One newcomer, Constance Moore, plays the daughter of the owner of the down-at-the-register hostelry salvaged by the millionaire's hot trumpeting son. Romance dawns over a scat tune. In spite of that, Miss Moore reveals real possibilities.

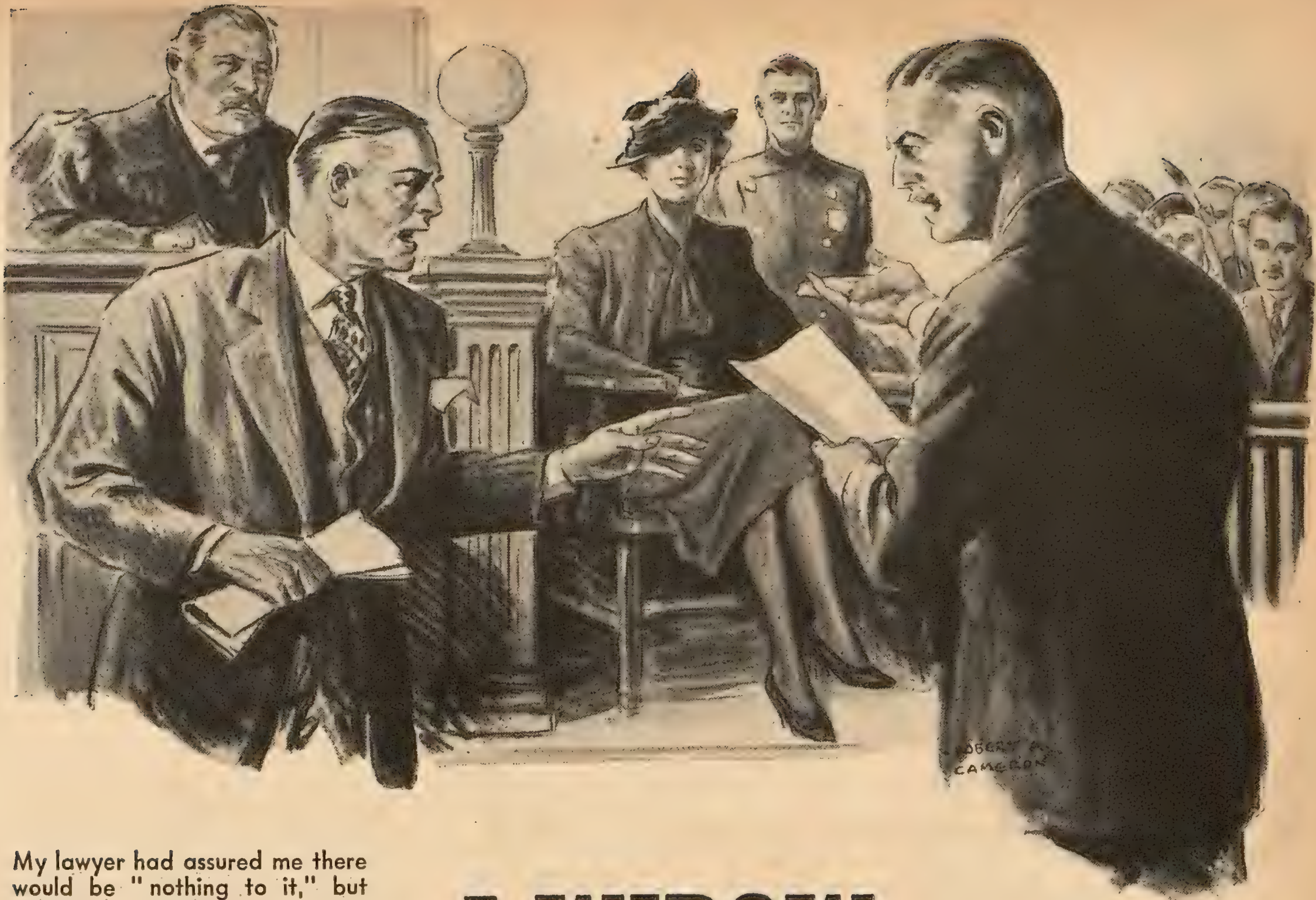
VITAL STATISTICS: This may be the first of a series. Universal is cogitating over the idea. . . . Constance Moore hails from Dallas, Texas. She's been with Universal for two years, played one of the chief roles in W. C. Fields' You Can't Cheat an Honest Man. Was a radio singer with Columbia Broadcasting before she hied to the films, but she warbles for the first time in celluloid in Hawaiian Nights. Recently married Johnny Maschio, talent scout. . . . Chief of the undulating hula dancers in the hotel patio scenes is Alma Ross, wife of the orchestra leader Louis Prima. . . . Members of Matty Malneck's orchestra play the boys in the rich boy's band. And Matty wrote the music of the film's four songs. . . . Johnny Downs started as a youngster in Our Gang comedies. . . . Mary Carlisle was a Wampus baby star of 1933, if you insist on knowing.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid.

★★★—The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring.



My lawyer had assured me there would be "nothing to it," but the case consumed several days.

A WIDOW IN THE COURTS

Paradox! The strange true tale of a winner who lost

BY EUNICE J. NICHOLS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MY husband left me a small estate and, thanks to involved court procedure and several lawyers called reputable, *it cost me more than twice what had been legally willed to me in order to collect it.* Yet, what happened to me is perfectly all right in the eyes of such an august body as the American Bar Association!

Abraham Lincoln, as a lawyer, advised other members of the legal profession to discourage litigation and persuade their clients to compromise whenever they could, pointing out how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and wasted time.

Mr. Lincoln, I fear, would bow his head in sorrow if he looked in on certain legal proceedings over New Jersey way in this enlightened twentieth century. That's the state, you know, where they convicted one man of interfering with justice in his dealings with the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby; later convicted a second man for being the lone wolf in the same crime, and then arrested a third person as the sole perpetrator of the outrage.

It is not my claim that I have been singled out for misfortune, that my case is an unusual one. The sad truth is it seems to be reasonably common. Unquestionably, there are countless men and women in the United States today who feel, as I do, that they have been taken advantage of by the very statutes that were designed to protect them—because of a certain minority among lawyers who make a practice of stirring up litigation to line their own pockets.

Several years ago, George Henry Nichols, Sr., a widower of Trenton, proposed marriage to me. He had been married before, as had I, and he had grown children.

Prior to our marriage Mr. Nichols, among other preparations, made a will naming me as beneficiary and executrix. This will was drawn up by an acquaintance of his, a well known attorney, whom I shall refer to as Lawyer Number One.

No sooner had the will been drawn than I began to hear rumors that it would be attacked by one or more of Mr. Nichols' children on the grounds that Mr. Nichols was not in his right mind. He, too, heard these rumors, and one day he said to me:

"Eunice, there's a story going around town to the effect that I am crazy. For your protection, I think I had better get my head examined and make sure."

We consulted with Lawyer Number One, and he thought an examination of Mr. Nichols might not be a bad precautionary measure in view of the circumstances. So my husband-to-be went to a physician for an examination, and was pronounced quite in possession of all his faculties.

The physician's findings were put down in black and white, and given to Lawyer Number One—just in case.

Sometime later Mr. Nichols and I were married. Our marriage was a happy one—that of two persons well along in life finding a comforting companionship.

Eventually, however, Mr. Nichols died, and almost immediately two of his children filed separate court actions, one being a bill in the Court of Chancery, seeking to set aside a property arrangement between my late husband and myself, which was not to play much of a part in my later legal difficulties; the other a caveat in Mercer County Orphans Court to prevent the will from being probated. The total value of the estate was only $1,046.53.

Now, the action to prevent probating of the will was based on the allegations that Mr. Nichols had been of unsound mind when he executed the document, and that furthermore I had exercised undue influence upon him.

And so Lawyer Number Two entered the picture. He, like Lawyer Number One, was a thoroughly reputable counselor in the city.

I explained my position to him, and said that I was not disposed to fight the will case but preferred to compromise, inasmuch as I didn't want to be the center of a lot of charges, even though they were untrue.

Lawyer Number Two listened very attentively, and then said: " Mrs. Nichols, the action that has been brought against you is unjust. We are going to fight! "

I protested, but he assured me that there would be nothing to it. " We'll just get Mr. Blank," he said, mentioning the name of Lawyer Number One, " to become associated with us, and he can tell the court about the drawing up of the will and the examination by the doctor."

The case consumed several days. Then came the decision, in my favor. Judge Erwin E. Marshall of Orphans Court, had this to say:

" . . . I find that the will was executed . . . with all the requisite legal formalities to comply with the statute of our state on wills. . . . The evidence, I think, is overwhelming that Mr. Nichols, the testator, was a man of strong character and will power, that while he was advancing in years he still retained the mental vigor of a much younger man."

As to the charge that I had unduly influenced Mr. Nichols, the judge said:

" I find . . . that there was no undue influence in this case. The will, I believe, was the product of the testator's own wish and desire. . . ."

SO far, so good. I was successful in the courts. But wait. In the decree handed down by the judge—the decree that made me a winner—was this paragraph:

> ORDERED that a counsel fee of Five Hundred Dollars be allowed to Nought and Dash, proctors for the caveator, the court being satisfied that the caveator herein had reasonable cause for contesting the validity of said will.

Or, in plain English, I was directed to pay, out of the proceeds of the estate, $500 to lawyers I didn't even hire but who were retained by the person who fought the probating of the will—and lost!

I began to see the wisdom of Lincoln when he said that the nominal winner was often the real loser.

The loser of the fight in Orphans Court carried the battle to the Prerogative Court. There, too, I was the theoretical winner. And after I had " won " in the Orphans and Prerogative courts, the action against me in the Court of Chancery was withdrawn.

My troubles should have been over—but they were really only beginning. For, consider these items in the bill of Lawyer Number Two:

Court stenographer . . . . $	55.50
Fee for services Orphans Court, numerous conferences in relation to preparation of case, and services in relation to case in Court of Chancery . .	1,000.00
Services on appeal in Prerogative Court, conference in preparation of case, and other services relative to the same, including examination of law, etc.	250.00

WITH a few minor details, such as the charge for subpoenas, my own lawyer had by this time cost me $1,328.75, or almost $300 in excess of the entire amount of the estate. That, added to the $500 counsel fees that I had been ordered by the court to pay after my first " victory," plus a bill for $350 to the lawyer who was invited into the case by Lawyer Number Two, was beginning to run into real money.

It was while final settlement of the litigation was still to be effected that I learned to my astonishment that my lawyer had left for California on an extended vacation without letting me know. I had paid him $500 of his bill of some $1,300. Pressed for money, and anxious to get the litigation settled, I was forced to consult a third lawyer. When I told him about the charges of the other attorney, he said: " That bill was exorbitant, and you cannot be compelled to pay it. Don't pay any more. I'll take you before the ethics committee of the County Bar Association and have that bill straightened out."

I said I was willing to pay a balance of $250 but no more. So when Lawyer Number Two returned from California, I told him that I would pay him the $250.

" You'll pay me the remainder of the bill—with interest," he said. *" When I get through with you, there will not be a lawyer in Trenton who will speak to you."*

Notice came that Lawyer Number Two had filed suit against me for the balance of his bill.

" Don't worry," said Lawyer Number Three, " he'll never bring a case like that to court. He wouldn't dare. I'll prove, by expert witnesses—other lawyers—that his fees are unjust."

But when the suit came up, no lawyers or any other witnesses appeared for me, greatly to my surprise. Lawyer Number Two won, the case not even going to the jury; the judge directed a verdict for the simple reason that no defense had been put in for me. I was directed to pay the balance of the bill, the court costs, and interest amounting to $114.95. Then there was a fee of $100 to Lawyer Number Three, who had unsuccessfully defended me and who promptly forgot about taking me to the ethics committee.

By this time I was good and mad. I felt that Lawyer Number Three had been guilty of negligence. So I told my story to a certain member of the Supreme Court of New Jersey.

" Where," asked the justice, " was your lawyer—and your witnesses? "

" My lawyer," I answered, " had promised to get me lawyer witnesses, then, before the trial, he said I did not need any."

" He went to court without witnesses? Sue him! "

So I followed the suggestion of the Supreme Court justice, or rather tried to. I went to many different lawyers in Trenton in a vain attempt to find one who would take a case against Lawyer Number Three for negligence. It was then that I realized the significance of Number Two's remark to the effect that when he got through with me no lawyer in town would speak to me. The attorneys spoke, but that's about all. Not one I visited would take my case.

I complained to the ethics committee of the Mercer County Bar Association and was told that there was no cause for action. I wrote to various of the State Supreme Court justices. But I got nowhere. I took up the matter of Lawyers Two and Three with the State Bar Association and was informed that the decision of the County Bar Association was considered final by the state organization.

FINALLY I received a letter from W. H. Arant, secretary of the Standing Committee on Professional Ethics and Grievances of the American Bar Association. Everything, he said, had been perfectly legal. The letter went on in part:

> I have no difficulty in understanding your feeling that justice has not been done. . . . Our own interests very often prevent our looking at things objectively; we are apt to see only our side of the question. . . . It must be admitted, however, that the administration of justice, like every other form of human handiwork, is imperfect. . . . I am grateful that you recognize that there are limitations upon what this particular committee can do and that it cannot undertake to correct all imperfections of justice in the various parts of this country, even when thoroughly convinced that they exist."

And so my experiences in the courts came to an end. I sincerely hope that some day the Blind Goddess will give more consideration to the third side of a legal case—that of the litigant between two lawyers who is, as Benjamin Franklin so aptly put it, like a fish between two cats.

The condoning by the American Bar Association of a chain of *avoidable* legal circumstances wherein the fee of one lawyer alone exceeded the amount in litigation is, I think, of grave concern to every thinking American.

Justice must be divorced from greed. I should certainly know!

THE END

THE MISTAKES OF *Casanova*

Swiftly now the curtain falls on a roving gallant's romance

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

CASANOVA returned to the Corso Vecchio, ate lunch in his room, directed Riccardo in the packing. Then once more he took his hat and went out, unable to conquer his restlessness indoors. As he strolled to the shore of the Lago di Mezzo, he turned his attention to the evening, when he would see the signora, and tried to decide how to spend it.

There was no reason, so far as he could see, why the Signora Bonini should trouble him so deeply. Beautiful women he had met before, and without scruple had done his best to win their good will. When he was ready to say good-by, he had always said it with such tact and grace that parting had been easy and friendly.

If Signora Bonini was like all the others, why not seize the hour with her and step aside tomorrow, to make room for her liberated husband? Well, there were two reasons why he couldn't. In the first place, he liked to tell himself at the beginning that he would be faithful. He couldn't enjoy to the full an evening with the signora, knowing all the time that Riccardo was packing the trunks.

Besides, he liked her. She was mixed up in her emotions, partly in love with him, partly true to her husband—but who has not been, at some moment, similarly confused?

He stared at the blue lake, wondering whether he was on the verge of being a coward or a good man.

She too spent the afternoon searching her soul. He knew it the moment he saw her that evening. The blue gown she wore, silky and clinging, had been put on for her lover. There was a shining in her face, a quiet light which gave him a clutch at the heart. She had made up her mind. He swore to himself that he would not play her false.

“Signora,” he said, “your husband will be set free.”

The glow in her face died.

“I knew,” she said, “you could do what I asked.”

He bowed.

“Signore,” she continued in a lower tone, “you will always have my thanks.”

“Not your thanks,” said he. “Let me have now and then your kind thought. I should like to be remembered.”

She stepped forward.

“We have more to say to each other, have we not?”

“No more, signora. We have said all.”

She took his hand and led him to the divan, and though he knew it was unwise, he seated himself by her side.

“When you first came here,” she said, “you told me about yourself. But you know nothing about me, do you?”

“We have met,” he said. “That is enough. It is best that we should part now.”

“And I thought you were a wise man!” she cried. “I thought you loved life and were brave!”

He answered her look, but did not speak. She laid her hand on his.

“Signora,” said he, “if we are brave, we will say no more. Let me go.”

“Not till I've told you. You must listen.”

Her eyes stared at the floor as she groped for the right beginning.

“I married young,” she said, “and I loved my husband. Or I thought so.”

“You loved him,” said Casanova, “and afterward time did its work.”

“Not time,” she protested. “I

Marshall Frantz

"You did your best, signore, but why should my uncle wait till the end of the week?"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

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won't admit that no love endures. But I learned my husband's true nature—and I suppose he learned mine."

"He still loves you, I am sure."

"In his way. He is constant. In fact he is an extremely good man. He is always right. It's very trying."

Casanova smiled slightly, and she hurried on:

"I never had a lover. I think perhaps I should always have been faithful had I not met you."

He drew his hand away. "Then the sooner we part, the better! If you cease to be yourself, let me not be the cause."

"But meeting you, signore, I saw myself as I am. I turned to you only for my husband's sake, grasping at a chance to save him; but you reminded me of the gladness of living, the natural gladness of which he has never heard. Of course I turned to you with my eyes open. I saw that you, if you could, would amuse yourself with me as with other women, and I could have laughed at you had you not spoken so honestly."

"It was a trick," he said. "It usually works. Tell a woman you're a villain, and she never can resist."

SHE smiled. "You are using the trick again. I adore you!" She laid both her hands on his. "Do you realize what really fascinates me? Not me alone—all women; I dare say all men. Who wouldn't like to grow old with a young heart, with immeasurable curiosity? Life reaches so far, and most of us see so little of it!"

He looked worried.

"Signora, you are wrong to say my heart is young and still fresh. I ought to have met you long ago, but as it is I have loved too many women."

"The soul can love but once."

"Precisely what I was about to say, signora! But if you love too often, you must please the body without the soul, and once soul and body are divided, I doubt if you can ever get them together again. I think I love you, but how do I know? Perhaps only my body loves. You make me ashamed of myself."

Her face brightened. "Am I the first woman to make you ashamed?"

"I believe—you are." He spoke with hesitation, in an honest effort to remember.

"Then I am the first you have really loved."

He shook his head, but she raised her arms in appeal, and he could resist no longer. He pressed her to his heart. Never had his lips met lips so convincing, so honest. His youth returned, he was loving with his soul.

His hand grasped her arm, her shoulder. Nor did it move with stealthy guile, but boldly, possessing what belonged to him. She welcomed the embrace. . . .

When the front door opened with a bang, they recovered themselves hastily. The signora hadn't time to arrange her hair before the curtains drew back and Luigia stepped merrily into the drawing room, followed by a middle-aged man of stocky build, clean-shaven, rather handsome but care-lined.

"I did it!" said the girl. "I got him out! He's free!"

The Signor Bonini stepped forward to greet his wife, his ardor somewhat dampened by Casanova's presence.

"My dear husband!" said the signora, stretching out her hands.

"I had a hard time with the judge," said Luigia, "but I worked on him two days, and he gave in."

Casanova looked at her. She laughed back.

"He told me about the advocate and the commissioner. You did your best, signore, but why should my uncle wait till the end of the week? My heart was set on getting him home tonight."

Signor Bonini was studying his wife, from the ground up. His eyes rested on her disordered tresses.

"My absence," said he, "has not condemned you to entire loneliness. Who is this gentleman?"

Luigia replied for her: "I told you, uncle. This is Signor Casanova, who has made the most generous exertions in your behalf."

"I don't thank him," said Signor Bonini. "On the contrary, I desire him to leave the house."

"Now that you are here, signore," Casanova replied, "the house is not so pleasant as it was. Good evening to you all." He saluted the signora with his courtliest bow.

"Wait a moment," said her husband. "Just what were you doing here?"

"I resent the question," said Casanova. "I regret that you are not still in jail."

"Consider that I have slapped your face!" said Bonini.

"I feel as though you had!" said Casanova, drawing his sword.

"Ah," said Bonini, "you are at least a man of spirit."

His hand went to his side, and he realized that he was unarmed. "My other sword is upstairs," he said. "Have the kindness to wait here, signore. I'll be down in a moment."

HE went upstairs two steps at a time. They could hear him opening and shutting doors. "I can't find it in the closet!" he called down. "Where did you put it?"

The signora laid her hand on Casanova's shoulder. Her face was tragic. "You will go now," she said. "Forget us all!"

He put his sword slowly back in its scabbard. "But your husband will think I ran away."

"I will tell him the truth."

He inclined his head, looking at her steadily, and she kept her eyes on the face she would not see again.

"Luigia, will you open the door for Signor Casanova?"

Luigia followed him across the threshold.

"Good-by," she said. "I hid uncle's sword. You might have won me. I didn't think it good for you to win her."

THE END

WIN EASY MONEY

$2,000

BIG CASH PRIZES

FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LAST CHANCE TO ENTER
START AN ENTRY NOW!

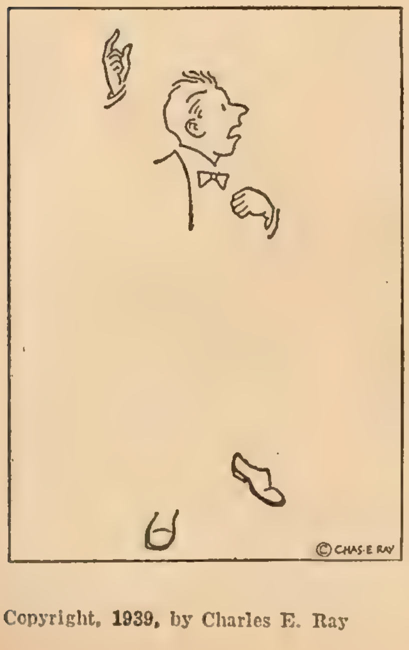
THIS is the ninth week of the Funny Fill-Ins game and your last chance to enter. You still can get into the winning list if you act without delay. Read the brief Rules carefully, then complete Funny Fill-In No. 9 at the lower right. The fun's the thing in this game! Artistic talent or training is not necessary. The amateur has just as much chance to win as the professional. Perhaps more. For who would say that an amateur's drawing is not likely to be more humorous in result than a serious student's? When you have filled in and clipped Drawing 9, hold it. Do not mail it yet. Only complete sets of ten will be considered.

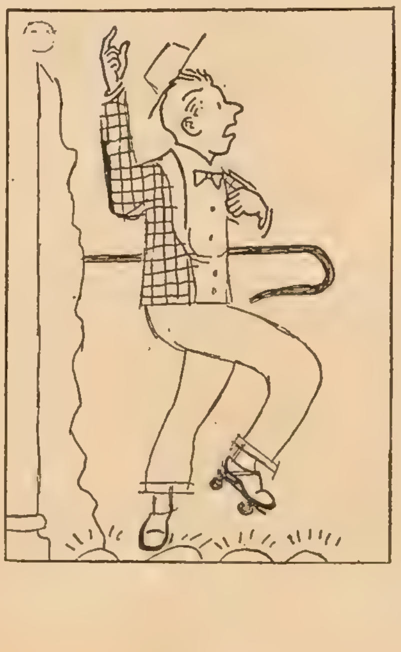
LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

Liberty has prepared reprints of the first eight Funny Fill-Ins. They are obtainable upon written request addressed according to Rule 3. Ten cents in stamps must accompany requests, to cover cost of handling and mailing. All orders for reprints must be received on or before Friday, September 22. No requests can be accepted after that date. Act promptly and avoid disappointment.

HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE

Below, Liberty submits an example Funny Fill-In together with a finished version. Doubtless you can think of a more humorous way to fill in the missing lines. Why not try it just for practice? Make tracings if you want to experiment with various ideas. Remember, the fun's the thing!





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THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated September 30, Liberty will publish a Funny Fill-In.

2. Clip out each Funny Fill-In as it appears and draw in the missing parts of the face, body, and costume, making whatever additions you choose. Make each picture as funny or amusing as you can, using your own ideas about what will give the desired effect. A soft black pencil is recommended.

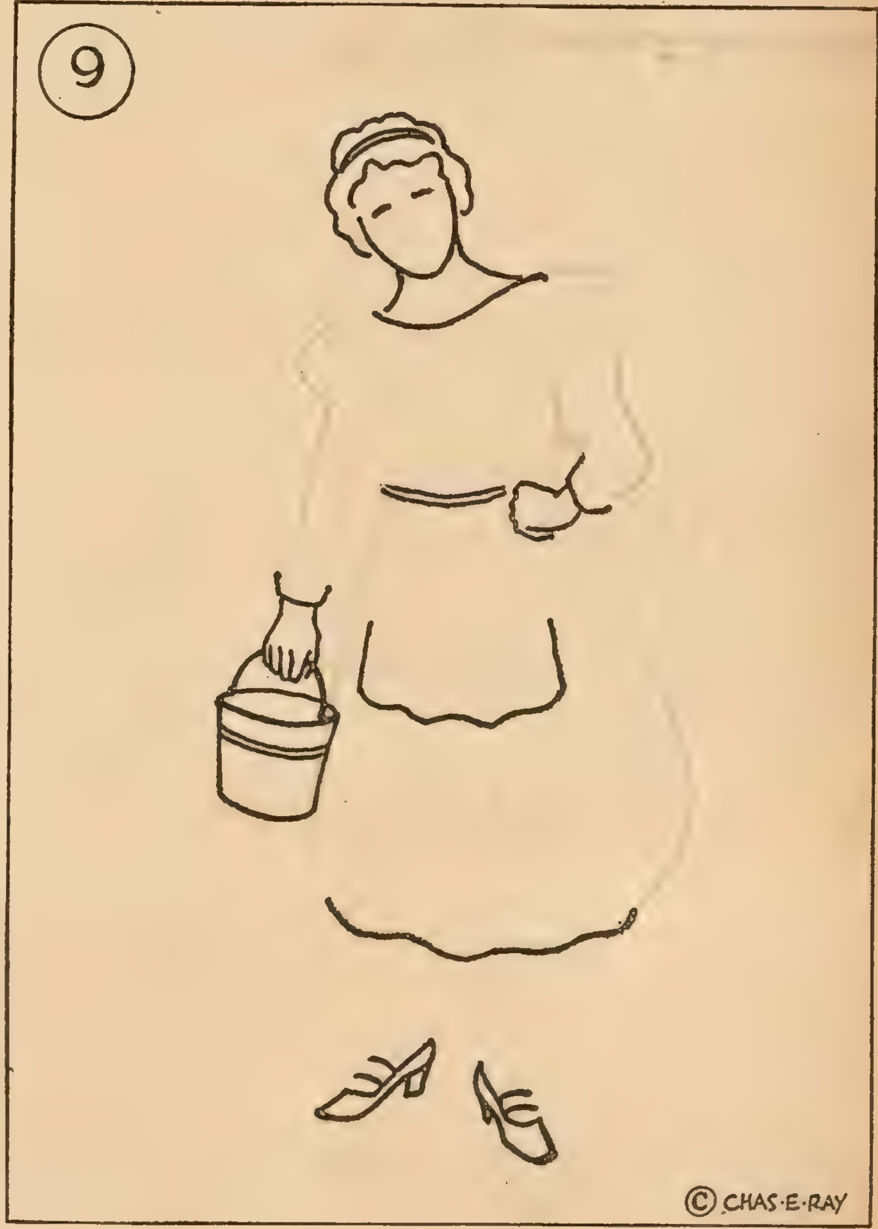
3. Send no entries until your set of ten completed Funny Fill-Ins is assembled. Then send them in as a unit. Address your entry to Funny Fill-Ins Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

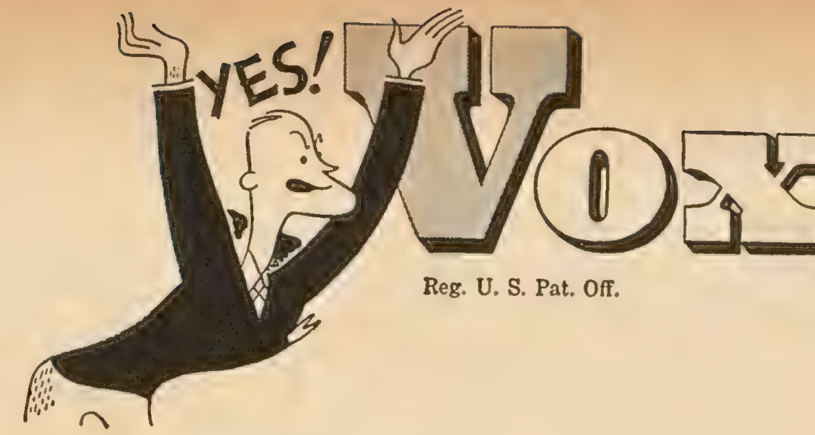
4. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of amusingness, originality, and neatness. On that basis the entry rating highest will be awarded a First Prize of $500. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5; a total of $2,000. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence relative to any entry.

7. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, October 4, 1939, the closing date of this contest.




YES!
VOX
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SLAVES, YESTERDAY AND TODAY

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Yesterday (Sunday) I had the pleasure of visiting the place where my grandfather lived before the Civil War, and where my mother was born and reared. She used to refer to the old place as the land of milk and honey.

Part of the large plantation is now owned by the grandson and son of former slaves of my grandfather. The grandson inherited the place from them.

There I met a number of the children and grandchildren of slaves on my grandfather's place. They asked me to come to their church house and meet more of them. I did.

They all wanted to tell me of what a great and good man my grandfather was. So much time was consumed telling me of his virtues they forgot to hold church or Sunday School services.

They told me how he generously provided them with food. How full the smokehouse always was of smoked meat, pickled meat. How they canned fruits and preserves. He even planted wheat there (Webster Parish), carried a surplus over from good years for lean years, etc.

They told me how he took care of the aged and infirm, supplied them all with medicine and doctors in time of sickness. How he cared for mothers and babies and the children during their formative years. How they were allowed to adopt any faith or religion they chose, etc. Along with all this, he told when to work and how to work—what their hours should be and their compensation; required the able-bodied to care for the weaklings. Yet, with all this care and attention, there was a great war to free the Negroes from this condition.

Today, F. D. R., another great humanitarian, has turned the calendar of time back to the good old days. The benefits of the old order were confined to the black man. Today both black and white are to be recipients of this new magnanimous order. Today we have the old-age security as in my grandfather's time, with certain restrictions that he did not impose. We have maternity care of mother and child in a limited way. We are a little behind my grandfather in caring for the newborn and children during their formative years, but we are moving in that direction.

Socialized medicine is now pending and will soon become a law. Last but not least, we are now told where we can work, how long we can work and under what conditions, and what our compensation will be.

If Mr. Roosevelt can be prevailed upon (drafted) for a third term, with the aid of all New Dealers, I believe he can in four years more bring his reform movement so it will be comparable to the conditions prevailing on my grandfather's Webster Parish farm three quarters of a century ago. . . . The Negro who bought this place, which consists of over 320 acres, was, as stated above, an ex-slave, as also was his son, who inherited from him.

Both these men were illiterate, but under the system now despised they were able to purchase and pay for this improved place. The grandson and his sister were given college educations. Under the direction of the Great White Father and his minions in Washington, they were unable to make a living on this place. It was heavily mortgaged. The sister taught school, until she died last year, to help pay interest on the loans and to minimize their losses from nonoperations. The brother was through and was going to let the mortgagee have the place, when I appealed to his pride—that both his father and grandfather were illiterate and he and his sister college graduates, and that they could not afford to admit defeat.

His excuse was that he was more greatly handicapped by the Great White Father than they were by illiteracy. They were left to their own devices, with freedom of action, and he must heed the commands issued from Washington.

And then there came oil activity in his vicinity. He leased his land for ten dollars an acre, giving him enough money to pay off the mortgage and build a $300 house. He is now wondering what the next order will be.—*Sam Peachtree.*

ENJOYS DRINK AND SMOKE

LINCOLN PARK, MICH.—It was stated in your Liquor and Tobacco Advertisements letter (July 29 Vox Pop) that you have yet to receive one letter praising the liquor advertisers. Well, here is one.

I read all the ads and, as you say, the liquor ads are educational. We have liquor in our home all the time and would not be without it. I have used it so many times as a drink and as medicine. I like it and my husband likes it. He is a very good man and liquor has never made any difference in him. I really enjoy a drink and I feel I am just as good a mother as you will find anywhere.

We also smoke and enjoy it. —*Mrs. Dorothy Liggett (Nurse, graduated in 1923).*

GRANDMA'S OWN BABY

ATLANTA, GA.—On a street car in Atlanta, fifteen years ago or more, I became interested in a sweet-faced, gray-haired grandma and the darling young baby she was beaming over.

Only it turned out to be her own baby, and she was fifty-three. Her married children were disgraced for life, but she herself was as thrilled and tickled as a small girl would be with her first doll.

Perhaps, if she happens to see this, she could write you an article: I Had a Baby After Fifty.

I had seven boys in less than ten years, myself, and it was fun.—*Lucile Enlow.*

ADVICE ON ADVICE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In my opinion, the majority of the reading public might benefit by seeing published in Liberty the following lines:

"Advice can be helpful only to the extent the giver sees the other fellow's viewpoint." —*I. H. M.*

GOOD THAT DOCTORS DO

HAMDEN, CONN.—Can't agree with E. J. Miller from Virginia about starting column entitled, Mistakes That Doctors and Hospitals Make (August 5 Vox Pop). If you were to columnize the good they do you would have something.

May I suggest a column dedicated to the superstitions of olden days and the ones existing today pertaining to medicine? For instance, potatoes worn around the waist, next to the skin, and allowed to decay are "wonderful" for rheumatism. Also, garlic strung into a necklace and worn around the neck is "most efficient" for colds. Who doesn't remember the "good old" onion poultice mother used to make and insisted upon us wearing? How about the "good old" sulphur and molasses in the spring?

Perhaps we should change our title to Vox Pop's Believe It or Not.

These superstitions do exist and are more widely practiced than imagined by people. Poor doctors have plenty to contend with, believe you me.—*Physician's Wife.*

NO MORE OF EMIL LUDWIG?

WILLOW GROVE, PA.—Please! No more of Emil Ludwig! In his sorry attempt to paint the Duke of Windsor and his wife as martyrs, he actually draws sympathy toward those who saw fit to oppose the former King's marriage.

Two sides to every question, you know!

Furthermore, may I respectfully suggest that he delve into the history of the Episcopal Church before writing misleading historical statements? He will find that the Episcopal Church goes back to Apostolic days.—*A Lover of Accuracy.*

THAT'S WHY I LIKE LIBERTY

GREAT NECK, N. Y.—Ever since I can remember, I have had to " squelch " all my so-called " liberal " views on various things in life. I want to tell you it's a nerve-racking business, keeping quiet things that you feel should be said. That's why I like Liberty. There's a magazine that's what I would call tops. And I think most people I know would agree with me.

I like Liberty's absolute freedom from restraint. When I pick up this magazine I know that there won't be one single thing in it that won't appeal to me in one way or another.

I think your Vox Pop page is marvelous. I get as much kick out of reading some of the things in those columns as I do out of reading the various stories, articles, etc., and I'd like to say that I read your magazine from beginning to end.

There's just one thing more I'd like to get off my chest. Would somebody please tell Mr. Macfadden that if he ever stops writing those wonderful articles of his, he ought to be shot? It's more men like him that we need in this world—more people to tell the truth about things and the way we stand in this world.—*Patricia Perry.*

ANNABELLA'S ZITHER PROF.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — In Vital Statistics (July 15 Liberty), you stated that Charles P. Burton was called in to give instruction to Annabella on how to play the zither. I don't know where you got this information, but the fact is that not Mr. Burton but a gentleman by the name of Louis Segerer (a great expert and teacher of the zither) was the person.

Why should some one else get the credit to which he is not entitled?—*E. M. Raues.*

WHAT CHESTERTON SAID

DENVER, COLO.—I could not help but note that in the August 5 Liberty, Margaret Sanger made many remarkably interesting statements on the arguments for birth control. To be perfectly candid, I thought them all highly illogical. She even went so far as to say that it was synonymous with discipline. In connection with this statement, I should like to quote Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who, being asked once what he thought of birth control, said: " For me it means two things, no births and no control."—*Chas. Brittan.*

PECOS, TEX.—Mahatma Gandhi is a grand old man. He has earned eternal respect and doubtless will have it among men of sense. So, also, has Margaret Sanger, with the difference that she is much more modern and practical.

The world in general is having too many children from a class of people not able to give them proper culture, education, and health. That is the acute trouble in these United States right now. Let's have fewer children and better children.

In my judgment (and I have eight children), those who are opposed to birth control are guilty of religious narrowness, impractical ideals, or, like the dictators, are purely selfish. It is a great pity that we cannot have this plain common-sense change in our narrow and senseless law.—*J. W. Densford.*

WHAT THE BIBLE DOES NOT SAY

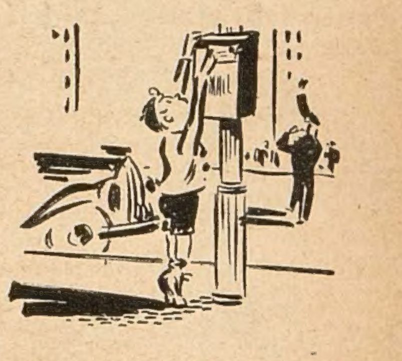
JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—No. 16 of July 8 Twenty Questions appears to be an attempt to ridicule the Bible account of creation. You ask the date of the creation of the world " according to Biblical records." You answer, " 4004 B. C., according to Archbishop Ussher's chronology." This is calculated to make people believe that the Bible says that the world was created in the year 4004 B. C., whereas that is only what Archbishop Ussher said. The Bible does not say when our world was created. Neither does the Bible say that our world was created in one year. No intelligent thinker believes such nonsense.

Spiritual truths must be perceived spiritually. The story of creation in the Holy Bible makes sense to all who do not misunderstand it. Each " day " of creation was a solar cycle, or solar age, of 25,872 years. The creation of our world, or planet, required six such " days," or 155,232 years. I hope that you will be fair enough to print this correction.—*Curtis Bunce.*

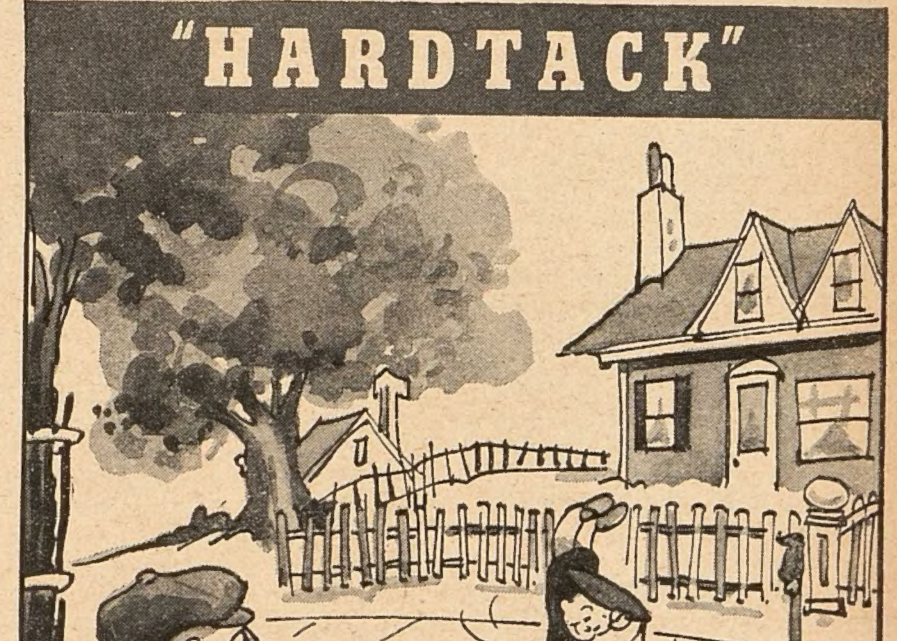
WHO COULD RESIST?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—My introduction to Liberty was a very happy one.

Several years ago I worked downtown in San Francisco. One night a very small boy loaded down with magazines got on the streetcar I was in. I had planned to ignore him, but there was a broad grin on his face and his big brown eyes smiled at me, and in the most happy, proud voice he called out: " Only a nickel, half a dime, keeps you reading all the time. Buy a Liberty, ma'am." Who could resist? It took an awful lot of will power for me to keep from buying five a week!



All I can say is that " Brown Eyes " was a very ambitious, clever boy, and that he has brought me much happiness. Many thanks to him for introducing me to your very fine magazine, which is rightly named.—*Elizabeth Keizer.*



" What do you suppose is the matter with him? Do his feet hurt or does a new girl live in that house? "

They Wouldn't Let Me Tell It On The Air

FULTON OURSLER

© George Maillard Kesslere

ON TUESDAY evenings since the first of the year I have been speaking over the Blue Network of the National Broadcasting Company. My talks have dealt with articles currently appearing in this magazine, but the most interesting things I had to tell were never spoken because censors, in the name of policy, cut out the vital and important passages. It is a kind of policy hard to understand. After thirty years in professional journalism I find it impossible to anticipate what will be cut out next. For example: I told of a talk I had had with former President Hoover about President Roosevelt's foreign policy and described an article Mr. Hoover had written for us on this important subject. I wished to advise every American not only to read it but to write his representative in Congress and his senator, giving his own opinion, whether it agreed with Mr. Hoover's opinion or opposed it. I was not allowed so to advise the American people. . . . Again, I wanted to mention the fact that in Liberty Mahatma Gandhi and Margaret Sanger were to debate the question of birth control. I was not allowed to mention even these words on the air. I was told that only an expert could discuss birth control or be mentioned in connection with it. I asked if Margaret Sanger were not an expert on birth control. I was told that only a doctor could be an expert. . . . The other night I wanted to tell the American people that we had an article called Racketeering at the World's Fair. I was told I could not do so. This decision was made *in advance of reading the script*. The subject itself was not acceptable on the air. The fact that racketeering at the World's Fair was a national disgrace and that our article was a constructive contribution and, more, was based entirely on official court records made no difference—the topic itself was barred.

THESE ARE BUT THREE of repeated instances of this censorship. Later on in Liberty I shall explore the subject of radio censorship in all its dangerous implications. I have talked with officials of the great broadcasting chains. I know their viewpoint, and I think I shall be able to prove that they are deluding themselves. They set up what purports to be a philosophy of broadcasting, but it is nothing of the kind. It is really a rationalization of their frightened behavior under the threat of government punishment. Meanwhile the public cannot hear what the broadcasting companies think they should not hear. This is what they have in Italy, in Germany, in Russia. It is a hell of a condition in a free country like ours.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE we have a series of articles that we hope you will find interesting to the point of fascination: They include Shall We Fire the Married Women? by Clara Belle Thompson and Margaret Lukes Wise; Alcoholics and God, by Morris Markey; The Next World's Champion, by Arthur Donovan; The Private Life of Guy Lombardo, by Fred Collins; two excellent short stories: The Island Trader, by Charles Hubbard, and Rainbow Room, by Rita Weiman. Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot, together with Eric Hatch and Edward Doherty, continue their thrilling serials, not to mention the startling series called I Joined the Bund.

GLEANINGS: Another good prison magazine has come in for review. It is called the Tattnall Tattler, from the State Prison at Reidsville, Georgia. The editor, J. Charles Gregory, and his staff deserve congratulations on a well edited magazine. . . . Peter J. Juliano of Arnold, Pennsylvania, answering our query on how many cities have developed special routes for bicycle riders, sends a newspaper photograph of a safe bike track for children from the New Kensington, Pennsylvania, Dispatch. This is really a fine solution of the problem. . . . Harriet Ransom sends us a copy of the Fort Lauderdale Colored Bulletin, a weekly newspaper for colored citizens of Broward County, Florida. We reprint the following editorial from the issue of August 4 as an example of right thinking and sincerity overcoming crudity:

"Can a siner teach a child not to do things that the child know that the sinner are telling him or her not to do things that they are guilty of themselves? Will a preacher be justified by the almity to teach his people not to do as you see me do, but do as I say do? The ministers must blaze the trail. Do we need homongers to teach and be our leaders? Do we need bo-leaders sellers and crap shooters to teach our children? Do we need drunkards and dancers to lead our children? Dear frends that the hold trouble today. We haves the blind leading the blind and that is these folse preachers and teachers that is holding back our race today. There never have been one finished up yet regardles to his grade or degree, except the love of God was aplyed to his or her hart. I may be wrong but this is my belief, that the worly ones should have they school sepertly. I do think that children should be trained to start with to fear God and give glory and honor to his name. It is a pity the way that our young men cary on upon the street. They thinks that it makes them big to use all sort of bad language upon the street and talk to the top of their voice. What would we do if one of our race was maid president? Was maid governor? Was maid county judge? Was maid county sherriff?"

. . . A reader in Patapsco, Maryland, sends us an ancient quotation about editors, lately attributed to the Albia, Iowa, Union-Republican. Here it is:

"A good editor is one who has never made a mistake; who never has offended any one; who is always right; who can ride two horses at the same time he is straddling a fence with both ears to the ground; who always says the right thing at the right time; who always picks the right horse as well as the right politician to win; who never has to apologize; who has no enemies; and who has worlds of prestige with all classes, creeds and races. There has never been a good editor."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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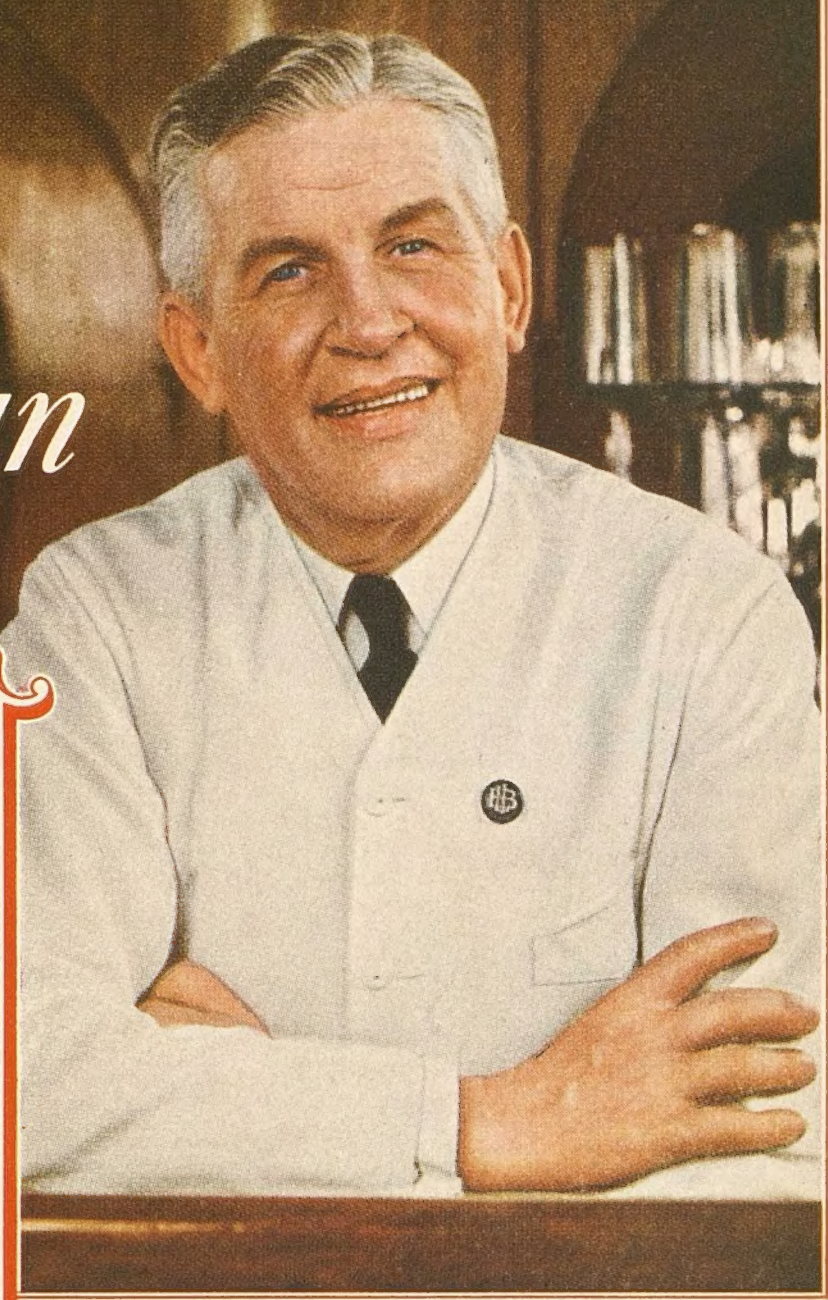
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY F. L. HENDREN

Your Favorite Bartender is a *Moderate Man*



THE BETTER BARMEN of America are fully aware of the social responsibility involved in the sale of liquor. Theirs is no easy task. To practice moderation in their own lives is not enough; they must also *serve* in moderation!

Knowing how to refuse the unruly patron, politely but firmly, requires not only tact—but moral courage.

The great majority of barmen and liquor dealers realize that the future of the liquor industry is in their hands—that the livelihood of more than a million persons depends upon the orderly manner in which they collectively conduct their business.

All they ask is your cooperation. In return, they pledge themselves to operate their establishments in a respectable and law-abiding manner.

They want your good will—but they know they must *earn it!*

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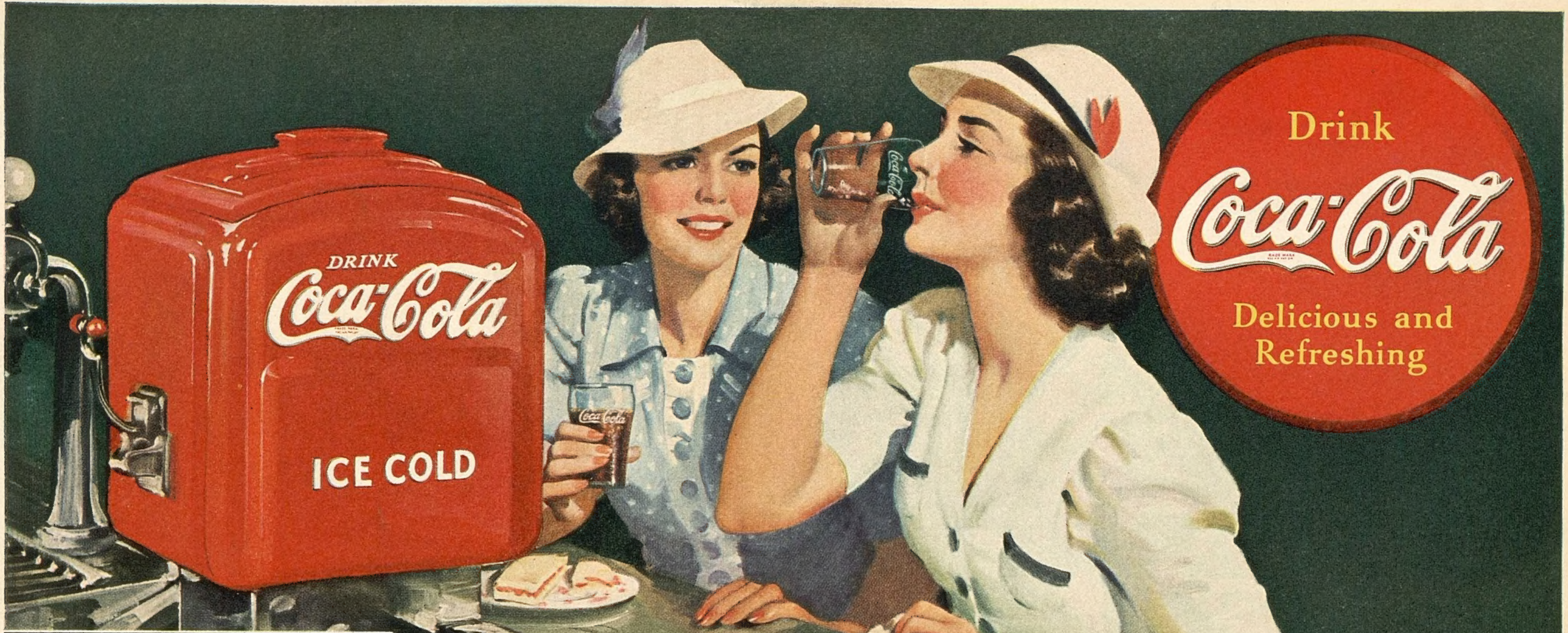
SEAGRAM'S...SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY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